

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

10¢

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GREATEST
SCREEN
MAGAZINE

JOAN
CRAWFORD



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with this *Combination*

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Urges Edna Wallace Hopper



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His wit was as keen as his executioner's sword—
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GREEN GODDESS" a companion masterpiece
to "Disraeli" in Arliss' blazing stage career!

GEORGE ARLISS *in* "THE GREEN GODDESS"

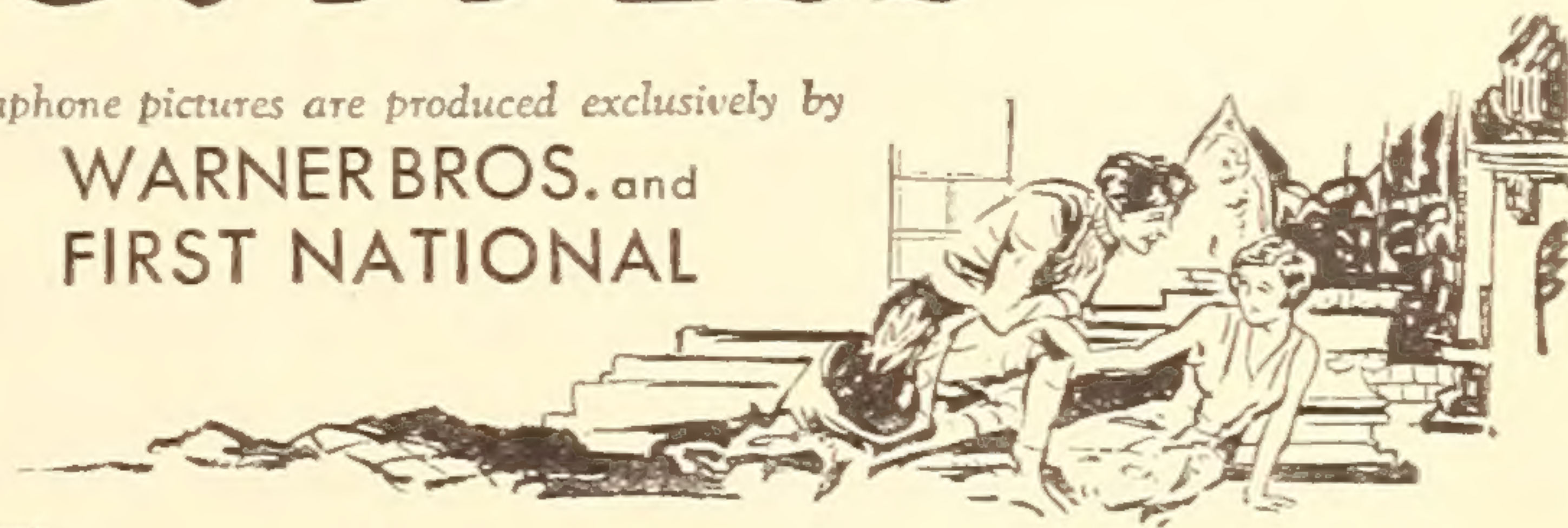


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The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

GIRLS, you can take Buddy Rogers' voice home with you now! He is making records for Columbia.

Buddy's first Columbia record is just out. It carries two numbers from the big screen revue, "Paramount on Parade." One is "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," which is sung by Maurice Chevalier in the motion picture, and the other is "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love."

Buddy sounds a little worried in announcing one of these. "This is my first recording," he explains. "I'm sort of nervous—but I hope you'll like it." However, Buddy need have no worries. His voice records splendidly and you can catch a snatch of his sax playing, too. Better watch for this record. It's worth owning.

SOME months ago Rudy Vallee introduced a college number during his radio broadcast. It was the Stein Song of the University of Maine, the college which Rudy attended briefly before he went to Yale. The Stein Song caught on with a smash and he has since been playing it at nearly every broadcast. The demand was so great that he made it into a record for Victor. On the reverse side of the record is W. C. Handy's now famous "St. Louis Blues." For both numbers Rudy sings the vocal refrain. This is a recommended record. The Stein Song is a natural hit, if there ever was one.

ANY musical film carrying numbers by Irving Berlin gets a heavy play from the record makers. So it is with Al Jolson's new film, "Mammy," which has a number of Berlin's old and new numbers. The best of these "Mammy" numbers by Berlin is "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy."

Waring's Pennsylvanians have made a fine fox trot rendition of "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy" for Victor. On the other side of the record is "Looking at You," another Berlin number from the film.

For Victor, too, Gene Austin, the tenor, has made "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy." The reverse side carries "To My Mammy," from the Jolson picture.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"Any Time's the Time"

Buddy Rogers (Columbia)

"Maine Stein Song"

Rudy Vallee (Victor)

"The Moon is Low"

Lombardo's Royal Canadians (Columbia)

Irving Kaufman has made a "Mammy" record for Columbia, carrying "Looking at You" and "To My Mammy." This is a vocal record with novelty accompaniment.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE," the big new Paramount film revue, is getting a strong advance play from the phonograph

folk. Philip Spitalny and his orchestra have made a danceable fox trot record for Victor, carrying "Sweepin' the Clouds Away" and "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love." Both are from the Paramount production. Elsie Janis wrote the words of the last-named number.

One of the best numbers in any recent talkie is "The Moon Is Low," from Joan Crawford's "Montana Moon." Miss Crawford, you will recall, had a song hit, "Chant of the Jungle," in her last film, "Untamed."

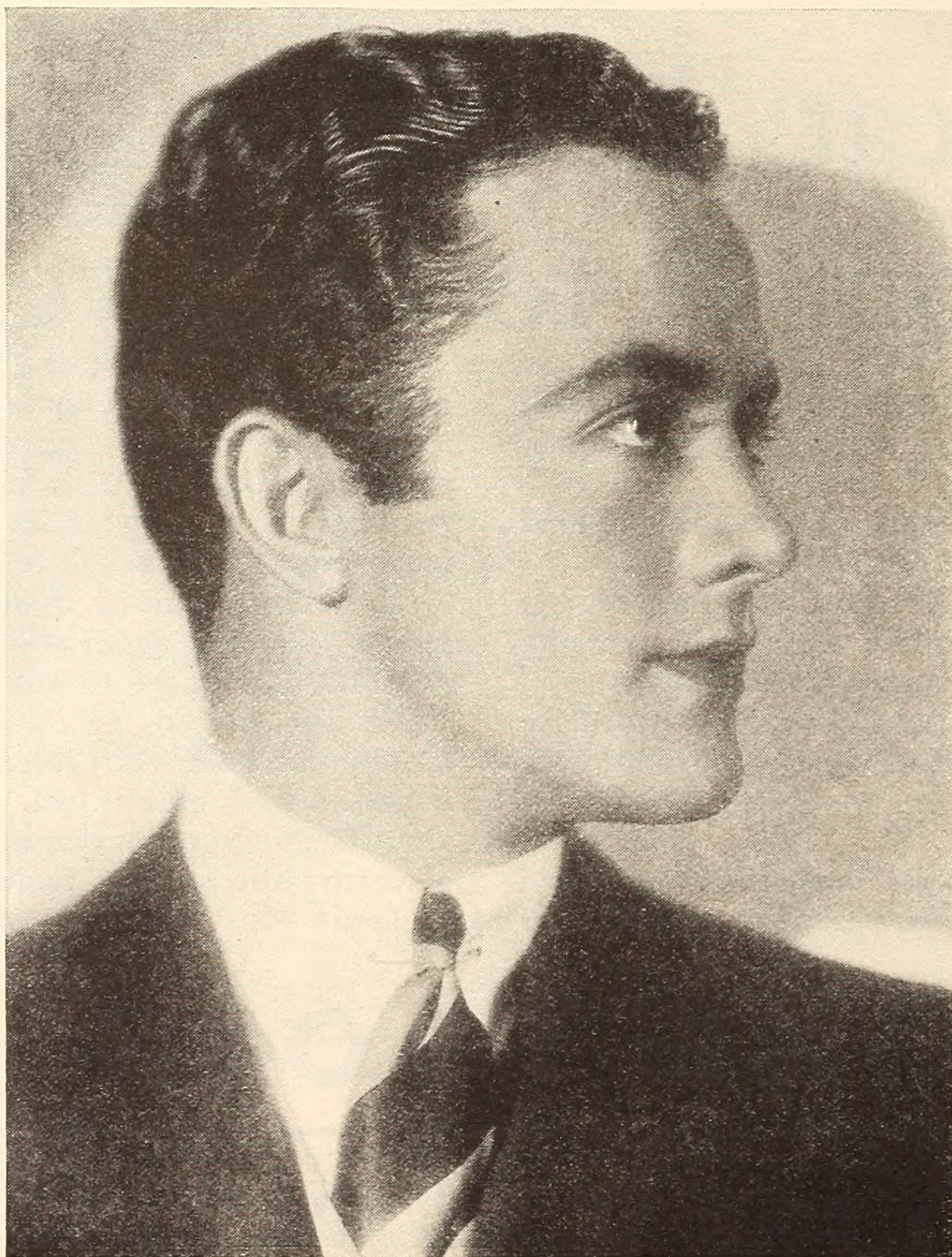
"THE MOON IS LOW" has a haunting melody. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have made a charming version of this number for Columbia. On the opposite side of the record is "Lazy Louisiana Moon."

You will hear more of "The Moon Is Low" via your favorite phonograph records, all through the Spring, or we miss our guess.

Did you like Irving Berlin's "Puttin' on the Ritz," from the Harry Richman film of that name? It's a good melody. A neat adaptation comes from Columbia, made by Ted Lewis and his band. On the reverse side is "On the Sunny Side of the Street," from "The International Revue," a stage production. Both numbers carry incidental singing by Mr. Lewis himself.

THE popular "Should I?", the hit of "Lord Byron of Broadway," recurs again. The Rondoliers, the popular male quartet, have prepared a corking version for Columbia. "Lazy Louisiana Moon" is on the opposite side.

Buddy Rogers is making records for Columbia. The first, just out, carries two lively numbers from the film review, "Paramount on Parade." Buddy not only sings well but he plays the sax, too.



First sweeping HOLLYWOOD...then BROADWAY and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS...

*Lux Toilet Soap cares for the
loveliest complexions in the world*

YOU can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do...

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, white soap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep *your* skin lovely just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars! You will be delighted with its instant, soothing lather. Use it for your bath and shampoo, too. Order several cakes—today.



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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



BEBE DANIELS
Radio Pictures' Player



EVELYN BRENT
Independent



JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



JANET GAYNOR
Fox Films



DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National



MARY EATON
"Five O'Clock Girl"



HELEN HAYES
"Coquette"



MARILYN MILLER
"Sally"



BEATRICE LILLIE
"This Year of Grace"



LENORE ULRIC
"Mima"



ANN PENNINGTON
George White's "Scandals"



ARLETTE MARCHAL
French screen star



SUZANNE BIANCHETTI
French screen star



LUCY DORAINE
Franco-Slavic star



LIL DAGOVER
German star



MABEL POULTON
English star



JULIETTE COMPTON
English star

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Group A

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his screen debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of Francois Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You're sure to like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

LummoX. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

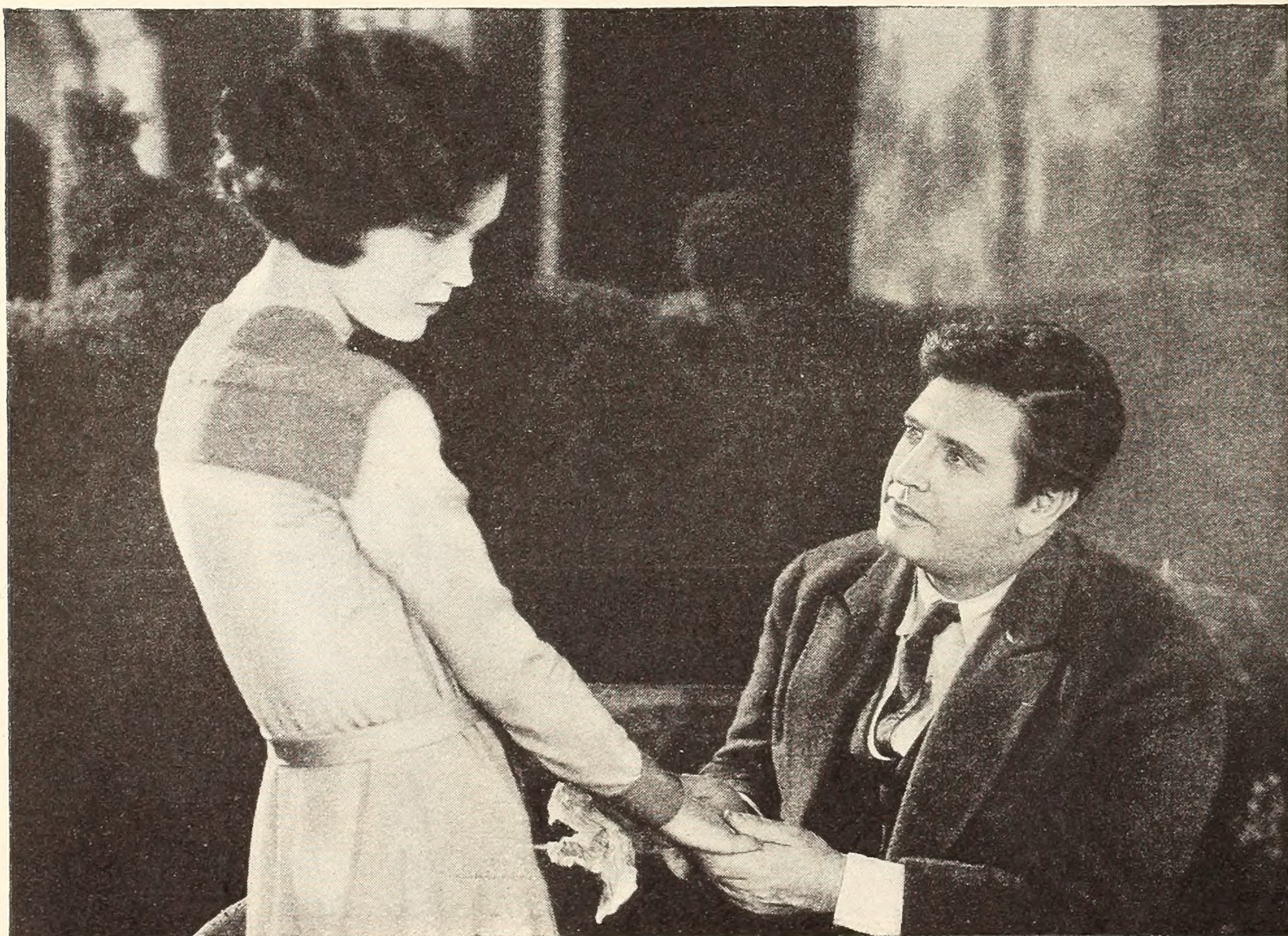
The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

John McCormack is a tremendous success in his first motion picture, "Song O' My Heart." The famous Irish tenor sings eleven lovely and charming songs. In the scene at the left, little Maureen O'Sullivan appears opposite the celebrated tenor.



The Cock-Eyed World. Funny but rough sequel to "What Price Glory?" The comedy hit of the season. With Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Lily Damita. *Fox.*

Group B

Puttin' on the Ritz. Introduces the night-club idol, Harry Richman, to moviedom. The romance of a song plugger. Mr. Richman gets swell support from Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason. *United Artists.*

Men Without Women. The action takes place in a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. *Fox.*

Seven Days' Leave. The tender and moving story of a London charwoman in the maelstrom of the World War. Beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer as the scrub-woman and by Gary Cooper as the soldier she adopts. *Paramount.*

Son of the Gods. Notable for another fine Richard Barthelmess performance. The yarn of a young Oriental who collides with racial prejudices. Superb performance by Constance Bennett as the girl he loves. *First National.*

This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. *Pathé.*

The Marriage Playground. Another study in divorce, based on Edith Wharton's "The Children." Sympathetic story and beautiful acting by Mary Brian. *Paramount.*

Half Way to Heaven. Buddy Rogers as a kid aerialist in love with a pretty trapeze performer, Jean Arthur. Buddy was never better. Pleasant entertainment. *Paramount.*

Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with



What do you think of Greta Garbo's voice? That's the question of the hour. You can't afford to miss "Anna Christie," because it is splendid screen drama, and because you will want to hear Miss Garbo's voice.

Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether lovely. *Warner Brothers.*

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. *Radio Pictures.*

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in Bayard Veiller's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. *Paramount.*

Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. *Warner Brothers.*

Young Nowheres. The simple story of an elevator boy and an apartment house drudge. Beautifully acted by Richard Barthelmess, given great aid by Marian Nixon. Tender and sensitive little picture. *First National.*

Harold Lloyd made a splendid talkie début in "Welcome Danger." Barbara Kent is a charming foil for Lloyd's comedy. If you haven't seen "Welcome Danger" yet, be sure to do so. It's a winner.



WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Fay Webb

El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe

Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie

Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Davey Lee
Lila Lee
Winnie Lightner
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marion Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan

Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard

Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler



Photograph by Elmer Fisher

BILLIE DOVE

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



MARY BRIAN.

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee



RENEE ADOREE

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull



WARNER BAXTER

Photograph by Max Autrey



BARRY NORTON

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee



JUNE COLLYER

Photograph by Lansing Brown



ANN HARDING

Photograph by William E. Thomas



Photograph by Gene Robert Richer

CLARA BOW

You will see a new Clara Bow in her next picture, "True to the Navy." Miss Bow now tips the scales at exactly one hundred and eight pounds. The unveiling of the sylph-like Bow will take place in this newest Paramount film.

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

WHEN Lowell Sherman applied for the marriage license which would permit him to marry Helene Costello, sister of Mrs. Jack Barrymore, he put "actor" down as his occupation and then put a question mark after the word.



Hoot Gibson: Trades his Beverly Hills home for a mile square ranch.

When asked why he did this he replied, "Oh, lots of people don't think I'm an actor, even though I work at it, so I put the question mark there to satisfy them."

* * *

HOOT GIBSON has traded his Beverly Hills home, his place in the San Berdoo mountains, and some cash for the mile-square Baker Ranch, which is thirty minutes from Hollywood in the direction of San-

gus, if that latter means anything to you. Hoot's first move was to put in a landing field for his aeroplane. He is planning—together with Sally Eilers, his wife-to-be—to live there the year round. On the place is a ranch house with a living room fifty feet long and twenty feet high—with fireplaces at both ends—a swimming tank, tennis courts, and all the accessories for a rodeo the flying Western star is going to hold annually.

* * *

MARY MILES MINTER, who was off the screen for years and grew plump while she was living in Paris, is back in Hollywood again, looking for a job in pictures. She has spent the last three months under the care of a specialist in Santa Barbara and lost thirty-five pounds in that time.

* * *

The oldest film actor in Hollywood is William H. Taylor. He was born in Texas just 102 years ago, long before the Alamo, Davey Crockett, and Bowie.

* * *

JANET GAYNOR, who for some unknown reason didn't want to play the leading rôle in "Liliom,"

went to Honolulu on a surprise vacation—and spoiled a swell trip for Charlie Farrell.

Charlie was already on board, in San Francisco harbor, and had his luggage nicely stowed away. Leaning on the rail in anticipation of the pleasant voyage, he saw a familiar figure coming up the gangplank. It was Janet Gaynor, followed by her mother. He was delighted to see her and they had a joyous greeting, much to the delight of the interested passengers.

Then Charlie began to think. So did Janet.

They hadn't either of them had the remotest idea that the other was going to be on the boat. Janet had booked her passage only two days before.

In view of the fact that there had been rumors afloat that Janet and her husband, Lydell Peck, weren't getting along so happily, it certainly wouldn't do for Janet and Charlie to go on a trip to Honolulu at the same time and on the same boat. Even if it hadn't been planned and Janet's mother was along. So Charlie gallantly took his bags off the boat and went back to Los Angeles.

Janet and Mr. Peck both deny strenuously any rift in the lute. Janet went to Honolulu without him because he couldn't leave his work at the studio and she felt she needed a rest.

Charlie and Virginia Valli still seem very much interested in each other.



Janet Gaynor: Her Honolulu vacation causes a lot of Hollywood gossip.



HERE'S some advice from experts:

Doug Jr. says it is better to look for a girl who can love you as you are with no effort on your part than to spend a lot of time trying to *make* a girl love you and then be forced to put in the rest of your life making her stay in love or suffer the penalty of having her fall out of love with you.

Eddie Lowe and Skeets Gallagher say

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Marie Dressler: She is the prize picture stealer in Hollywood these days.

regrets it in the courts."

the same thing; namely, give the girl a quick rush and let her wake up married.

Nils Asther says to be indifferent; that the smarter they are the more curious they are.

Conrad Nagel says to tell a beautiful woman that she is brainy and a brainy woman that she is beautiful.

Bill Powell says men don't get women; women get men.

Stepin Fetchit says, "Ah just takes 'em and But he doesn't advise it.

* * *

Clara Bow weighs 108 pounds.

* * *

H. B. WARNER spends all his spare time in his English garden, surrounding his Beverly Hills home. He is really an expert gardener and has a wonderful library on horticulture. That he actually does the digging as well was evidenced the other day when he hurried into a Beverly Hills shop, accompanied by his three children, looking for a new trowel of some description. He looked dirty and happy—and says California is the only place to live.

* * *

WILSON MIZNER, sitting at a table with Sid Grauman, Chuck Reisner, Grant Clark and Morton Downey one evening in the Brown Derby, was asked about Broadway.

"Broadway," says Bill, after a moment's thought, "Oh, Broadway is just America's hardened artery."

* * *

GRETA GARBO was looking at one of Marie Prevost's houses in Beverly Hills. Garbo thought she might rent it. She wants to move from the house she now lives in because as soon as the owner found out that it was the great Swedish star he was renting to, he tried to double the rent. A nice trick people who think picture stars are suckers often try—and get away with. But Garbo is no sucker.

Marie's house has a swimming tank in the back yard. Seeing it, Garbo said, "That's swell. And the weeds fix it so that I can go in the water with nothing and yet nobody can look at me."

Marie started at that word "weeds." It implied things were not kept up as they should be, weeds being a thing Marie did not want in her

back yard, swimming tank, or anywhere else. And then she saw what Garbo meant. The weeds were towering eucalyptus trees!

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy are coming to Hollywood—but not soon.

* * *

EVERYTHING else social in Hollywood was overshadowed by the wedding festivities of Edith Mayer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, who in an elaborate wedding ceremony became the bride of William Goetz, film executive.

Two ballrooms at the Biltmore were the scene of the marriage and of the dinner dance which followed, and over six hundred guests were invited.

Miss Mayer wore a bridal gown of ivory satin, with a long veil of rare lace, held in a small cap over her dark hair, and carried a corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Her sister, Miss Irene Mayer, maid of honor, wore an empire gown of pale yellow, with a long train. In her arms she carried a shower of pale yellow roses.

The bridesmaids were May McAvoy, Bessie Love, Catherine Bennett, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, and Carmel Myers. They wore empire gowns in turquoise blue and each held a sheaf of pink camellias.

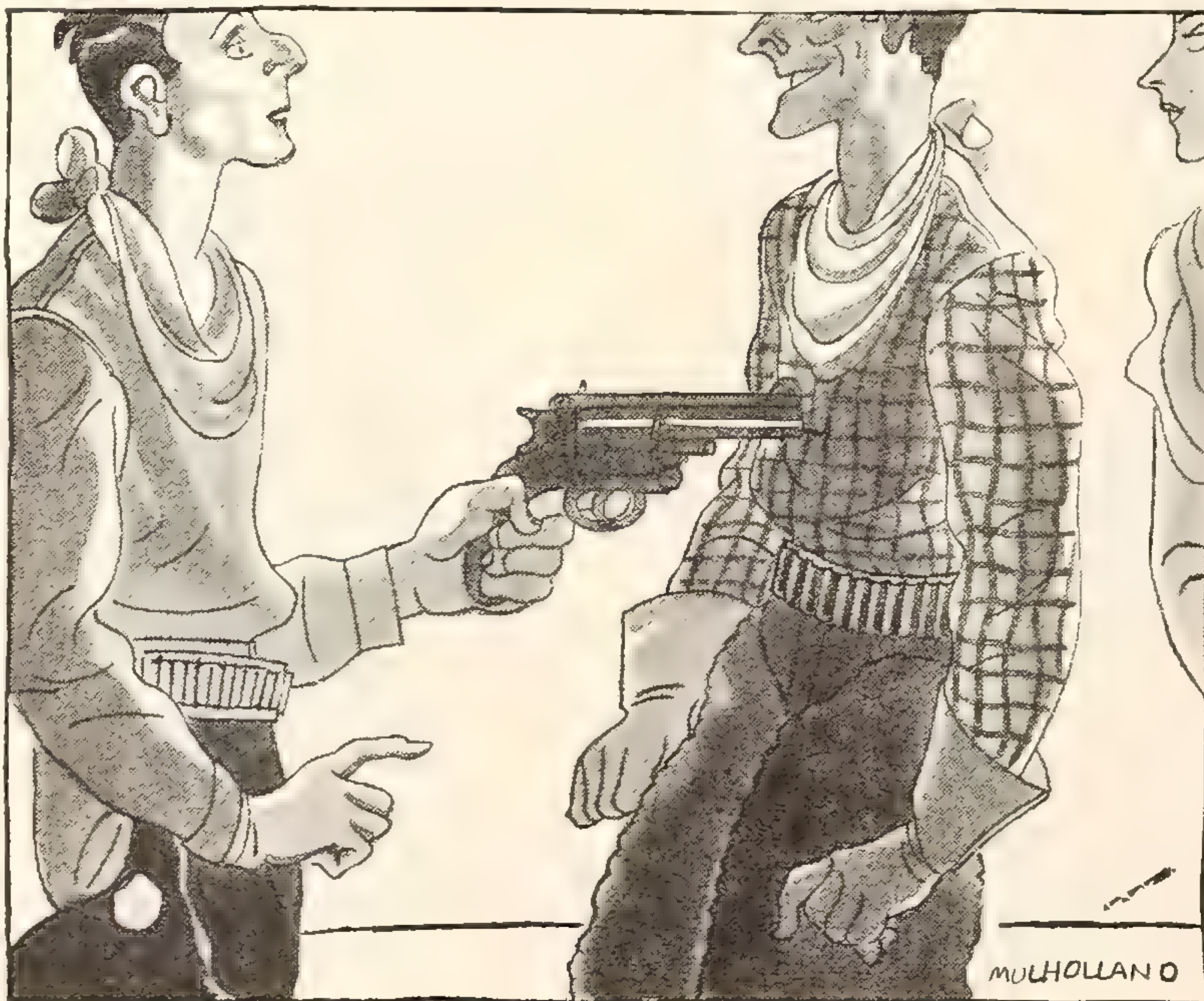
Ben Goetz was best man for his brother, and the ushers were Walter Morosco, William Seiter, E. J. Mannix, Ned Marin, David Selznick, Lew Schriber, Jack Cummings and Kac Goetz.

Interested movie fans gathered in the streets outside the Biltmore and in the corridors and lobbies to see the film celebrities and the wedding party.

A few of the Hollywood guests were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Grace Moore, Ramon Novarro, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton), Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), William Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Thelma Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning.

* * *

MARILYN MILLER is going to marry Michael Farmer, a young Irishman who is well known in London, Paris and New York. Also Hollywood. He was out here just shortly before the engagement was announced by Miss Miller in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe entertained for him and the consensus of opinion among the feminine contingent was that if he went on the



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

screen he'd give Gary Cooper and Jack Gilbert a run for their money.

* * *

Mary Pickford is going to do, as her next picture, an original story by Ben Glazer called "Forever."

* * *

MILTON SILLS is making a picture at the Fox Studio right now, while his wife, the beautiful Doris Kenyon, has just been signed for the lead with George Bancroft at Paramount. At Fox they say Sills is giving the performance of his life. It is great to have Milton back after his long illness.

* * *

THE plum of the year from the directorial standpoint, "Cimmaron," by Edna Ferber, goes to Wesley Ruggles at RKO. Now comes the struggle to cast it properly. Mr. Ruggles wants Charles Bickford for the part of Yancy Cravat but, at the moment, Bickford is taking a vacation and you never can tell what he's apt to do. RKO paid \$125,000 cold cash for the story and just beat Paramount to it. They wanted it for George Bancroft.

* * *

JOHN GILBERT'S voice is okeh. Anyone who says it isn't will be calling Dr. P. M. Marafioti—who was Caruso's teacher—a fibber or a gent who does not know his business. Because the good doc says that John needs very little training to be able to get by and plenty with the microphones.

* * *

THE Bennett sisters, daughters of Richard Bennett, bid fair to follow in the footsteps of the famous Talmadges.

Since her divorce from Phil Plant and her return to the screen, Constance Bennett is making a runaway come-back and any number of the best parts are being offered to her.

Little Joan Bennett, the beauty of the family, continues her upward course at United Artists and at present rating is to do a talking version of Norma Talmadge's greatest hit, "Smilin' Through." That's a break, in a way, but also a tough spot for any girl. The fans haven't yet forgotten Norma in that wonderful performance.

And Barbara Bennett, possibly the most charming of the three sisters and a dancer of fame, is soon to be signed to a Paramount contract. She and her husband, Morton Downey, the well-known singer, are among the most popular young couples in Hollywood.

* * *

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are beginning to act like a married couple already. They have bought a Rolls-Royce together, turning in on the new job Bebe's old Rolls and Ben's Du-

pont. Besides this new car, one of the niftiest in Hollywood, is a decrepit old Chevie Ben rides to work in, and Bebe uses the snooty Ford town car Ben gave her for Christmas.

* * *

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are having a terrible time getting married. Every time they set a tentative date some producer offers one or both of them a swell part. But—anticipation being a great part of the thrill of any event—they are happy. And still trying to figure out where they will go on their honeymoon and whether it will be an airplane tour of the United States in Ben's plane.

* * *

A RUMOR which stated that Charlie Chaplin was going to start a studio making only silent pictures starring John Gilbert, Adolphe Menjou, Nils Asther, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, and some more, proved to be just that. Only an unfounded rumor. But it had the boys and girls talking for a few days.

The baby in Ruth Chatterton's "Sarah and Son" is twins! Billie and Bobbie Stout, aged six months. Billie is a bit sour and cries a lot; Bobbie is happy and smiles. So Director Dorothy Arzner kept them both handy. When cries were needed, in came Billie; smiles meant Bobbie.

ALLAN DWAN shot the whole of Gloria Swanson's next picture in three days. But it was only a dress rehearsal picture. When they saw the film they heaved a couple out of the cast, got new ones, changed a line here and there, and then shot the real picture. Here's something new in studio methods.

* * *

MRS. HUGH MURRAY of New York gave a lovely supper dance to celebrate the seventeenth birthday of her beautiful daughter, Miss Anita Murray, a New York girl who has recently broken into pictures and who is very popular with the younger set in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Murray has rented Marion Davies' lovely hilltop home in Beverly Hills.

A buffet supper was served in the big paneled dining-room, and there was dancing and entertainment in the drawing-room and bridge in the library.

The guests included Mary Lewis, Dolores



Grace Moore: Gets a royal welcome upon her invasion of Hollywood.



The Who's Who of Hollywood—and what the



H. B. Warner: He is an expert gardener and does all his own weeding.

Del Rio, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tierney (Mr. Tierney is the composer of "Rio Rita"), Marie Dressler, Buster Collier, Marie Prevost, Marion Davies, Roger Davis, Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers, William Haines, James Shields, Mrs. Mae Sunday, Polly Moran and Viscount Alain d'Leise.

* * *

Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. King Vidor) and Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg) have both been put on the stork's visiting list. It will be Eleanor's second baby and Norma's first.

* * *

LEON ERROL, famous Ziegfeld Follies funny man, came to Hollywood. He was told to "go over to a certain set where a famous New York stage manager was directing a picture." "Famous," thought Leon. He had never heard of him. He walked onto the set and the stage manager—now directing—greeted him with "Hello, Leon." Leon said "Hello" but was puzzled. To the best of his knowledge he not only had never heard of him, but now that he had seen him was sure he had never laid eyes on the gent before.

Afterwards the director came up to him and said, "Thanks, I knew you did not know me."

"But how did you know me?" asked Errol. "And what did you do in New York?"

"I'll answer both questions with one sentence," said the director. "I was a chorus man in one of your shows. Heard about this racket, jumped a train, put on a lot of airs, and here I am. At that I know as much about it as half of them."

NOT since the advent of Pola Negri from Europe some years ago has anyone received such a royal welcome nor been accorded such royal prerogatives at a studio as Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who got into Hollywood recently. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they speak of and to her with bated breath; orders have gone to all departments that she is to have special attention and service.

Miss Moore is young, lovely, and has a real grand opera voice—that's the reason.

* * *

Erich Von Stroheim is going to produce and direct again.

* * *

A PUBLICITY department let loose this blast on Hugh Trevor:

Mary Eaton, \$5,000-a-week Glorified American girl—glorified by Ziegfeld—taught him to tap dance. "Intricate rou-

tines," they said. Deems Taylor, the composer, taught Mister Trevor to write music.

Harry Tierney, who composed "Rio Rita," has taught Hugh to comment upon music.

Johnny Doeg, Stanford star and Davis Cup team member, has taught Hugh to play tennis.

Duke Kahanamoku taught Hugh how to swim.

Andres de Seguerola, Metropolitan Opera star, has taught Hugh how to sing.

Julian Johnson and Oscar Grave, both veteran editors, have taught Hugh how to write and are interested in his short stories.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, renowned pugilist, has taught Hugh how to box.

Richard Dix has taught him how to act.

Wow! Where is Grange? And Lindbergh? And Babe Ruth? And Einstein? And where is the Prince of Wales! This Trevor needs more star instructors.

* * *

WARNER BAXTER has a kid sister-in-law, Betty Byron, just breaking into pictures, who promises to be a sensation. On the beach at Malibu, where competition includes such charmers as Raquel Torres, Dolores Del Rio, Evelyn Brent, Vivian Duncan, Lila Lee, Lois Moran, and Mrs. Allan Dwan, the men vote eighteen-year-old Betty Byron the cutest girl in the place. She's working for William Fox.

* * *

JULIE CRUZE, sixteen-year-old daughter of James Cruze and step-daughter of Betty Compson, has just written a song called "Hi-Hat" which her father intends to use in his next picture. Julie is a musician and wrote the numbers for a play given at the Girls' Collegiate School, near Pasadena, which she attends. Her father and Betty went to see the performance and Jim liked the song so well he took it over immediately. Julie is the daughter of Marguerite Snow, who was a star in the early film days.

* * *

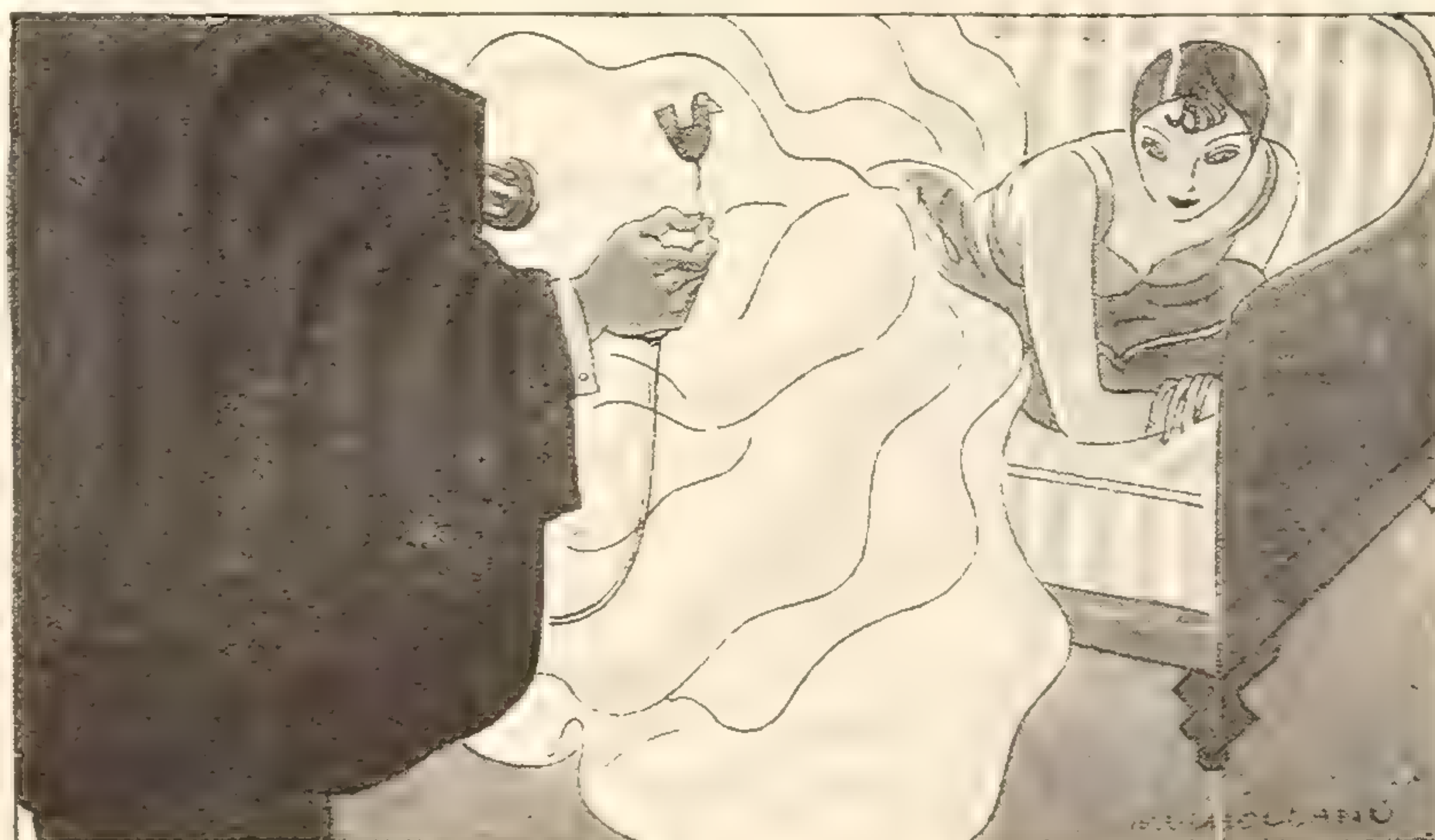
RENEE ADOREE, who will always be remembered for her glorious work as the little French peasant girl in "The Big Parade," has been taken to a sanitarium at La Crescenta, California. She has been ill for some months with tuberculosis, but her physicians declare that her recovery will be speedy.

* * *

An average of 115,000,000 people are now attending motion pictures every week in the United States. In 1922 only 42,000,000 did.

* * *

BERT LYTELL, former picture star, has just been married to Grace Menken, his leading lady in a stage play, and a sister of the famous Helen Menken. Bert used to be married to Claire Windsor. Mr. Lytell, who has been successful on the stage, is returning to films.



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of her sister Edith's marriage to William Goetz comes the announcement from Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer that Irene Mayer is engaged to David Selznick, youngest of the Selznick brothers. That romance started over a tennis net, both Dave and Irene being ardent tennis fans.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Walter Morosco recently had as their house guest in Beverly Hills Mrs. Jules Glaenzer of New York City, and Corinne—Mrs. Morosco is Corinne Griffith—has entertained at a number of charming informal dinners and luncheons for her. Mrs. Glaenzer spent a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice.

Among others who have entertained for Mrs. Glaenzer is Joseph Schenck, who gave a supper party in her honor at the Roosevelt Hotel the other evening. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie d'Orsay, Billie Dove, Joan Bennett, Helen Twelvetrees, John Considine, and Howard Hughes.

* * *

A piece of Hollywood real estate sold for \$300 forty years ago. This month it sold for five million.

* * *

YOU'VE heard a lot of stories about the Duncan Sisters. If you had walked into Vivian Duncan's beach home the other night you would have seen a new side of the Duncan character. Vivian had all her little nieces and nephews and their friends down for the week-end. She gave them a turkey dinner and afterwards played the piano for them and organized an impromptu orchestra. One of the nephews played a bugle brought home from military school, another a ukulele, another a comb, and the girls sang. Later Vivian built a big bonfire on the beach and they all told stories and roasted apples.

No wonder that Aunt Vivian is the idol of the entire Duncan clan.

* * *

THE Los Angeles Times publishes an annual motion picture number. This year they featured three writers as the best in the game. The three were Adela Rogers St. Johns, Herb Howe and Grace Kingsley.

* * *

The husband of a well-known film star went into a Hollywood hotel to inquire about the price of rooms, with the object of making reservations for a friend of his coming out from the East. Two days later it was all over Hollywood that he and his wife were separated. It's a very small town, really.

* * *

THE producers are getting all hot and bothered about the "foreign markets," especially the Spanish one. Perhaps one reason is that a young fellow in Hollywood

borrowed fifteen thousand dollars, made a short, two-reel Spanish talkie, sent it into Mexico, Spain, Central and South America, and cleaned up two hundred thousand dollars with it.

* * *

CARLOTTA KING played in "The Desert Song" for Warner Brothers, who let her go after the picture was made. Metro-Goldwyn grabbed her and gave her a year's contract. Now they have let her go without having used her in one scene during that year. The adventure cost M.-G.-M. about \$50,000.

Norma Talmadge has a kite ten feet high made out of silk which cost fifty dollars. When it is in the air it pulls so hard no one man has as yet been able to hold it.

* * *

WALTER CATLETT, New York musical comedy star, is rapidly becoming the playboy of Hollywood. In fact, he broke up the company so often on his last William Fox picture that Supervisor Wurtzel had to give orders about it. One day he appeared on the set in a pure white make-up, with his lips painted bright green. "Just a symphony in alabaster and jade," said Walter.

After a little argument with a cop in Sawtelle as to speed limits, Walter was roasted in the Sawtelle jail over night—it being too late to get anyone to bring him bail. Next morning when Matt Moore appeared to pay his fine, Walter chirped, "Don't mind. I've got it now. I won eighty-four dollars in a crap game here this morning."

MR. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Lord and Lady Brecknock, Lady Mountbatten and Foxhall Keene made a party at Agua Caliente over the week-end of the Agua Caliente Handicap.

Tony Moreno, after a lengthy vacation is back on the screen. He is doing a picture with George O'Brien, called, "The Girl Who Was Not Wanted." Remember how splendid Tony used to be in old vitagraph days?

IF you write the name of a picture on a piece of paper with a typewriter, and then under it, single space, write another title, it would take six and one-half standard sheets of paper to type all the titles of all the pictures Hobart Bosworth has been in.

(Continued on page 126)



Sharon Lynn: Racing Vivian Duncan for most speed tickets of 1930.





Plain Facts About the Man and the Actor and His Attitude Towards the Future

himself, and he was filled with compassion for the "boob hero" of this episode.

"And, of course, he can't say anything," said Jack passionately. "The poor guy can't explain why he did it. It was an accident. But he's on trial, and everything he says will be used against him. Whatever he says will only make it funnier and funnier. The only thing he can pray for is another chance, and *then*, after he's made good, he can do his explaining."

AMERICAN youth being essentially dedicated to fair play, Mr. Reigels was elected captain of the California varsity for the following year, played a great game throughout the season and was nominated on a lot of All-Americans where he didn't altogether belong—partly out of sympathy for his tough break and partly as a reward for the courage and determination he showed in going on with his game.

Jack's friends—and he has many in the colony in which he has lived for fifteen years—have convinced him that deeds and not words are now his portion. So Jack is bending his every effort toward getting in shape to make a fine picture, which will be concrete proof that the talkies haven't downed him, in spite of the fact that, in the raw state when neither he nor the director nor the producer nor the

mixer nor anybody else knew what it was all about, he did make one that wasn't as good as it might have been.

Other stars have made a bad picture or two and survived. Gloria Swanson made "Queen Kelly" but she was fortunate enough to have that first venture scrapped and to jump, with the knowledge gained from that failure, into her greatest success, "The Trespasser."

FOR the past few months a barrage of some kind has been directed against Jack Gilbert. Just why, it is difficult to say, except that anyone lifted by any circumstance above the crowd is always a target, and Jack has a peculiar faculty for saying and doing things that by their dramatic quality create news.

Jack is in every way the same Jack Gilbert he has been for a long time—the same Jack Gilbert who was hailed and acclaimed by critics and audiences, the same Jack Gilbert who could do no wrong.

The barrage seems out of all proportion to any event which has happened, or could happen. Jack, as I have often heard him say, is after all only an actor. It is his business to amuse, entertain, thrill, in portrayal of characters in stories written and selected for him by other people. As an actor he has done some very fine things, one or two that were pretty terrible, and a few that were just medium. His average is high.

At any rate, he hasn't been guilty of malfeasance in office, he hasn't betrayed a public trust or absconded

John Gilbert is a firebrand. Placidity and serenity know him not. He gets excited about people and against them. His despair and his delight, his exuberance and his depression, are intense. That's what makes him able to stir audiences. And his friends love him for his fervors.

AT this moment it seems to me that we very much need an unbiased and impersonal discussion of the case of Mr. John Gilbert.

The controversy raging in the press at large anent Mr. Gilbert, his life and his works, has assumed proportions which make him the most discussed figure on the screen at this time.

The fans, who for years supported him as an actor and finally made him a star, have a right to know some of the plain facts about his character, his actual part in certain happenings, and his attitude toward the future. These facts can only come legitimately from someone who knows Jack and has also been in a position to know a little about the inside of his marriage, his talking pictures, and his now famous battle with Mr. Jim Tully, author.

Mr. Gilbert himself is keeping very quiet right now, which is wise but probably difficult, because he is a man who has always believed in the conviction carried by sincere speech. But I think I can tell you why he is keeping quiet.

You may remember that, in the New Year's Day football game of 1929 between California and Georgia Tech, a young gentleman by the name of Roy Reigels ran the wrong way for a touchdown.

It happens that I saw Jack Gilbert shortly after that and we discussed the matter. Jack, being a very impulsive person, had occasionally run the wrong way

THE CASE FOR JACK GILBERT

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

with any funds. His position even as a great film star, which he was and still is, hardly seems to warrant the amount of excitement engendered by the fact that he had some sort of a misunderstanding with his wife in Europe, that he made one below-standard picture, and that he attempted to sock Jim Tully in the jaw.

All those things have happened to many people before and will doubtless happen again.

To quote Rob Wagner's brilliant editorial in *Script*, "It is rather like attempting to shoot a butterfly with sixteen-inch guns." I predict that the same thing is going to happen in the case of John Gilbert that happened in the case of Roy Reigels.

HE'S been taking them on the chin for some time. But M.-G.-M. is giving him another chance. At their studio the other day I saw great plans in progress for his next story. And those who know him best say he is quietly biding his time until he gets a good one under his belt.

It is my belief that the feeling of the public has in no way changed toward him. The fans are perfectly willing to await his next picture, to give him the second



Jack Gilbert and his wife, Ina Claire. Jack has described Ina as "the nicest grown-up person I have ever known." Their marriage has been a temperamental one.

chance, and see if he doesn't overcome the strangeness of the microphone and show on the screen again those same qualities that have made him so popular over a long period of years.

Idols—even screen idols—are not so easily unseated, unless they themselves quit.

This belief is strengthened by one circumstance which was told me the other night. In the very interesting prologue to "Happy Days," a Fox picture now showing at Carthay Circle Theatre in Los Angeles, a number of big moments

from old pictures are shown. Among them are the scenes from "The Big Parade" where Jack says goodbye to Renee Adoree before going to the front, and where he and Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien as the three modern musketeers came through the woods of Chateau-Thierry. These scenes night after night have been received with more applause than any others in the prologue or in the film itself.

Let's consider Jack himself and his real position in the various occurrences which have started all the uproar.

I have known Jack Gilbert well for ten years. I've known him when things were breaking bad, and when

THREE SILENT FILMS MADE UNFORGETTABLE BY JACK GILBERT



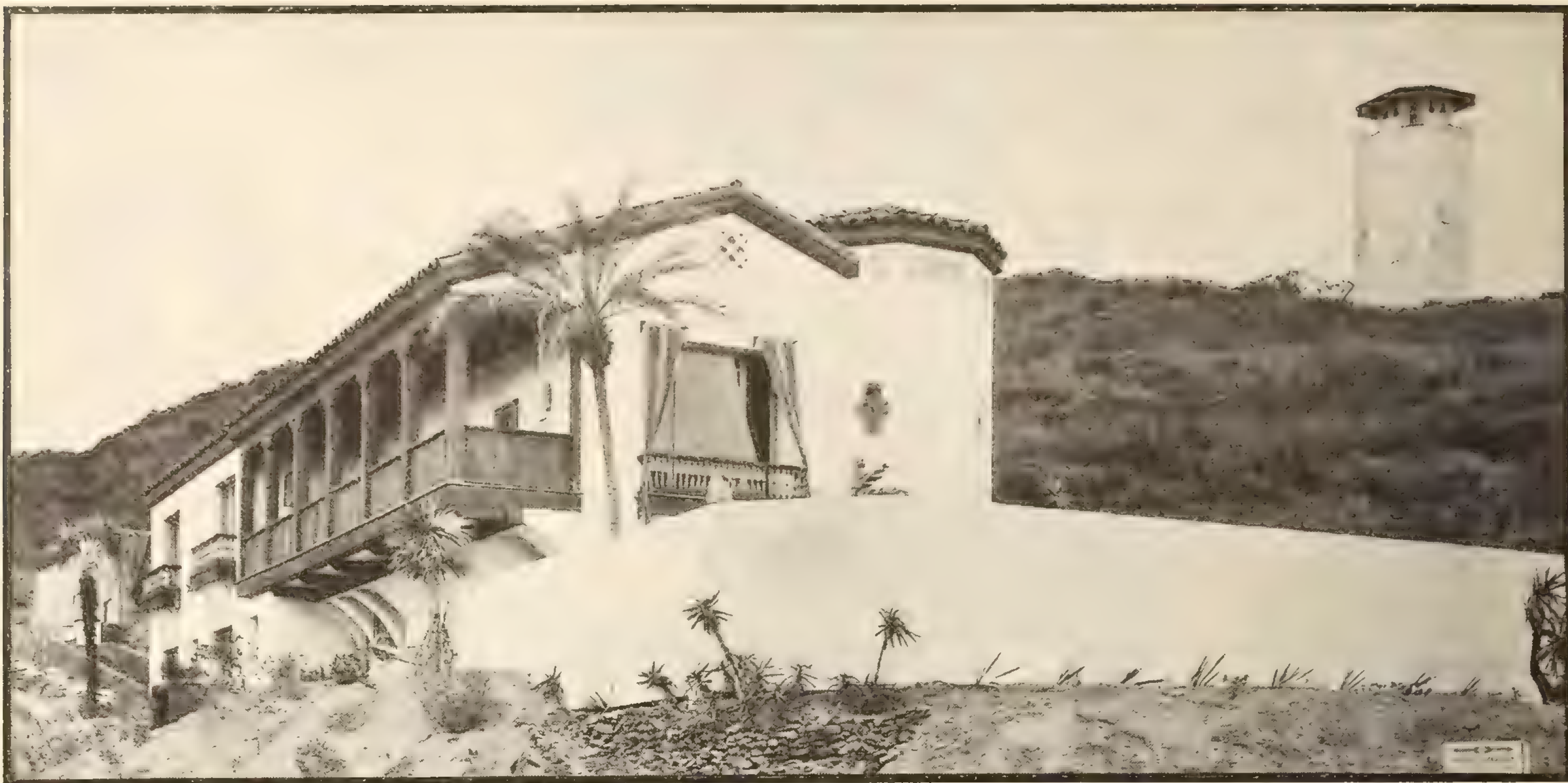
"He Who Gets Slapped"



"The Merry Widow"



"The Big Parade"



In his house overlooking Hollywood, Jack Gilbert sits planning his future. Jack's friends love to come to this house when they are bored or when life seems a monotone in grey. Here they know they may find things black, or scarlet or white—but never dull and grey.

they were breaking wonderfully. I've seen him leave the screen in despair and go to selling automobile tires, and seen him come back to achieve great triumph. Seen him in love and out. I've been his guest when it was a large evening's entertainment for him to buy a bowl of chop suey and put a nickel in the mechanical piano, and also when he had a palatial yacht sailing the waters between San Pedro and Catalina Island.

I should have a pretty fair conception of him as a man. I have also followed his picture work closely—cheered him in "The Big Parade" and wanted to shoot him for his bum performance in a terrible rôle in "A Woman of Affairs." Perhaps, I am in as good a position to write about him as anyone who has chosen him as a subject, either briefly or at length.

Jack isn't any different basically from nine out of ten men you play golf with; who jump up and down and cuss and throw things when they miss a shot; who get excited when some other agency sells more cars; who make a fortune in the stock exchange one day and lose it the next.

NATURALLY, he has a character that is different from lots of others. But then, he has a face, too, that is different. People are like that.

Jack isn't really different—except, of course, that he is an actor.

Now the business of acting demands certain characteristics which are different. Exactly as salesmanship does, and medicine, and writing columns.

First of all, it demands a high degree of emotional intensity, more sensitiveness to outside impressions, and a certain imaginative delight in the make-believe. Actors aren't quite like other men—but then neither are preachers or aviators or army officers.

Jack has all the actor qualities—plus. In consequence he

is more emotionally responsive, more easily hurt, less coolly balanced than many. But when it comes to temperament, or that divergence from the normal which is conceded to most folks in any artistic line of work, he can't hold a candle to John Barrymore or Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks.

I once heard him say, during an argument with Dick Barthelmess, "Of course, I am no intellectual giant, but neither am I a moron."

Which is about the best any of us can say for ourselves. A modest, and I should say a very accurate statement. Jack has a good mind, erratic and perhaps not academically trained. But he understands and appreciates good literature, reads more and better things than the average, has a quick perception of beauty and a real love of his kind.

The main thing about Jack is that he gets excited. Yes, he certainly does get excited. He gets excited for people and against them. He gets excited over good books and bad ones. He gets excited if he has to do things he doesn't want to do and if he is allowed to do things he does want to do.

Placidity and serenity know him not. No one can be in any doubt concerning Jack's feelings. He waves his arms and shouts. He comes close to tears—I think his severest critic can find nothing wrong with the fact that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Hollywood Bowl under a golden moon drifting above banks of opalescent clouds touches him deeply. He adores laughter. I don't imagine any four men ever laughed more than Ronny Colman, Bill Powell, Jack Gilbert and Dick Barthelmess, in the days when they were inseparable, before Dick and Jack married.

His friends, I find, love him for his fervors. When he is in a saucy mood, or when he is in a mood of abscinded

SAYS ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"The business of acting demands certain characteristics.

"It demands a high degree of emotional intensity, more sensitiveness to outside impressions and a certain imaginative delight in the make-believe.

"Jack has all the actor qualities—plus. In consequence, he is more emotional, more responsive, more easily hurt, less coolly balanced than many."



Photograph by Hurrell

THE DODGE

The Dodge Sisters, fresh from several seasons of popularity at the Folies Bergères in Paris, make their talkie and dancie debut in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revue, "The March of Time." This will be one of the big musical films of the year.

Their Favorite JEWELS

By DICK HYLAND



Top, Norma Talmadge, with her favorite diamond necklaces, diamond earrings and exquisite diamond bracelets, set with emeralds, rubies and star sapphires. Right, Dolores Del Rio with her favorite jewels, her diamond bracelets and diamond earrings. Below, Mary Brian's beautiful amethyst bracelet.



IT is an accepted tradition that all women are interested in and love jewels.

A survey of the jewel question in Hollywood, however, brings out a lot of fascinating points. Some of the stars don't like jewelry and never wear it. Others have jewels as fine as those possessed by the noblewomen of the old régime in France and England.

The fashion of costume jewelry has been universally accepted among screen actresses. Many of them have superstitions and sentiments about their jewels, some like fine and expensive stones, others are fond of antiques and have collected rare pieces of workmanship.

WHEN it came to getting pictures of the star's jewels, one fact developed. Their expensive pieces cannot be photographed. Most of them are heavily insured and the insurance is automatically cancelled in most cases if the jewels are photographed and the pictures published.

Many heirlooms and interesting pieces, however, have been photographed and are shown here.

Since the stars are conceded by most people to set the fashions in this country, it is particularly valuable to find out what they really think about jewels and how and when they should be worn.

MARION DAVIES has some wonderful jewels, particularly bracelets and necklaces. Pearls are her favorites and in her jewel boxes is a choker necklace of them, each pearl surrounded by a circlet of diamonds. There is another pearl necklace interspersed with carved jade stones, and with a tassel of jade and diamonds, and a pearl bracelet, each large pearl held to the other by a link of diamonds. Another rare and beautifully designed piece which would arouse the admiration of Cellini himself is a choker necklace of fine rubies, the rubies being set in circlets of



Hollywood Boasts of Some of the Finest Collections of Precious Stones in the World

pearls. With this goes a broad bracelet of rubies, in a flexible and delicately designed band of diamonds.

"I am very careful to set off my costumes with appropriate jewelry," Miss Davies said. "I like costume jewelry on other people, but, since I am the type that looks best in soft, fluffy dresses, I find that it doesn't go well with the things I wear. I think the painted wood and enamel sets are stunning with sport clothes and for young girls. Jewelry is very feminine and is the last word in feminine costuming.

"I USED to love diamonds best, but lately I have a real love for the colored stones in vogue. If imitation jewelry is selected in patterns that aren't too obvious, and carefully worn, it is all right. The trouble is that too often the manufacturers make pieces which, if they were real, would force the wearer to have a bodyguard every time she went out. I think it's a mistake to wear things like that which are obviously a misrepresentation. I haven't any superstitions about jewels. You're only supposed to wear opals if you were born in October, but I wear them and love them, though I was born in January. Opals are lovely with afternoon gowns, I think."

Center, Jeanette MacDonald's only three pieces of jewelry. Extreme left her carved jade brooch.

Right, Fay Wray's crystal bracelet, her favorite. Below, Anita Page demonstrating her platinum necklace and bracelet, set with diamonds.



Marion Davies has perhaps the loveliest collection of jewels in Hollywood. Above, wearing her choker necklace of seed pearls and small diamonds.

BEBE DANIELS is one of those girls who has lovely jewelry, but half the time forgets to put it on. She is more interested in beautiful workmanship and unusual patterns than in the value of the stones. There are several very unusual lavalieres in her collection, with unique patterns woven around one large central diamond. The two rings she wears are a square cut diamond, symbol of her engagement to Ben Lyon, and a marquise diamond which is not large but is a stone considered very rare and fine by experts.

But the things Bebe loves best are the heirlooms which have descended to her from her grandmother—old Spanish pieces which are beautiful in themselves and also fit with her type. She has one ring which was presented to her great-great-grandfather by the Marquis de Lafayette, and a set of beaten gold bracelets which belonged to her great-grandmother, the wife of the Governor of Colombia.

"I like those things because they are individual and have a meaning," said Miss Daniels. "I think any girl who has jewelry that has been in her family and has it

reset is making a mistake. The old settings are fine and they are out of the ordinary. Anyone can go in and buy diamonds, but many times I have seen old pieces worn which gave a distinction and beauty which nothing new could have. Of course, big perfect stones have beauty and they belong to certain costumes. But I have a real fondness for jewels with histories, jewels from the past that have been worn by other

Hollywood Finds There Are Jewels for



Joan Crawford, above, prizes the diamond wrist watch given her by Doug, Jr., above everything else. Right, Hollywood's most talked about jewel, the engagement ring given to Clara Bow by Harry Richman. It's a large and striking marquise diamond.

women for generations. If I ever collected jewelry, I should want to buy old pieces and fine workmanship.

ANOTHER mark of Ruth Chatterton's difference from the average woman is that she never wears jewelry of any kind. She says she admires it on other people but it never seems to belong to her.

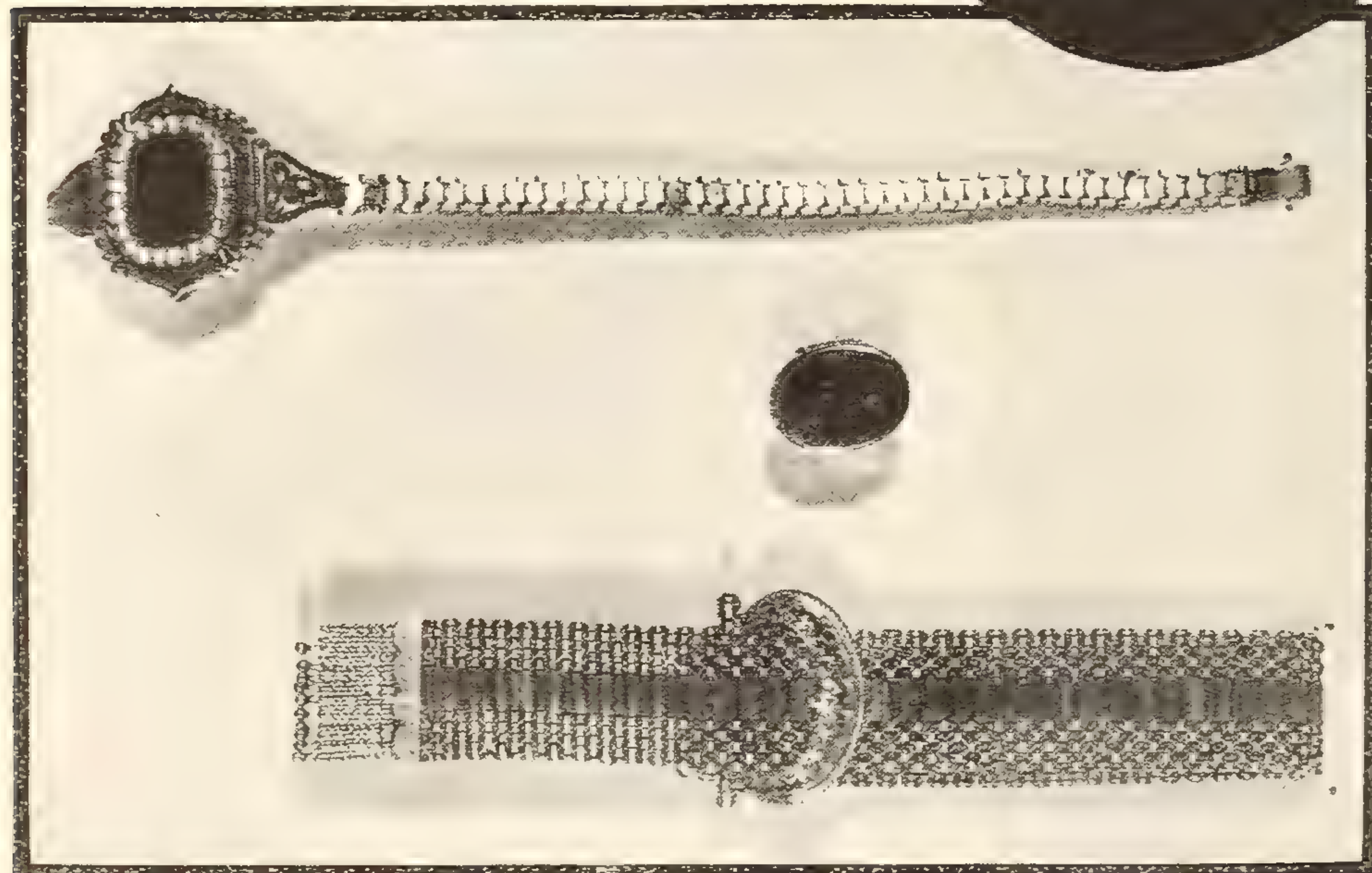
CLARA BOW, who likes lots of color and prefers striking effects, is very fond of unusual costume jewelry. Any time she sees a piece that strikes her as particularly stunning, she buys it and often has a costume made to go with it. Earrings are great favorites with her, and she has several sets of very long, dangling ones that look like gypsies'.

"I love to wear jewelry with my dresses," says Clara, "but it must fit perfectly and be part of the ensemble. I think it is very wrong just to wear jewels, any jewels. They should have a real purpose, or they are out of place. I like wooden painted beads and bracelets with sport clothes. I like diamonds with evening gowns. And I like Chinese and Egyptian and Mexican jewelry; it suits my type.

Naturally, she is very fond of the enormous marquise diamond given her by Harry Richman when they became engaged.

GRETA GARBO never wears jewelry of any kind. But then, even clothes do not interest Garbo, though she can wear them with stunning effect in her pictures when she cares to.

Next to Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge probably has the finest jewels in the motion picture colony. But frankly, Norma's jewels belong more to her as a motion picture star than as a woman. If she were not an actress, it is doubtful if she would care anything about jewelry at all. She selects and wears her jewels as she does her clothes, as part of her profession. At informal gatherings, at home with her friends, Norma rarely wears any jewelry at all, and her wonderful diamonds—she has rings, bracelets, necklaces and earrings of superb big stones—spend most of their time in the safe



Above, Kay Francis' only three pieces of jewelry. In the center is the black cameo ring, over 2,000 years old, which the Metropolitan Museum has offered to buy. Right, another piece of Fay Wray's crystal jewelry, her necklace.



Sentiment, for Superstition, for Investment

deposit vault, being taken out only for big occasions.

Her favorite ring for formal wear is a huge, lustrous pearl solitaire.

"I love my wrist watch," Norma Talmadge said. "It is platinum, set with diamonds. I think the jewels I really love best are pearls—small pearls. With simple evening gowns, which I prefer, I have a string of small, beautifully matched pearls, and an exquisite bracelet of a rare design to match. These are my favorites. I never wear jewels in my hair, and never like to see them. And I do not like pins and brooches. They always look stuck on from the outside. I have another ring I am fond of—one I picked up from a dealer in Rome. It is a heavy, fantastic design, set with small diamonds. It is the sort of ring you can wear with any frock in the daytime. I have an idea, too, that it brings me good luck. Anyway, I like to wear it."

DOLORES DEL RIO adores jewels, has a fortune in them, and wears a great many of them. Her severely classic beauty can stand more and finer jewels than most women would dare to display. Miss Del Rio comes of an old and wealthy Mexican family, and has collected jewels for years, long before she became a picture star.

Her favorite pieces are two magnificent diamond and emerald bracelets. Diamonds are her favorite stones and she owns a diamond necklace which is worth thousands of dollars. Her favorite ring is a diamond triangle which she wears on her left little finger.

"I am not fundamentally superstitious about jewelry," she said, "but I am much interested in the traditions that have been built up around world famous stones and pieces. I am sure that certain gems have character, from their centuries of life, and produce a definite effect upon their owners and wearers. I would like to know the history of many famous jewels—it would be a fascinating study.

"I think jewels and costume jewelry, which now has a very definite place in the scheme of any woman who claims to be well-dressed, should be studied and worn with discrimination. I also find that I have moods



Above, Norma Shearer wearing two stunning diamond bracelets, the finest in her jewel box. One is set with emeralds in a rare and beautiful design. Left, Nancy Carroll's favorite seed pearl necklace. Lower left, Sally Blane, and her novelty crystal pendant watch.



about jewels. Sometimes I want to wear a great many. At other times I want one special piece, and still again I don't want any. I have studied old Aztec ornaments and early Spanish and Indian pieces, and find them interesting from a collector's viewpoint."



MARY BRIAN is superstitious about jewelry and only cares for pieces that have some sentimental value. Otherwise, she doesn't care for it at all and has never bought herself any. The only pieces she wears are gifts. The jewels she really loves and wears oftenest are a bracelet and ring which have been in her family for many years and which were given to her by her mother on her eighteenth birthday. They are amethysts—her birthstone—and pearls, in heavy and unusual pattern. The amethyst is the birthstone for February.

Nancy Carroll has a real "yen" for small necklaces, or chokers. Her favorite is a small necklace of seed pearls, which she believes sets off her personality. She also has a choker of diamonds and crystals which she wears often in the evening. (Continued on page 132)



When Whataphone boop-a-dooped the opera "Faust," a swell Albertina Rasch ballet did a Walpurgis night ballet in full color.

HOW TO WRITE TALKIE

By J. P. McEVOY

I.

(For the Trade Journal)

WHATAPHONE'S new super-opus, "THE DEVIL YOU SAY" (adapted from the opera, "FAUST"), rolled the wise mob into the aisles last night at a big whoop-de-do première, at the Winter Garden, and parlayed old man Edison's Mazda royalties up to a new top gross.

For months, the old grape-vine stuff from Whataphone's Little Bray Home in the West has kept all the other studios on the qui vive (ritz for what the devil's going on over there?). Opera is a bust at ten bucks a squat, says they, and how is Whataphone going to get out of the red for four bits with an usher in gold braid thrown in.

But they figured without the producing genius of young Sol Schmilick, who saw both road show and grind possibilities in opera when he was still wearing three-cornered pants.

At first it was planned to reproduce "FAUST" in the old time-honored plush-bottomed Gatti-Gazzaza, but Sol says, Ix-nay, we ain't shootin' mike opera for foreigners. This is going to be a super-eppus in Technicolor for the good old Anglo-Saxophone race—six shows a day and eight spills on Sunday. So the first thing we do is to boop-adoop it up a little. What in hell's the plot, anyway? That's just what it's about, says an old yes-man, about hell and the devil. The devil you say, says Sol, and what's the matter with that for a title? So that's how the best box-office title on the street was born.

Now about the music, says Sol. Kinda hackneyed,

don't you think? Might use some of it, but we gotta have a theme song. Like "Lucky Little Devil," huh? Call in the boys. And plenty of 'em, cause this is going to be a super-eppus.

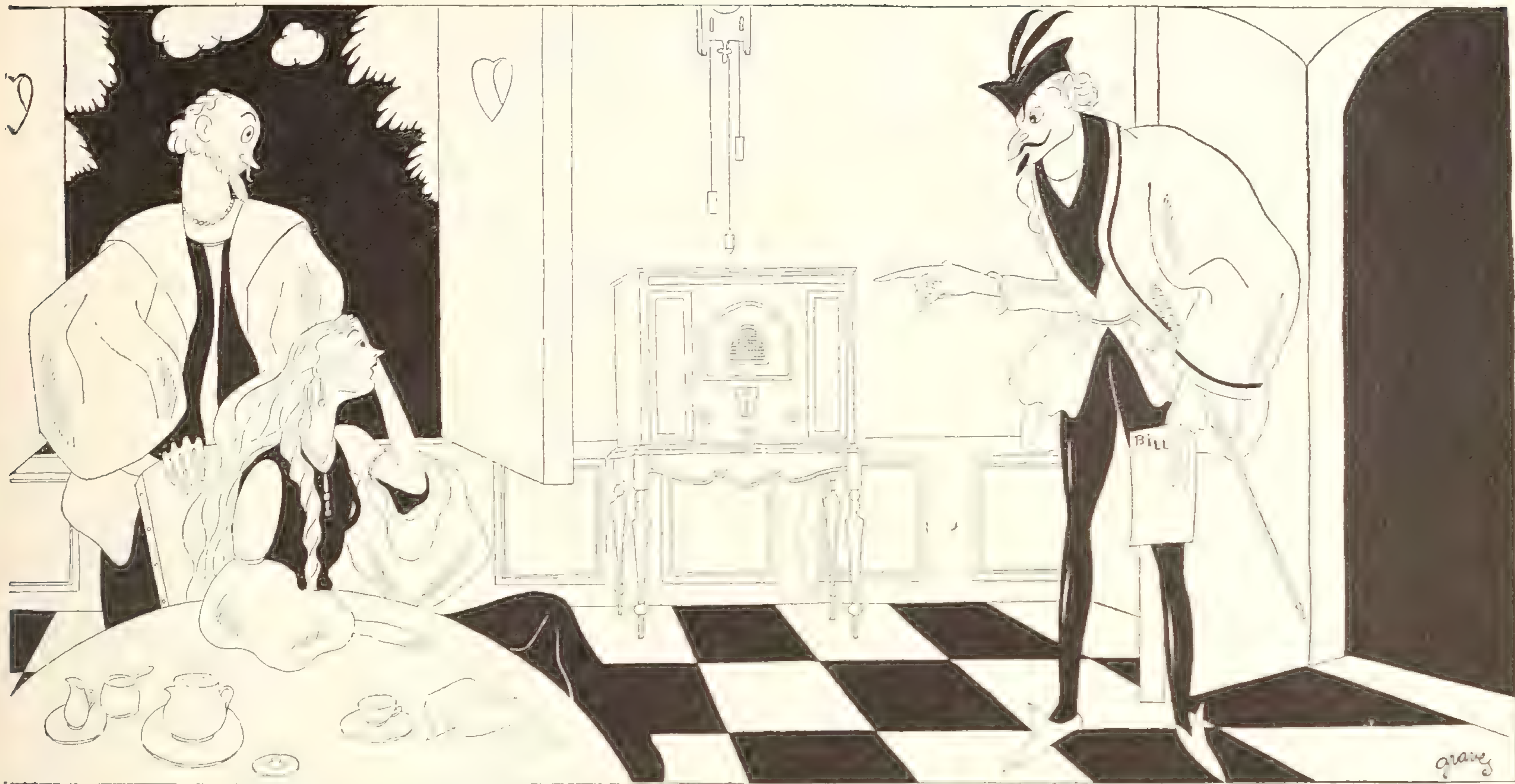
So the boys were called in, and when Sol calls in the boys, they're boys, what we mean. Irving Berlin, Walter Donaldson, Gus Kahn, George and Ira Gershwin, Rudolph Friml, Kalmar and Ruby, Hart (Schaffner) and Rogers (Peet) and of course, the studio staff, who usually interpolate the hits and get paid off in tickets to Gay's Lion Farm.

George, says Sol to Gershwin, We're shootin' "FAUST" on Sound Stage Two, startin' Monday. This is Thursday. There's a piano in the next room. Go in there and rap out a new rhapsody. I got a good title for you, "Rhapsody in Blue." I think that's been used, says George. Well, I got a better one, says Sol. How about "Blue Blazes Rhapsody"? And now let's look at the continuity and see where we can put some theme songs.

That's how it started. Instead of one theme song, there are four, in "THE DEVIL YOU SAY." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson did another "Turn On the Heat," for the scene where Faust goes to hell. Instead of the old Jewel Song Hokey-pokey, Helen Kane, who plays Marguerite, wowed the house with her old hit-number,

*Faust showed me a lavalliere,
And said it's yours if you kiss me, dear,
Now tell me, is there anything wrong in that?*

Sammy Lee and Albertina Rasch team it in the old Walpurgis night spot for a stunning Technicolor sequence, with five hundred sweet pairs of legs, half on their toes. In short, this picture is in. And bookoo. It looks like the cash customers are going to get opera until they scream for Westerns.



In "The Devil You Say," (the talkie version of "Faust") the devil turns out to be the nasty old radio installment collector.

REVIEWS

Continuing Mr. McEvoy's Smashing Exposé of the Writing Racket

DRAWINGS BY H. TEMPEST GRAVES

II.

(From the Publicity Department)

CHALK up one more victory for Sol Schmilick, the colossal producing genius of Whataphone! Single handed and unaided he has taken "FAUST" out of the ranks of unprofitable opera and made it into a four-star, super-special box-office smash.

It was Sol Schmilick who first saw possibilities in "FAUST." It was Sol Schmilick who had the courage and foresight to throw Gounod's barrel-organ melodies out into the alley, and provide an entirely new score, written under his personal supervision and inspiring direction by such writers as Irving Berlin and George Gershwin, Walter Donaldson and Pat Ballard, of "Any Ice Today, Lady" fame.

IT was Sol Schmilick who put his unerring fingers on the weak spots of this fusty old opera, and by the genius of his co-operation with Whataphone's brilliant staff of writers and directors, brought to a triumphant culmination the revised, rejuvenated and imperishable continuity of "THE DEVIL YOU SAY," which stands every chance of passing into history as the new Faust legend. And yet Sol Schmilick, despite his triumph, is modest.

"It was nothing," he said. "We are going after Wagner next. Already as a sort of an experiment we condensed "The Ring" into a talking short, and tested Wagner's possibilities in such far-flung key-cities as Kingston, New York; Valdosta, Georgia; and Anoka, Minnesota, with results that surprised even us."

Wagner next! And after that, who knows? Maybe Victor Herbert. even!!!

III.

(For the Tabloids)

DOOD morning!

Raptures, girls, and one ecstasy, on the house. What house? The Winter Garden. And why? (Now don't be so impatient!) "THE DEVIL YOU SAY" opened there last night. (Ooh! Isn't that deliciously wicked?) And what do you think? It's our old friend "FAUST" (a Whataphone super-epic), with Helen Kane as Marguerite, Buddy Rogers as Faust, and Wallace Beery as the Devil.

There's a lovely, lovely love story and everything comes out just lovely. Not the way it was in the horrid old opera, where practically everybody dies and goes to hell.

In the new picture version, which I know you are going to prefer, it all turns out to be a bad dream, and Faust wakes up when Marguerite comes tripping into the room. It's morning, and the sun is streaming in over the cutest little breakfast table you ever saw, and they sing together a lovely song by Irving Berlin, "Coffee and Toast and Orange Juice, Sorry You Made Me Cry." The scene fades out with the devil, who isn't really the devil at all, but the installment collector who gives them a receipted bill in full for the new radio. And everybody is ver' ver' happy.

Same to you. Toodle oo.

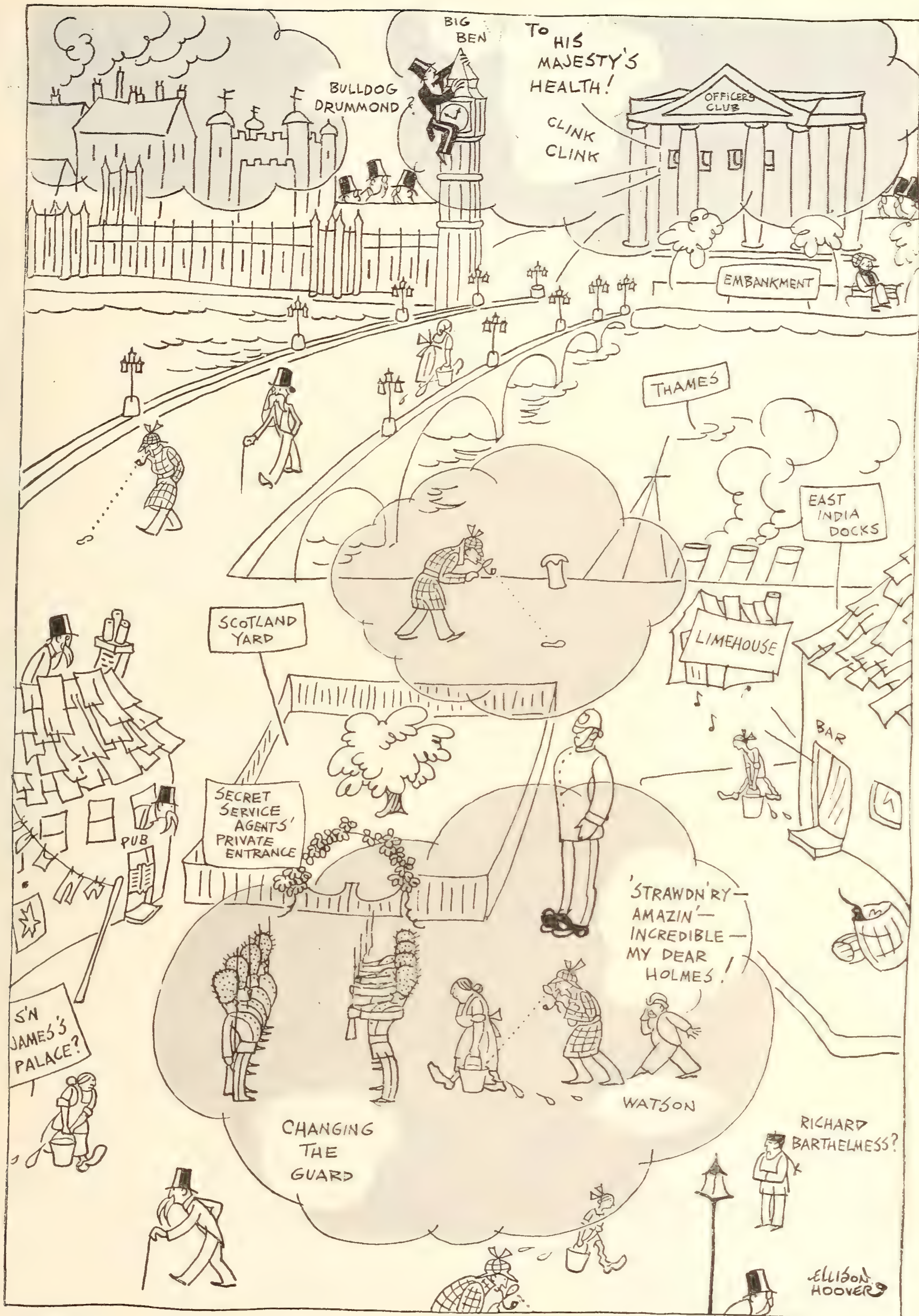
Dood bye!

Coming Soon: Another Talking Short by J. P. McEvoy

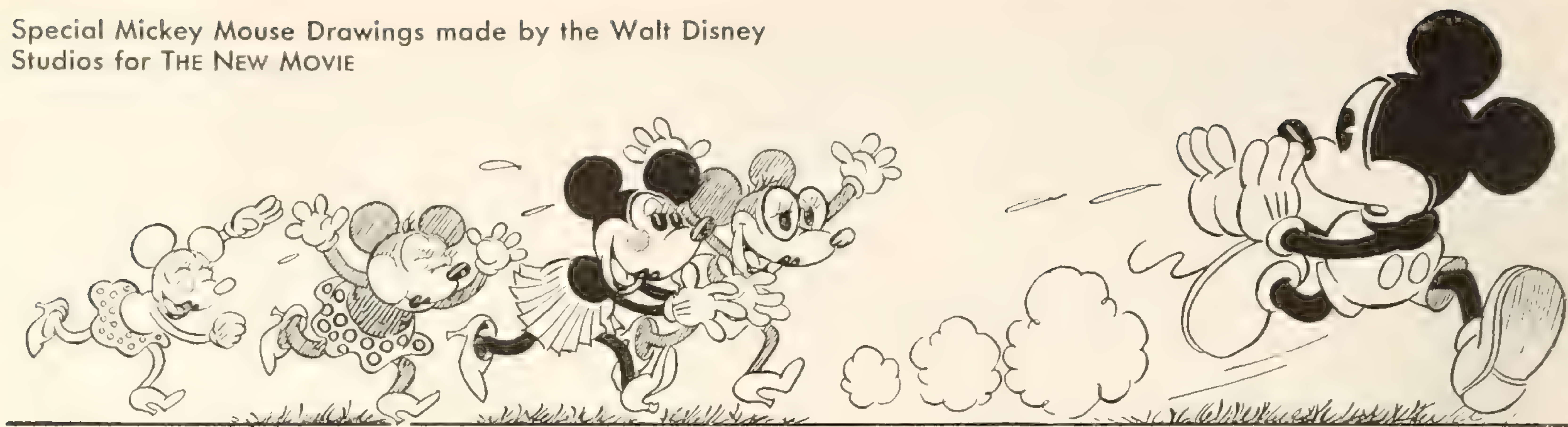


photograph by Irving Lippman

Here, ladies and gentlemen, is symbolism—or what have you. At the left you see Erich Von Stroheim, now an actor but recently a director—and probably the most expensive director in all Hollywood. Still, he has a touch of directorial genius—and moviedom ought to find some way to utilize it. Just now he is acting in Warners' "Three Faces East." The shadow is cast by the director, Roy del Ruth.



LONDON. This month we present the British capital as you fancy it after watching countless movies of London and its fogs. It may not be geographically correct, but it is O.K. from a Hollywood viewpoint.



The First Interview with the Famous Animated Cartoon Character, Who Was Down to His Last Rind When He Hit Hollywood Success

By DICK HYLAND

I WANT to tell you right now that this Mickey Mouse is a great little fellow.

If some people have to be just mice, while others can be screen stars, Mickey is entitled to be the latter and ride in Scootmobiles, live in a penthouse, and have his own private golf course. Because, with all his great success, Mickey Mouse has remained kind and simple. Under his new vest—and Mickey has a taste for loud vests which reminds one of Ray Long and Roy Howard to say nothing of O. O. McIntyre—beats a heart of gold.

Nobody I have ever interviewed has been more receptive to my ideas or more willing to do things just the way I wanted them done.

MICKEY MOUSE, you know, was not always rich and famous. He has known what it means to be right down to the last rind. He has actually lived in tenements where they did not have as much as a piece of bacon, even on Christmas.

And believe me, this great public idol, this mouse whose name has been billed over almost every other star in the business, has not forgotten it.

I had never met Mickey Mouse. That may seem strange to you, knowing that I live in Hollywood, where screen stars are so plentiful they often get in your hair and you can't get away from them even if you wanted to. But Mickey Mouse, like Al Jolson, is very retiring. I have never seen him at a Hollywood party, he does not attend openings, he has never spoken over the radio, although at times I have thought I heard him over mine.

He has his own group of friends, and a very large

family. Nine brothers and fourteen sisters, to be exact. Most of his friends are from the old days. He faced many a cat within the carefree days of his youth. Of course, he is still a young mouse—only eight years old—but he has lived a lot as a mouse must if he is to survive in this day of apartment houses and frigidaires.

It was a difficult job locating him. No one knew where he lived, and the job of finding his home was as hard as finding Greta Garbo's.

However, I knew that his studio was right across from Paramount—the same one Douglas Fairbanks used to have—and I went over there. I must confess that the thought of meeting Mickey Mouse face to face gave me a little thrill down my spine. I have adored Mickey from afar for so long.

But the meeting was to be delayed some time.

For Mickey had never been interviewed. It wasn't that he had any idea of "his private life being sacred to himself" or anything as silly as that. "After all," he said to me later, "we don't allow the President of the United States any private life. I'm no bigger than he is."

No, it is just that he has always been very shy, very modest about his achievements.

I hung around his studio for almost a week. No one would give me any encouragement. Everybody was busy getting ready for the next Mickey Mouse super-special. A harmonica in an adjoining office was blowing on a theme song, "No trap shall catch you while I am near you; stay with me and happy you'll be, with life a breeze and plenty of cheese." I thought I could detect the fine Italian hand of George Olson himself in the arrangement.

I wiled away the time by talking to Mickey's secretary, a neat little blonde trick.

"What kind of a gent is this fellow, personally," I asked.

"Nice enough for anyone," she said.

"You don't say that like you mean it," I said.

"No?"

"No."

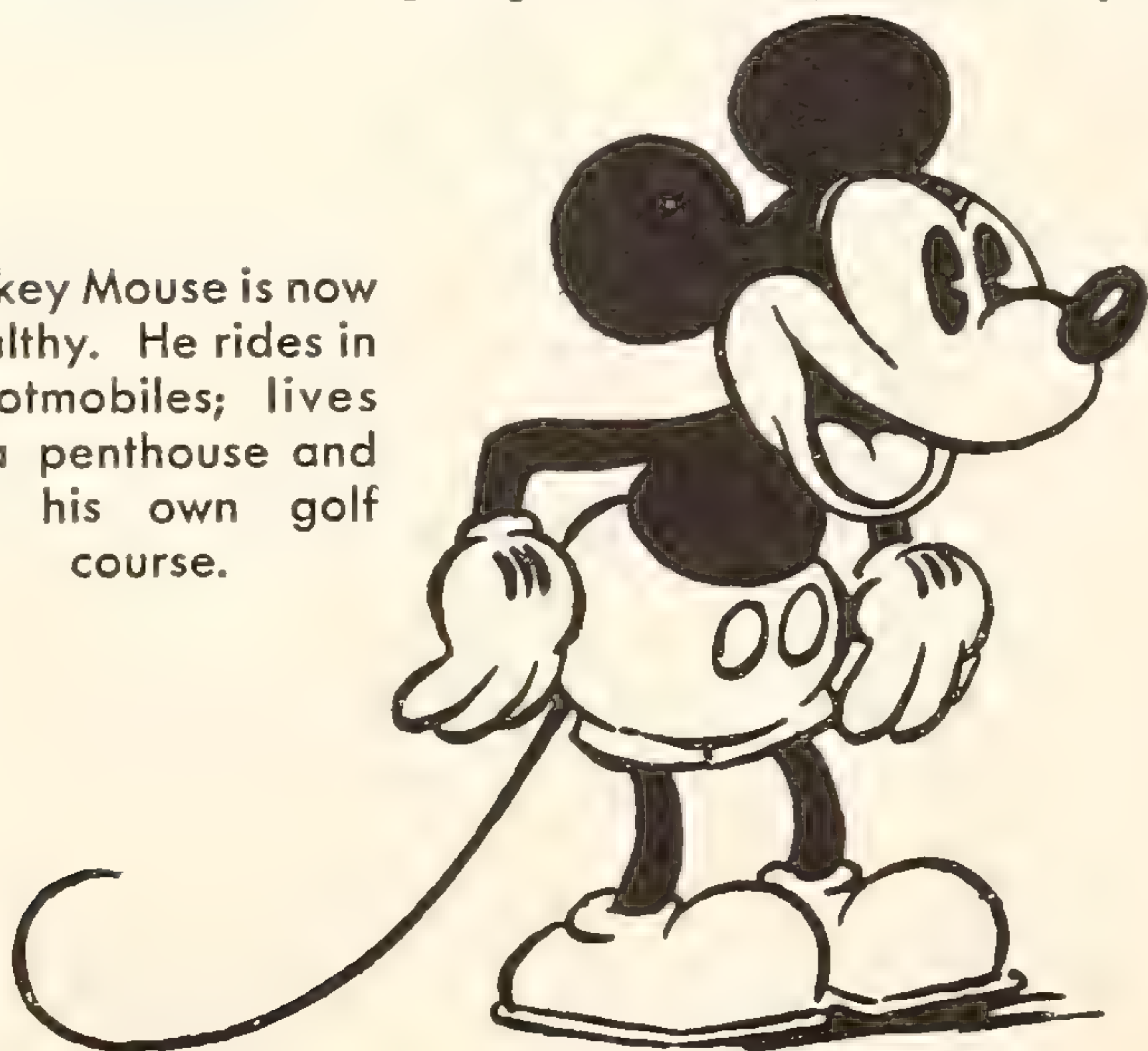
"Well, I wouldn't want him for mine," she confessed. "He is too vivacious, too lively for me. I prefer the home type. With a gent like Mickey, now, you could never tell where he was. He'd be the kind to stay out nights, too. And I don't want any husband like that."

"You'd be surprised the way the gals chase that mouse," she continued. "And the fan letters he gets! Some female mice have no pride. Oh, I guess it is just that I like the old-fashioned kind and Mickey is a modern mouse."

If it had not been for Minnie I might never have met Mickey and been able to tell you about him.

Of course, you know Minnie. You have seen her in

Mickey Mouse is now wealthy. He rides in Scootmobiles; lives in a penthouse and has his own golf course.



MICKEY MOUSE:

His Life and Art

plenty of your favorite pictures, playing opposite Mickey. Well, I was cooling my heels in an outer office, waiting to see Isaac Rat, the supervisor, who had sent word out to me that he was in a conference, when who should come tripping in but Minnie. And if you like brunette mice you would certainly go for Minnie. I am not surprised that Mickey had been reported engaged to his leading lady.

She glanced at the stenographer—and received a dirty look in return. I suspected a bit of rivalry there, despite the line the steno had given me about Mickey.

Minnie had to wait for Mister Isaac Rat, too. You know how supervisors are. Making people wait is about the only occupation they have. And while we were waiting I took my courage in both hands and addressed her.

The first thing I knew I was telling her all my troubles. That little mouse certainly has a sympathetic nature.

"I think you're perfectly right," she said, wrinkling her nose at me just as she does on the screen, "somebody ought to interview Mickey. Chaplin gets *all* the publicity and, if I do say it myself, who shouldn't, Mickey is just as funny at times. And Mickey plays a much better love scene, even if he does lack some of the pathos for which Chaplin is famous. I bet if you go right over there and just walk in, he will be glad to see you. He is awfully nice—really."

I think she blushed at that, but it is hard to tell—with a mouse. Anyway, she told me where he lived. In a penthouse, on top of the big new building on Hollywood Boulevard. Many times I've gone by that building. Many times I've noticed that penthouse as I've glanced aloft to catch a glimpse of Ben Lyon or Hoot Gibson flying in their planes. I've wondered who it was that had had the ingenuity to put a penthouse there in such a quiet and exclusive spot. To think that it was Mickey Mouse!

I knocked—and Mickey Mouse himself opened the door.

"Well, I guess it is all right," he said when I had explained my errand. "But the truth is that I am naturally timid and my mother—she was a grand person—always taught us never to speak to strangers. I have, at times, of course, but early training like that makes a mark upon your character. But come in—come in."

And there I was with Mickey Mouse.

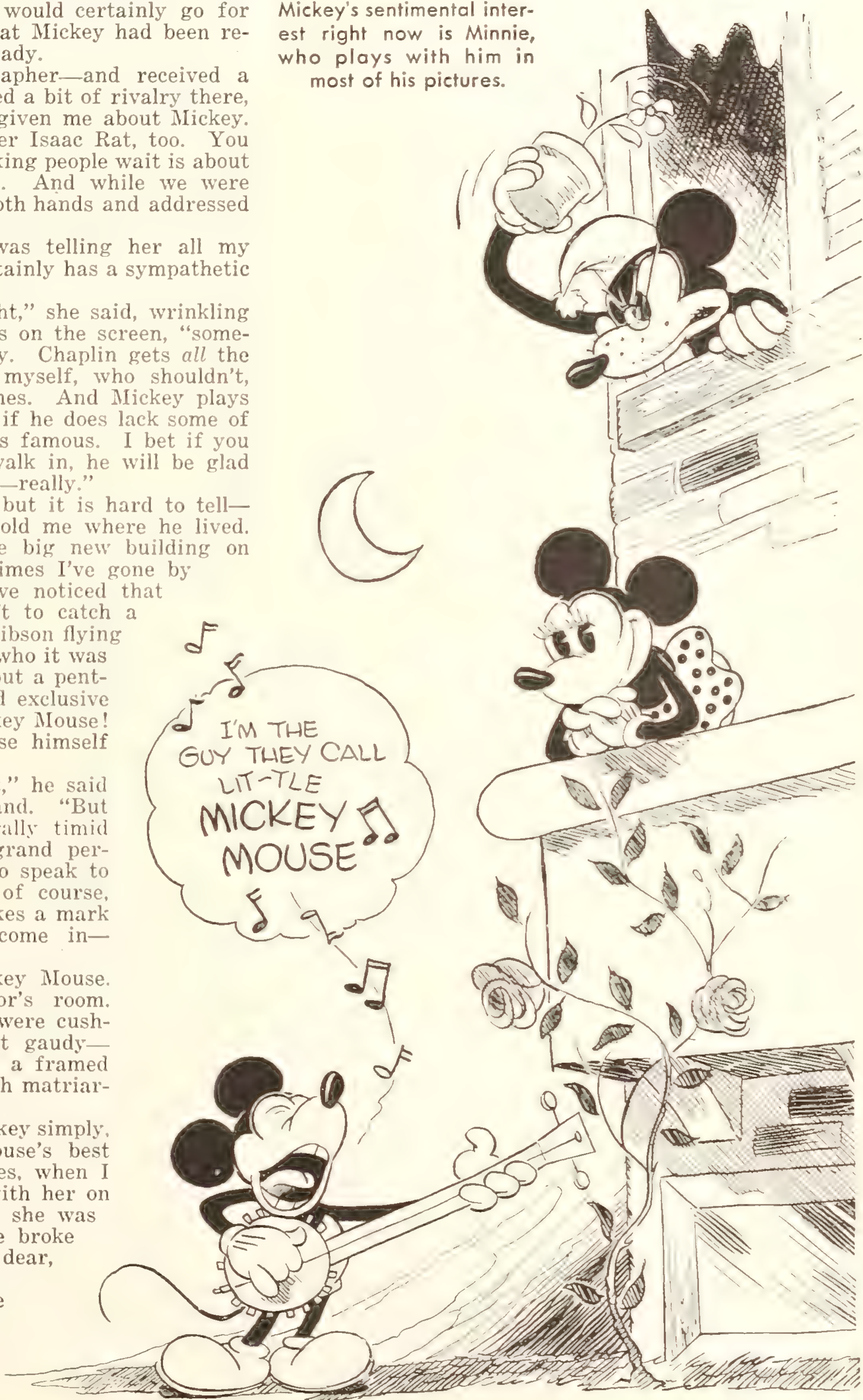
It was typically a bachelor's room. Comfort reigned. The chairs were cushioned. Bright colors—but not gaudy—prevailed. On the mantel was a framed picture, a dignified mousess with matriarchal whiskers.

"That's my mother," said Mickey simply, as we settled down. "A mouse's best friend is his mother. At times, when I was very young, I disagreed with her on things she made me do. But she was right. She is—was (his voice broke a bit)—always right, the dear, sainted darling."

Mickey dabbed at his nose with a little square of silk. He sniffed.

"She gave me the
(Continued on page 128)

"Three women were important figures in my life," says Mickey Mouse. Mickey's sentimental interest right now is Minnie, who plays with him in most of his pictures.





Winnie Lightner, whose real name is Winifred Hanson, was born in 66th Street in New York. She first attracted attention as the comic of the successful vaudeville act, the Lightner Sisters and Alexander.

LIGHTNER vs. CROUSE

By RUSSEL CROUSE

THE door opened and there stood Winnie Lightner. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that first of all I knocked.

"I beg your pardon," I said, falteringly. "I am from the THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE——"

"We don't want any magazines today," said Miss Lightner, pleasantly enough, or maybe it wasn't pleasantly enough, and slammed the door with such force that the breeze gave me a slight attack of La Grippe, an ailment known among the lower middle class as grip.

I walked around the block and returned. I knocked again. Luck was with me, for the door opened again and there stood Winnie Lightner again. It was quite a coincidence.

"Oh," said the dainty little comedienne, rolling up her sleeves. "So you're back!"

"Yes, you big cluck," I said, using all my charm. "And I don't want any monkey business. I'm not trying to sell you anything. I want to interview you."

"Yeah?" she said, a little boldy, I thought. "Well, suppose I don't want any interviews today either."

"**B**ABY," I said, "I didn't come here to argue with you. I'm going to interview you and I may stay to dinner, too, if you're going to have anything I like."

I could see that she was beginning to weaken. But I am always on the verge of defeat when I am near victory. It is because I am a sentimentalist. I can't crush a victim mercilessly. I began to repent of my high-handedness.

"Listen," I said, with a touch of tenderness, "I can see you are in a dilemma. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wrestle you to see whether I interview you twice or not at all. Double or quits, you beautiful creature. Yes or no?"

"Why didn't you say so before?" she said, simply.

The next thing I knew I was on the floor struggling desperately to keep my shoulders from being pinned down. I wriggled out of a half-Nelson, neatly, if I do say so myself, and laughed.

"**T**ELL me, Miss Lightner," I said, trying to change the subject, "where were you born?"

"In New York," she came right back. "On Sixty-sixth Street, right around the corner from Broadway. You know where the vaudeville theater is—that's funny, I was born just a block from a vaudeville theater and it had to be a small-time house."

I didn't think it was very funny, myself, but I laughed anyway, remembering the half-Nelson I had just wriggled out of. I had made up my mind there was to be no more of those.

"And how in the world," I said, trying to seem interested, "did you ever happen to go on the stage?"

"Well, it was my cousin——" she said.

"I'm not asking about your cousin," I interrupted.

"I'm telling you about my cousin, though," she went on, putting her foot in my ear. "My cousin used to hear me singing around the house. I was just fifteen then but I was pretty good. She knew about a cabaret down near the docks and said she thought I could get a job there."

"I went around and sang for the boss and he told me I could go to work at \$7 a week. I lasted a week. But I

A Thrilling Interview to a Finish, in which The New Movie's Battler Gets a Little the Worst of It

don't believe I got fired. I must have been good. A bunch of sailors came in one night and, when I sang, they threw thirty-five cents at me in nickels. Yes, I must have been pretty good."

She rested her pretty little head on her elbow. The other end of the elbow was in my eye.

"You don't look comfortable," she said.

"Well, as a matter of fact——" I started to get up as I talked but she was too quick for me. In a moment she had a toe-hold and it began to look as though the match was just about over. I've never been one to break a toe-hold successfully. I knew I'd have to get her talking again.

"As you were saying——" I ventured.

SHE fell into my trap.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Well, before the week was over my uncle came up to the house one night. He was a porter in a hotel downtown—a hotel where lots of actors and actresses stayed. Naturally, while he was smashing their baggage he talked to them. He had always been one of my great admirers and he told all the actors and actresses about me—said I had a swell voice and all that.

"Finally one of the actors said: 'If she's so good why don't you bring her down here and let us hear her.' So my uncle said he would. The next day he did. I was just fifteen, you know, and had only been off the block in which I was born a couple of times and didn't know enough to get to first base.

"My uncle pushed me into the room. There were three or four actors and actresses sitting around. The first thing I saw was a girl sitting in a negligée smoking a cigarette. I took one look at her and turned green. I thought I'd been captured by white-slavers and would never see my mother again, and things like that.

"The actor asked me whether I could sing and I said I could. Then he said: 'Have you got pretty legs?' I couldn't figure out what that had to do with my singing, but I pulled my skirts a little and he said the legs would do, all right. Then they heard my voice and said it was all right and tried a few evening gowns on me—the first I'd ever seen outside of store windows—and told me to come back the next day.

THE fellow's name was Alexander

Our cameramen are everywhere. Just as Winnie Lightner gained a strangle hold upon Mr. Crouse and yelled in his ear, "Give me my books and I'm happy," our photographer snapped this picture.



Russel Crouse, THE NEW MOVIE'S new war correspondent, is a well-known New York columnist. His "Left at the Post" column is a popular humorous feature of The New York Evening Post. You will find more of his humor in future issues of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

and the girl's name was Lightner. That was the beginning of the vaudeville act, Lightner Sisters and Alexander. I took the girl's name. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you—my right name is Winifred Hanson."

"That's a good joke on me," I said.

"What's a good joke on you?" she queried.

"Why, I've been calling you Miss Lightner all the time."

"It's a good joke on me, too," she said, giving me a playful sock in the nose. "I've been calling myself Miss Lightner ever since then myself."

By this time I began to wish I hadn't interrupted her. She was at me again, trying for a hold that would end the match. I was a little too quick for her. I asked another question.

"How much did you get a week with the act?" was the question asked.

"Ten dollars a week," she said: "We rehearsed a week or so and then opened in Newark. Was I proud? It was a classy three-act, we thought. Well, we went on and went into our first song. All at once the audience started laughing. With each song the laughter grew. We were pretty worried. We couldn't figure out what they were laughing at. But we finished to applause and that's what counts.

(Cont'd on page 130)



ONE STARRY NIGHT

By AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

JOHNNY HARLAN, ex-football hero and All-American halfback was busily engaged in powdering his nose. With deft, practised strokes he applied the feathery puff over his square-cut chin and smooth-shaven cheeks, carefully skirting the lightly rouged lips and the delicately penciled blue shadows that enhanced the healthy brilliance of his expressive eyes.

Behind him his Japanese valet, Kito, opened an intricately carved antique door. "Gemen see you, sir," the servant bowed, "Him say him old friend."

Without even bothering to turn his head, Johnny scowled at Kito through the mirror, "Haven't I told you I can't and won't see anyone today? My God, what do people think I am?"

"Gemen say must see you, sir. Say play same football team. Say somepin 'bout name Mule."

"The devil you say!" Johnny's features relaxed into a broad, even-toothed grin. "Bring him in, Kito."

Two or three more quick dabs with the powder-puff, a careful scrutiny of himself in the mirror and Johnny turned to face the visitor whom Kito was already ushering into the room.

FOR a moment there was the embarrassed hesitation that always follows the reunion of old friends. Then Johnny rose gracefully to his feet and his resonant voice rang out in the greeting that had re-echoed so often through the Madison College campus; "Hey Mule, yuh ole fool!"

For Johnny's visitor was "Mule" Watkins, the line-cracking, bone-crushing tackle of those famous teams that had carried Madison to so many championships and Johnny to All-American glory. There had even been a few football critics to insinuate that, without Mule to gash the opposing lines, Johnny would never have broken away for those brilliant open-field runs of his. But in general, almost anything can happen to a tackle except publicity, and Mule had never cared. He had loved Madison and he had loved the lithe, quick-witted Johnny. That his own broad shoulders had contributed to the glory of his college and his friend was all the reward he wanted.

Now he edged gingerly towards a chair as though fearful that its slender legs would not support his bulk.

"Go on. Plant yourself," laughed Johnny easily, "my bungalow is one place in the studio where you won't find any props."

So Mule sat down and looked over the beveled mirrors, the satin-upholstered walls, the perfect blending of Early American and Old World antiques and the many autographed photographs of beautiful girls that made up Johnny's dressing-room.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" asked Johnny,

When we find more fiction as good as this yarn, THE NEW MOVIE will present it to you. Here you will be offered fiction from time to time—when it is great storytelling. Incidentally, Agnes Christine Johnston is one of Hollywood's foremost scenario writers. Like all the famous contributors to THE NEW MOVIE, she knows her movieland intimately.

when you see her? Arabella the famous star?"

"Arabella D'Estang! Why, of course. It's just that those high-art photographers can mist up a face so. She's the big movie star the papers say you're engaged to, isn't she?"

"Yes, and I owe a lot to her. She was the first out here to realize that I had the makings of a star when the only reason the studio signed me up was to get publicity for a football picture."

"When are you going to be married?"

"Dunno. Not for some time, I guess. Arabella's got to get her divorce first."

"Divorce? The fan magazines never said anything about a divorce."

"No, they wouldn't. Her husband's not in pictures. Just a fat egg, trying to hold her up for half the mint before he'll sign the papers."

"No divorce, eh? Gee kid, you're in a tough spot!" Mule's great hand came down sympathetically on Johnny's arm.

"Oh, it's not so bad," said Johnny casually. "But suppose you tell me about yourself. How'd you get here and why?"

"I just flew over from Omaha to see you and incidentally the big game this afternoon."

"The big game. Oh, sure. Imagine Onondaga representing the East in an end of the season intersectional game!"

"Say, what was the score the last time we played 'em?"

"Forty to nothing."

"You scored four touchdowns."

"You knocked out so many tackles they almost had to put in the coach!" Johnny shook his head reminiscently. "And now they're playing for an intersectional championship."

"Still waterboys to me!" said Mule.

"Thought I'd enjoy seeing 'em licked, so I chartered myself a little two-seater plane and let the coal and ice business take care of itself for a couple of days."

"You're in coal and ice, eh?"

"Sure. My father's bank had to take over the concern and I'm trying to put it on its feet again."

"Like it?"

"Oh, it's not so bad. When I want a work-out I go out on the trucks with

smilingly following his friend's gaze.

"Slickerino!" pronounced Mule, "but say, you've sort of specialized in that blonde girl with the turned-up nose. Isn't she every other one of those photographs or am I seeing double?"

"She is," grinned Johnny proudly. "You fool, don't you know Arabella D'Estang



Johnny Harlan came from the gridiron to Hollywood. He had been the star of Madison's championship team and the selection of every football expert for an All-American halfback.

Do Fame and Money —with Luxurious Polo Stables and Private Swimming Pools— Mean so Much, After All?

the drivers. Going to organize 'em into a football team next fall. Making a little money, too, but, of course, nothing like you do. There's no one in the class who's made good the way you have, Johnny."

"Forget it!" said Johnny. "Ever been back to Madison?"

"One commencement and three football games. I'm getting to be too respected a citizen to do my drinking at home."

"How does the old place look, anyway?"

"The same. Hell, we've only been out three years! Lots of the fellows we knew are still there."

"And the girls?"

"Some of them. Whom do you think I ran into last time? Mary."

"Not Mary Winton?"

"Absolutely. She was studying post-grad. House-keeping or horse-doctoring or some such damned nonsense."

"And how was she?"

"The same."

"That's right," mused Johnny. "Mary couldn't ever be anything else but Mary."

"Gee, you're not still thinking about her, with Arabella and all these swell movie numbers—?"

"I dunno, Mule. There's times I've had with Mary I won't ever stop thinking of."

"Yeah, you did run around with her quite a lot."

"WHENEVER she'd let me. She was a funny girl, Mule. You know that last Kappa Mu dance, when I never showed up and the gang all thought I had passed out stewed some place. Well, Mary ran into me along under the shadow of Pickens Hall. She took my bottle away from me and drank half of what was left herself. Then we went down to the lake. Stole a sophomore's canoe and paddled right out to the center and splashed around for three or four hours. And when I'd kissed her about a thousand times and begged what was left of the hooch, she suddenly pushed me away from her and tells me to look. And there, seeming right off the edge of the canoe, was the wierdest sunrise you ever could see. Just pink and blue rays lapping up the waves. And Mary tells me that was what I was—only a sunrise, handsome and full of promise."

"That was like Mary," said Mule thoughtfully. "Did you know she was going to be married in the Spring?"

"Mary was always going to be married," laughed Johnny, "but it was always in the Spring. Good Lord, I haven't written to that girl for months! This movie game keeps you on the jump every minute. I'll have Kito wire her some flowers." He clapped his hands for the Jap.

"Miss Mary Winton—get her address from my secretary—fifty dollars' worth of orchids—Western Union—with my love," he ordered while Mule listened, awed. Then as Kito bowed his way toward the door, Johnny



Arabella D'Estang was lovely, blonde, provocative, the idol of sixteen million movie fans. To her interest Johnny Harlan, All-American half-back, owed his film success. Her interest was as important—and as golden—as the attention of a medieval queen.

DRAWINGS
BY
RAY VAN BUREN



stopped him. "Wait a minute," he said and turned to Mule. "How about having a drink?"

"Why ask?" said Mule.

"Scotch, Bourbon or Rye."

"Scotch with a water chaser."

"Same old Mule!"

"Same old Johnny!"

"Not quite. For once I'm not going to join you. I've got to go on the sound stage in half an hour and the least huskiness would be picked up on the mike."

"You mean they won't let you do any drinking out here?" Mule was horrified.

"Oh, it's not as bad as that," laughed Johnny. "It's been discovered that champagne, the real imported stuff, doesn't injure the vocal chords. I've got fifty cases at home, smuggled in on a private yacht."

"Fizz pop! Fifty cases! Private yacht! There's class to you, all right. Of course, we read about it in the newspapers, but somehow this taking it in myself—your Rolls that they pointed out to me in front of the studio, the yellow kid bringing in three different kinds of whisky and this here Arabella! Johnny, my hat, if

I had one, would be off to you!" Mule rose lumberingly to his feet and bent in mock obeisance.

"Yuh, ain't seen nuthin' yet!" hummed Johnny, shying a tapestry-covered cushion at the bowed head. Then he jumped up and shook Mule's arm.

"LOOK, here, Mule, you don't think, now you're out here in Los Angeles, I'll let you go back without showing you the whole works? My little sugar Arabella's giving a party at Mayfair tonight. You don't know Arabella's parties and you don't know Mayfair. But let me tell you, you'll meet everybody in pictures and by the time it's over you'll be ready to bury your coal and ice business in a prairie-dog hole and come out here and let me put you in the movies!"

Mule started a bewildered protest, but Johnny stopped him, "Not a word, boy! I've given you your signals and you're going to follow them through. Now before I go out on the sound stage, what do you say to your having another drink?"

"Why ask?" said Mule.

That evening, Johnny and Mule met by appointment at the Fifth Street entrance of the Biltmore Hotel. Mule cast an appraising glance over his old friend, taking in the picture star's "tails", top coat and ebony stick.

"Gee, Johnny, you look swell! Some difference from



The hotel's most elaborate suite was filled with flowers, cigarette smoke and the suave possessors of names better known than royalty. Over it all, Arabella presided, gorgeous in a flowing gown of jeweled white chiffon. At a nod from Johnny, she greeted Mule with the gracious cordiality of one greeting the old friend of an old friend.

the old tux you used to crash parties in at Madison. And aren't the row of jellies along this peacock alley giving you the eye!"

"They always line up like this to see the stars going into Mayfair. You get so you don't mind. But where the devil have you been? Did it take you 'till ten o'clock to get back from the game?"

"It's taken me 'till ten o'clock to find enough drinks to forget it," said Mule dolorously.

"Was it so awful?"

"Worse. And, at that, Onondaga would have been licked if the Sanford quarterback hadn't pulled off a seventy-yard run *backwards*."

"And now Onondaga's inter-sectional champion."

"Still waterboys to me!" said Mule.

"Well, let's get started. Arabella's got a couple of suites engaged for the evening where she can serve drinks. The crowd are all up there." Johnny prodded Mule toward the elevators. "Feel like a little fizzle pop?"

"The fizzle pop is okey with me," grinned Mule, "but

I'm sort of scared about the rest. How does a guy talk to these movie mamas, anyway?"

"You don't talk. You listen mostly. But don't worry. I've got it all fixed up. I've told everyone you're a football hero."

"A what?"

"A football hero. You see everyone out here has to have some sort of a tag. Movie star, society man, famous author and so on. And you're a football hero. Just watch tomorrow's papers. If you dance twice with any of the girls, the fan writers will have you engaged to her."

"Engaged! That won't sit so pretty with a certain party back home."

"Don't worry. The papers probably won't even use your name. It's the football stuff that counts. Besides, the next day, there'll be a story out denying it. The girls get into print twice that way."

"Still I don't like it," said Mule.

"There's worse to come," grinned Johnny as they walked down the corridor (Continued on page 107)



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

**RITA
FLYNN**

Here is something new in lounging pajamas. Miss Flynn, who is a First National player, is wearing this lounging ensemble of black and white brocade silk. The trousers and coat of black are ornamented with triangular designs of white dots, made of the material of the blouse, while the blouse boasts of triangular designs in black dots, made of the material of the coat and trousers.

LAUGHS of the FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Herb Howe depicts the Progress of the Talkie: Courtroom Drama, Ballet, Hoofers with a Breaking Heart—

The HOLLYWOOD

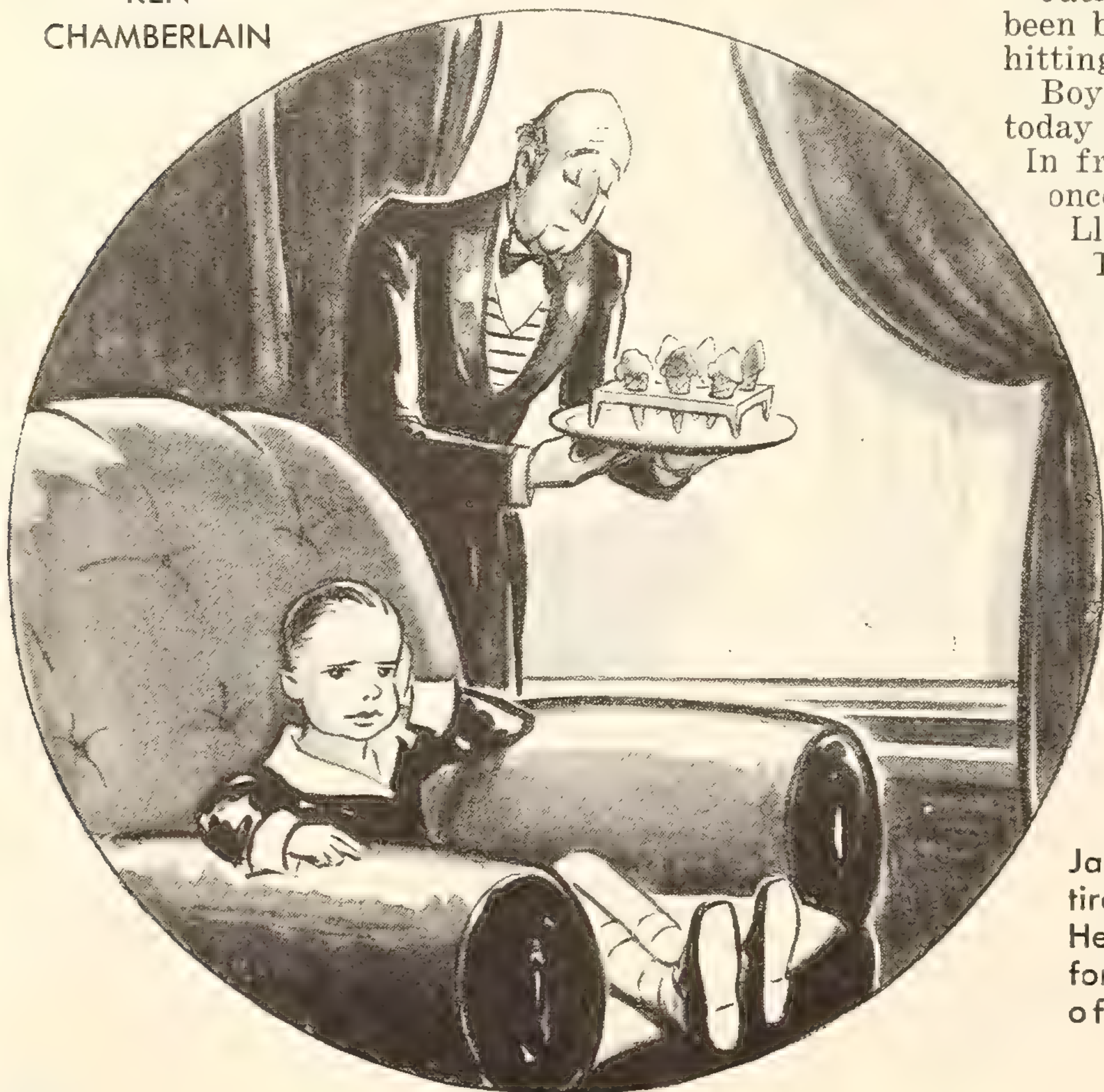
BOULEVARD-
ING 'Round on
Saturday Night:
Squiffy air
like rosy wine in Neon
lights.

Nectar night, bub-
bling pretty girls and
keen boy friends.

Buddy Rogers and Loretta Young, the eye-spots of
Hollywood, I decide.

Then a photo of Corinne in jewelry window and
heaven seems very close. . . . Shall call her up soon.

DRAWINGS BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN



Random Impressions of the Movie
Capital—Pola Negri versus Greta
Garbo and the Reason for Pola's
Failure—Troubles of a Beauty Judge.

Music pours from
aerture-labelled
Western Sausage Co.
. . . . Voices of little
dog angels?

Boy slicing meat
in glass enclosures
looks like Ivan Lebe-
deff . . . between pic-

tures maybe. . . . No, wrong again.

Jack Oakie in camel's hair and brown boots jaunting
by . . . corking trooper.

Salon de Beaute with photo of Gloria, signed "To
Denise, who is always responsible for the wave."

Scales, "Weigh the Children." What for? No mar-
ket for them. On second thought there is.

Jackie Coogan, a retired capitalist at ten. Wish I'd
been brought up on the bottle in Hollywood instead of
hitting it so late.

Boy soliloquizing behind orange drink stand: "Here
today and gone tomorrow!" . . . Hollywood's philosophy.
In front of Roosevelt Hotel meet ubiquitous Al Cohn,
once mere movie magaziner, now gagger for Harold
Lloyd.

There's one actor never gets a dirty dig, Harold
Lloyd . . . Hollywood's Most Popular Citizen.
Window display of ladies' hose "proportioned
individually" . . . Wonder if they need a fitter.
Three men have touched me for the price of
eats. . . . Newspapers call them "Reds".
Fellow just passed is image of Barthelmess.
. . . . And knows it, by Gord!

Lot of fellows look like Barthelmess. . . .
None in our family though. . . . Reminds me,
Barthelmess warned Novarro, "You've got to
quit looking like me."

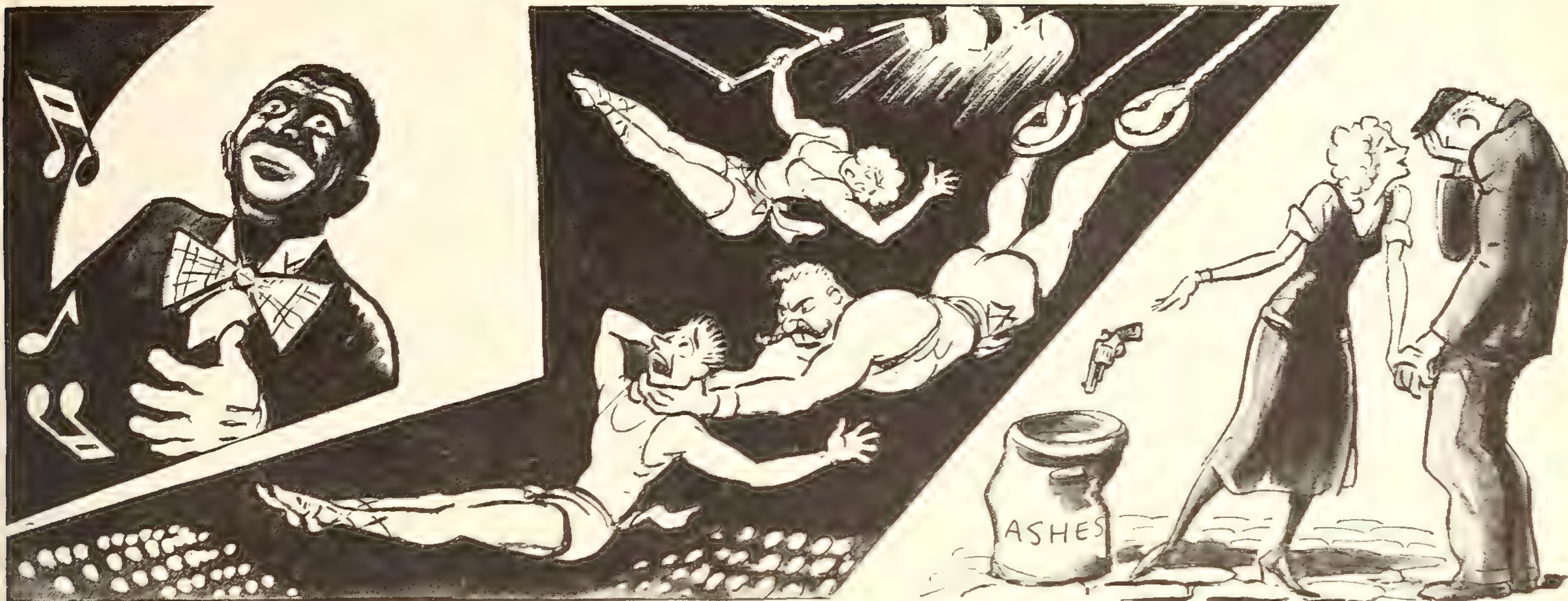
Reminds me, I must be harsh with Buddy
Rogers.

"\$15 Permanent Wave for \$7.50 Mons. and
Tues." Waves battered
by week-ends, eh?

More lingerie and gown
shops than any street in
world . . . and slickest
stuffings for them.

A dog haberdashery.
Bow-wow ties for bull-
dogs.

Jackie Coogan is a re-
tired capitalist at ten.
He has nothing to look
forward to save a life
of leisure in club
windows.



Continuing Mr. Howe's talkie milestones: Mammy Songs, Jealousy on a Trapeze and Underworld Drama.

BOULEVARDIER

By
Herb Howe

I put foot to rail of Orange Julius stand and hist one. "Divilish good drink," sign says, "Look for little red devil." Where's Lupe?

"New Modern Wallpaper" . . . Now if I had a wall. "Used Cars." Can buy anything slightly used in Hollywood. No used wallpaper though.

Permanently waved boy mixing fudge in Kandy Kettle window. Women watch him. The kandy heart! Pagoda roof of Chinese theater tilting up in darkness like sheet of luminous jade.

New definition of a ham: Actor who uses voice double.

Actors are always suspected of posing. . . . Height of suspicion: a woman exclaiming to Lillian Roth, "Why, you are so unaffected! . . . Is it a pose?"

Valentino's portrait in window. Hollywood's one Immortal.

Midnight picture shows thrive in Hollywood. Midnight premiere for "Vagabond King." On other hand, "Sergeant Grischa" premiered at 9 a. m.

Pass Brown Derby. . . . Promise myself Sunday breakfast there . . . wheat cakes, cousins to the crêpe suzettes of Foyot in Paris.

Good old Paris. . . . I whistle Madelon and fall to crying softly.

Paris always sets me drizzling . . . Chronic cognac hanging over from the war, I guess.

Guess I'll go home and cry myself to sleep.

Instead, buy *Variety* and take to bed.

"When in need of cheer always read *Variety*. . . . It is my favorite bedtime stories," endorses unsocially prominent Monsieur Howe.

BEDTIME STORIES— Ernest Hemingway writes his stories in bed. Pretty soft way of earning a living, though nothing soft about Ernest's writing.

Fox paid nine thousand for Hemingway's title, "Men With-

out Women," for use on picture which has nothing to do with Hem's stories. It was figured a box-office title but proved a liability to a great picture. So reports claim. The theater was stuffed in Los Angeles, however, and plenty women in audience. Maybe the girls figured the title to mean For Men Only.

"**M**EN Without Women" has no love interest. That's iconoclasm in the movie world. But pictures have been ruined by it. When love interest in form of cutie is dragged into Bancroft's "The Mighty" about third reel, a youth next to me groaned, "Here's where the story goes poofing."

It takes courage to sock old formulas. Give the producer his dues, say I. Therefore let's give a skyrocket for the skirtless epic and three whizz-bangs for Mr. Fox, Mr. Ford and Mr. Sheehan. May they never go shirtless.

ALBERT, noble butler at Pickfair, has become night watchman at his own request. Everyone is mystified. The explanation seems simple to me. Before serving their majesties Doug and Mary, Albert served royalty in Belgium. At Pickfair he saw more nobles partaking of food than can be accommodated at royal palaces abroad these slim days. He got fed up on the royal racket. He had seen enough inside workers. He wanted to see a few outside jobs.

WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD?

Who is the greatest actress to come to the screen?

Who is the most talented among actors?

Who was Hollywood's first star?

Who rates genius among producers?

Who is Hollywood's most famous battler?

Who became a retired capitalist at ten?

Who is nature's masterpiece?

These are some of the questions you'll find Herb boldly answering this month before scurrying off to Brazilian jungles to play with panthers.

EAVESDROPPING on two extra girls:

"Didcha see the play the other night?"

"Naw. Any good?"

"Naw."

"Whatsit 'bout?"

"Auh—nuthin'—a ruined woman."

"Oh, hoop skirts! . . . I don't like costume stuff either."

Old-fashioned hoopee?

Herb Howe Tells You all About the Famous Film Folk

JUST a martyr I am, staging beauty contests every year and casting all the votes myself. My last one for THE NEW MOVIE got me scorched by all the family. Said the Mater: "Why, you left out Mary Astor, the prettiest of all." Grunted Pater: "Where's Mary Pickford—or doesn't character count these days?" Bleated girl friend: "What's wrong with Norma Shearer—you admit she's clever as well as lovely?" Shrieks my conscience: "And where, you fool, is Sally Blane, Jeanette MacDonald, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nillson, Aileen Pringle, Betty Compson, Lillian Gish? . . . There's no end of them."

Great is Allah and Hollywood in Mahomet's paradise. May I never go to Heaven!

"NOW pick the handsomest men if you dare," dares a fan. "I daresay your pal Bull Montana would head the list."

"Well," I dares I does, "Outside Buddy Rogers and me. . . ."

You got to admit that there's nothing more beautiful than nature. And if cauliflower ears aren't nature, what vegetable is?

Bull is vain about his beauty. He cares nothing about his brains. His marriage nearly went on the rocks at the altar. He married a beautiful blonde. She attracted all the attention at the ceremony.

"For Gossakes, Herb, everybody look at she!" croaked Bull. "When Bool totter down de stairs nobody give de big shot a tumble!"

THE sudden advent of the talkies caught Hollywood genius in the ole swimming hole. Producers in their mental nudity grabbed shamefully at one another's stuff. Courtroom dramas, hoofing teams with heart-break, the green-eyed monster on a trapeze, Albertina Rasch girls rashing out everywhere; even the same actor was used as theatrical producer in all pictures until you wondered he was not prosecuted under the Sherman anti-trust act for running every show on earth.

Stories in duplicate appeared simultaneously, are still appearing. This leads to the suspicion that the espionage system of Hollywood surpasses that of war-torn Europe.

Too bad they shot

Herb Howe studies the Pola of "Du Barry" and "Carmen." Pola came to films at the wrong time, in the sugar era of pictures.



Mata Hari. She should have been sent to Hollywood

The parrot disease is nothing new in Hollywood. Indeed, I suspect the parrots contracted it here.

JUST what is a movie producer? In a nice way I mean. Producers may be divided into two parts: those who produce money to make pictures and those who produce pictures to make money. The former are in a huge majority. They are suave sirens who hold their jobs by luring Wall Street westward.

Of the latter—I mean the producers who make pictures that make money—Irving Thalberg rates genius. He is the secret of M.-G.-M. consistency. Irving walks the tight-rope between box-office and high art. He has the seer's eye for measuring the maximum height of the public brow. His good taste is manifest in many productions and in his choice among stars of Norma Shearer as his wife. Furthermore, he once offered me a job. But all great minds make mistakes. Rules are proved by exceptions.

THE more I consider genius in Hollywood (and what a bumper crop there is!) the more I find of it in the publicity department. M.-G.-M. premiered "The Rogue Song," with pyrotechnic splendors that set you ga-ga, as Mr. Barnum used to do with his parades. In a word, you were practically prostrate before you entered the theater. In Pete Smith and Howard Strickling, M.-G.-M. has genius equal, if not surpassing that in stars and story writers. Indeed, if the players inside had the brains of these press-agents . . . well, I just bet they'd be getting the same salaries.

AT present Pete and Howard have Los Angeles declaring an illegal holiday to welcome home Leo, the lion, from a world tour. The ovation is just as stunning as for Louis B. Mayer each time he returns from sleeping at the White House.

A LETTER from Miss Lilian Johnsonne of Vancouver:

"I see La Garbo has you at her feet. Well, I think Greta is good but give me Pola Negri every time. She has fire and life in her. . . ."

Pola is the greatest actress who ever came to the screen. Ernst Lubitsch says, "Ya Pola is greatest but she came at the wrong time. She came in the sugar period. They didn't want truth. Greta came at the right time. If Pola had come now it would be different."

POLA gave life to Du Barry and Carmen. Over here her rôles were honey-suckled. It was, as Lubitsch says, the sugar era. Garbo has not been candied. "Anna Christie" was the most appropriate talkie for her. And so Garbo remains the sardonic, somewhat world-weary, mystic of the North.

Pola's fate might have
(Continued on page 127)



Edgar "Pardner" Jones: Shot his way into the motion pictures with his .44 Winchester. He's the best marksman on the screen.

George Herbert Van Dyke: He looks like the King of England and had his place on the screen. Specializes in playing diplomats.

Count Cutelli: Can imitate anything from the cry of a baby to the call of a giraffe. The answer to a talkie director's prayer.

August Tollaie: With his swell white whiskers and his French accent, he is in great demand. Emotional French mayors are his specialty.

THEY DO THEIR BIT

Specialists in Their Work, These Players Have Found a Place for Themselves in the Talkies

By DOUGLAS DREW

THINGS were at a standstill on the big sound stage.

There stood Gloria Swanson, the director, the leading man, the prop man, the chief electrician, the script clerk, the cameraman and least, but not last, the business manager, while the overhead galloped on at an appalling rate.

And there in its bassinet lay the baby, one of the principal players in "The Trespasser," absolutely refusing to cry. Instead, he gurgled joyously and cooed merrily.

It was clearly a case for a specialist.

So they called one. In this instance it was Count Cutelli, the sound man of sound pictures, who was summoned post haste. The count arrived, limbered up his vocal cords and quickly provided the most realistic imitation of an infant in distress you've heard outside of the neighbors' house—or your own.

Count Cutelli is one of a thousand specialists in Hollywood. Some perform before the camera and others behind the camera lines. But each one is an expert in his or her line of work.

None is more interesting than this man. When you hear a goat bleating on the (Continued on page 118)

J. Gordon Carveth (below) is a specialist in providing thrills for the film jaded. At the right, he is shown paddling a canoe in front of a speeding motor boat. His boat was cut in two.





LUCILLE, JOAN and Mrs. DOUG

First a Chorus Girl, then a
Flapper Star, now the
Happy Wife of the
Younger Fairbanks

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Doug and Joan in their garden. "All the sweet and womanly things that have always been in Joan Crawford were brought to the surface by her desire to be the woman she wanted Douglas to have for a wife," says Adela Rogers St. Johns.

IT is difficult to pick winners in Hollywood. When you play the races you have a form chart setting forth all performances to date, a stud book to explain heredity and background, you know the length of the race and the jockey who's going to ride, and the standing of the colors he will wear.

In Hollywood you have to "pick 'em blind" to a large extent, because these youngsters come from nowhere; you know in the beginning only what they chose to tell you of their breeding and education, and no one can foresee how long the trail will be nor what elements of luck, good and bad, will go into determining the winner.

Which is in the form of an alibi for myself where Joan Crawford is concerned. Frankly, I didn't think she had a chance. There were many reasons why she didn't look like star dust to me.

SO much has been written lately about "Doug and Joan". The reformation of Joan Crawford has occupied its quota in the gossip sessions of Hollywood. (Perhaps reformation is too strong a word, but I'll explain what I mean later.) As a matter of fact that startling transformation which love wrought in this modern maiden didn't need to come as such a surprise. Joan had already demonstrated courage and ability to a marked degree, and adaptability likewise. With those qualities any woman will react to real love as beautifully as did wild little Joan.

Not so many years ago there came to the land of the cinema a young girl named Lucille Le Seuer. She had been in some New York revue or musical show—by some miracle it wasn't the Follies—and a movie producer seeking new talent had been caught by her face and her figure and sent her West on a small salary to go into the movies.

That happens with such astounding frequency that no one pays much attention to it any more. No one paid much attention to Lucille Le Seuer. New girl out at M.-G.-M., used to be at the Winter Garden, or the

Roof or in the Scandals. Swell figure. Can't act. A brief flurry in the newspapers. That was all.

But the first time I ever saw Lucille Le Seuer was a memorable one to me and because of it I followed her career with much more interest than I would have given the usual musical-comedy queen.

I WAS knocked off my feet by her resemblance to Pauline Frederick.

To me, Pauline Frederick was the most all-around attractive woman of this generation. Her clean-cut beauty, her fine mentality, her rare sense of humor, the bigness and sweetness of her nature, combined to give her a depth of charm not often to be found in one woman. Add to that a dramatic talent of a high order, and it isn't hard to understand why Pauline Frederick topped her field for years. Polly, to my way of thinking, had everything.

Conceding Garbo's genius and allure, Clara Bow's dynamic youth and "It," Gloria Swanson's fascination, only two women over the long period in which I have been seeing and writing about picture stars ever made me a fan, in the truest sense of the word—Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick.

So that when I walked out on the M.-G.-M. lot one bright morning and saw crossing the sweep of lawn a slim young girl who, in uncanny fashion, turned the hands of the clock back to the days when Pauline Frederick conquered New York in "Joseph and His Brethern" and "Innocent," I got tremendously excited.

Here was the same beauty of line and coloring, the same suggestion of winged feet and hidden fire, the same elegance and air of pride that had thrilled theater and movie audiences whenever Miss Frederick appeared.

The disappointment in meeting Miss Le Seuer was correspondingly great and, I realize now, correspondingly unfair.



Photograph by Hurrell

Joan's love for Doug is a girl's first great love. Being Joan Crawford, she puts strength and fire into it beyond the ordinary girl's range of feeling and thought. Everything about her has changed.

RESEMBLANCES in the vast majority of cases have been fatal in the movies. Producers found doubles so like Wally Reid and Valentino and La Marr that they were positively uncanny, but none of them ever got to first base. The only serious mistake of Adolph Zukor's career was the signing of Mary Miles Minter at a huge salary to take Mary Pickford's place on the Paramount program. Minter had the blonde curls of America's sweetheart but she must have lacked many other things as her comparative failure proved.

A physical likeness breeds expectation of likeness in personality, mannerisms, charm and quality of appeal. Practically always these aren't the same at all. And the unfortunate second gets no credit for his or her own ability and characteristics.

Obviously, it wasn't fair to expect an untrained, inexperienced kid only a few weeks out of the chorus to have the full-fledged beauty and mentality, the culture and poise, the wit and wisdom which time and contacts and hard work had given Polly Frederick.

But because, when you look at her, you couldn't possibly forget Polly, you decided that Lucille Le Seuer was an awful flop.

So, by all the accepted traditions of screenland, she should have been. But she wasn't, because of the simple fact that she developed a personality of her own, strong enough and distinctive enough to lick that fatal resemblance. That personality she called Joan Craw-

ford. With sheer, dogged determination, of which she has plenty, she plunged ahead, refusing ever to capitalize on her likeness, fighting publicity that called attention to it, never once falling into the trap of imitating Pauline Frederick and attempting to take the place the older woman was slowly leaving vacant on the screen.

HER first studio battle was with a director who wanted her to do something, "the way Miss Frederick does it."

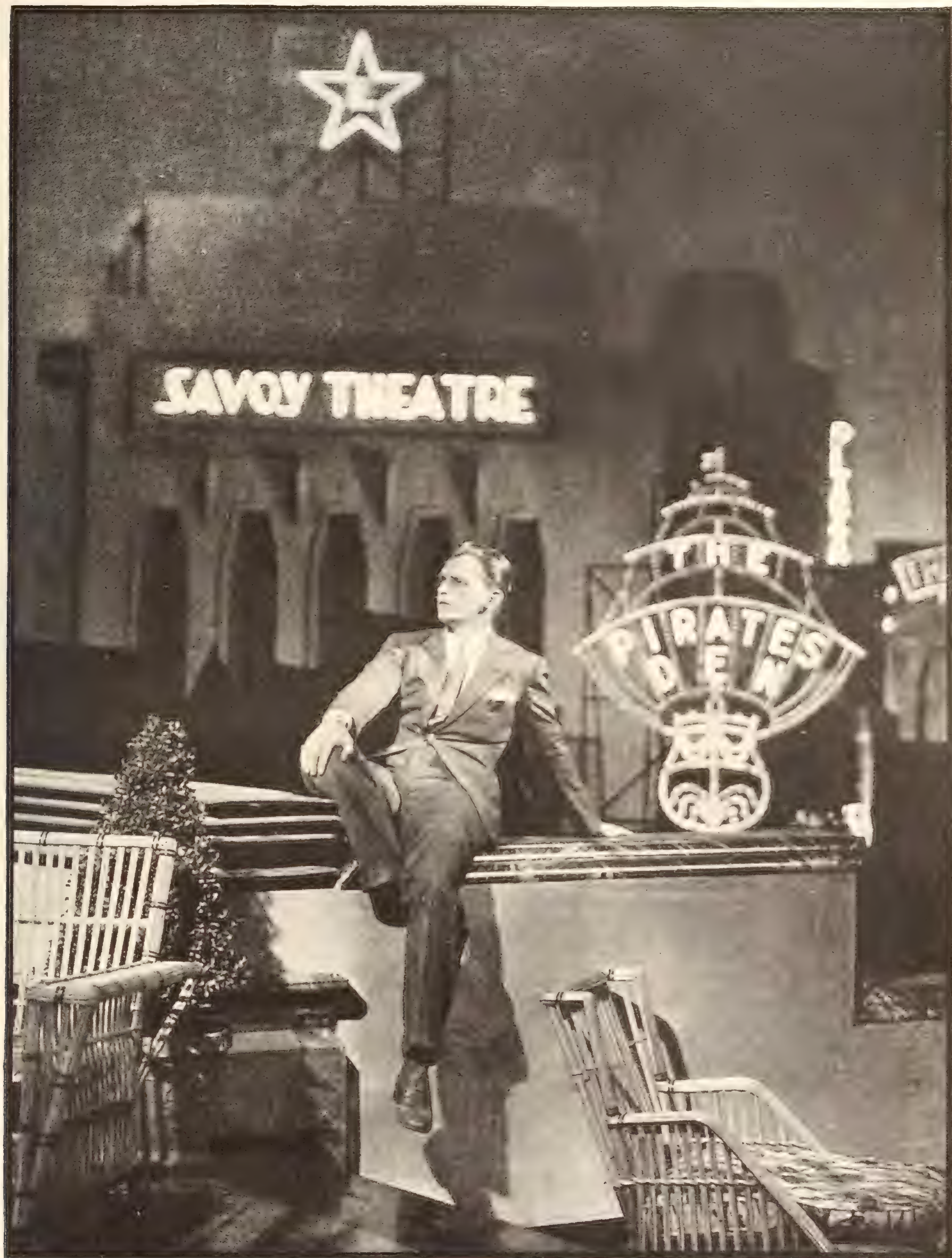
"She's wonderful," Joan Crawford said doggedly, "but I'm not Pauline Frederick. I'm me. I'm going to be myself, or I won't be anybody."

Years ago, I remember when Harold Lloyd came to the same decision. He had been, up to that time, doing rather second-rate imitations of the accepted Chaplin comedy. It was practically the only comedy we knew as surely successful. But young Harold decided to step out on his own. He thought up the glasses and became—Harold Lloyd.

Harold did it by actual thought and shrewd brain work.

Joan Crawford arrived at the same decision by instinct.

Most of her decisions and her feelings and actions are instinctive. I don't think that as yet Joan has had much time or opportunity to get below the surface of things. She has been (*Continued on page 123*)



Photograph by Bert Longworth

Doug Junior, on a movie set at First National. "There's nothing Doug can't do," says Joan. "He writes poetry. He can draw. And he writes plays and articles and screen stories. He's read everything. He's a marvelous athlete. Really, I don't suppose there ever was another boy like Dodo."

WE HAVE

By
Homer Croy

The New Movie's Own
Ambassador Presides at
Another Banquet



I WILL now direct your attention to a man from the best state in the union. I refer, of course, to Missouri, where so many fine people come from. (Now isn't that odd?—we're from there ourself!)

The other fine person from there is none other than Jack Oakie, and he went into his first song and dance at Sedalia, November 12, 1903, so that, on the day after Armistice this year, he will be twenty-seven.

The name he came into the world with was Louis Offield.

The first word Jack ever said was "Grease-paint," and the first time he started to walk across the floor, holding onto Grandpa's finger, he stopped in the middle of it and broke into a buck and wing.

This so shocked the good people of Sedalia that his mother picked him up and took him to New York, where people don't care whether you are going to perdition or not. Jack was entered in the La Salle High School, studied between jigs, and on graduation, when they called his name to come forward and get his diploma, he stopped in the middle of the platform and did a Charleston.

His first job was as a clerk in a stock broker's office in Wall Street. As everybody knows, there's money in Wall Street and Jack got some of it—ten dollars every Saturday afternoon, whether he had earned it or not.

One day his boss said to him: "Jack, I'm going out to lunch now. I want you to put through an order for me for \$800,000 worth of General Motors. Don't forget."

When the boss came back Jack hadn't put through the order. "What's the matter?" asked the boss. "Why didn't you do it?"

"I got busy working out a new dance step and couldn't stop for details," said Jack.

Soon after that Jack left Wall Street. In fact, it was Saturday of that week.

No, girls, he is not married. He lives with his mother in Hollywood, but be careful—he'd expect you to do a tango on the way to the altar. Think that over, girls, before you wire.

RICHARD DIX: The next state to be heard from this evening will be Minnesota, and the proud town is St. Paul, and the young man is Ernest Carlton Brim-

mer, Jr.
What is that
I hear somebody
down there at the
end of the table say?
"I never heard of him."

Well, that's what the hall of records in St. Paul says. He is none other than **RICHARD DIX**.

The date in this same hall of records is July 18, 1895.

His father was a soap manufacturer. That's the reason Richard is so clean cut.

His father wanted him to go into the soap business with him, but Richard wanted to clean up at something else.

So he went into grease-paint.

Putting soap behind him forever, Richard got a job in a bank at a salary of \$35 a month. He was able to save a little each month, as his soap and cosmetics cost him nothing.

While he was softsoaping the bank he got his first job acting. This paid \$72 a month and he wondered what he would do with the money.

"I'm going to work a year and retire," said the young ex-soap manufacturer.

Soon after this he received a telegram from Dallas, Texas, offering him \$200 a month to act. Nobody there had ever seen him act, so the manager thought it was safe. Packing a fresh bar of soap in his suitcase, Richard started for Texas—and has been acting ever since.

Good news, girls: Richard Dix is not married and never has been. No ex ever comes and holds out her hand for the monthly matrimony payment. The money is all his.

He lives at 338 Norwich Drive, Hollywood, with his

WITH US TONIGHT

father and mother and sister and two Llewelyn setters. Take the Gardner-Fairfax car.

SUE CAROL: Bend your gaze upon SUE CAROL. There! there! that's long enough. We can't spend the whole evening staring.

She was born in Chicago, between barrages, and the date, if you wish to make a note of it, was October 30, 1908. But she didn't blow into Chicago with that name, for she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lederer, and they named her Evelyn.

But Sue wasn't any poor working goil, and so spend no tears about Sue trying to earn a few honest pennies working behind a nasty old ribbon counter. The reason was Grandpa. Grandpa died and left a will. Even if Hollywood turned her out tomorrow morning after breakfast, the wolf would never howl at her door. Nice Grandpa.

She made her debut into society at the Blackstone Hotel and you can't debut at the Blackstone on cigar coupons.

One of her neighbors in Chicago was Janet Gaynor, and now they live not so far apart in Hollywood. Now

and then Sue asks Janet over to spend the evening, and just to get into the atmosphere of old times Sue has the butler explode a couple of bombs in the kitchen.

"It always makes things so chummy," says Sue. One time Sue had the butler toss a tear bomb behind the Ampico and Janet clasped Sue around the waist and said, "Oh, you darling! You are always thinking of your guests."

If you have trouble with your Carrolls, remember this: Sue Carol spells it with one *r* and one *l*, and Nancy doubles it all the way through. Also remember that Nancy is two years older. You mustn't forget important things like that.

Don't get excited, boys. Nick Stuart was there first. And now we will hear what Mrs. Nicelae Pratz has to say.

Stand up, ladies and gentlemen—the Queen!

FIFI DORSAY: Here's a little girl I take pleasure in bringing to your attention, as I had something to do with starting her on her road to glory. She played the part of the French girl in my own "They Had to See Paris." I refer, of course, to FIFI DORSAY.

Fifi shook her hip and rolled her eyes for the first time April 16, 1907, and the place was a little suburb of Paris called Asnieres.

Her name was Yvonne D'Orsay, but on the way to American she dropped the 'overboard. Her family had always called her "Fifi" and so she became *presto chango* Fifi Dorsay.

Her mother wanted her to become a nun and Fifi thought she would become one—until she arrived in New York and saw Broadway.

Here are some interesting things about Mademoiselle Fifi:

She was the oldest of thirteen children. And still some people talk about France's population slipping.

She started in as a stenographer in New York. Six employers went mad trying to dictate business letters and look at her at the same time.

She worked as a model in a New York department store. It is said that during the time Fifi worked there, the husbands of New York took more interest in their wives' clothing than ever before in the history of the city.

She played in vaudeville with Freddy Barrens in a sketch called "Ten Dollars a Lesson."

She calls the (Continued on page 121)



Reading from left to right at The New Movie Magazine's Banquet table you will find:

Conrad Nagel
Sue Carol
Jack Oakie
Lupe Velez
Richard Dix
Fifi Dorsay
and Mr. Croy

Drawing
by Herb Roth



Corinne Griffith Gives the Smartest Formal Dinner of the Hollywood Social Season

By EVELYN GRAY

MR. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith) were hosts recently at the most beautiful formal dinner party ever given in the film colony, when they entertained in honor of William Goetz and Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer. Mr. Goetz and Miss Mayer were married the following week.

The Embassy Club was chosen by Miss Griffith as the scene of her party and the whole main dining room was turned over to her for the occasion. The pale green and gold decorations of this room, which is one of exceptional beauty, together with the crystal chandeliers and fixtures, were enhanced by the masses of pale pink roses, huge baskets of peach blossoms, and pink gladiolas which were used for decoration. Pale pink candles and heavy crystal goblets were used on the table and places were laid for over a hundred guests.

MR. and Mrs. Morosco, Mr. Goetz and Miss Mayer received the many distinguished motion picture folk in the foyer at the head of the stairs. The hostess wore an exquisite frock of pale rose chiffon, belted at the waist and touching the floor. Miss Mayer was in ivory satin, softly draped and particularly effective under the gleaming lights. She made a lovely appearance.

The balcony, on which luncheon and dinner are served at the Embassy in the summer, was enclosed by bright awnings for the evening and the guests gathered there for hors d'œuvres before sitting down. An orchestra played throughout the dinner and later the floor was cleared for dancing.

The menu, prepared by the Embassy's well-known manager, Eddie Brandstetter, consisted of shrimp

cocktails, a clear bouillon, lobster newburg served in the shells, breast of chicken with mushrooms under glass and aspara-

Corinne Griffith with her husband, Walter Morosco, gave a smart formal dinner at the Embassy Club for William Goetz and his bride, Edith Mayer.



HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

gus hollandaise, an endive and tomato salad, and ice cream done in fancy molds to suit the occasion—wedding and engagement rings, hearts pierced with tiny silver arrows, love birds and cupids carrying silver bows.

AMONG the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, father and mother of the guest of honor, and her sister, Miss Irene Mayer. Both Mrs. Mayer and Irene Mayer wore white. With Miss Irene was David Selznick and it is rumored that as soon as the excitement of Miss Edith's marriage has subsided there will be another engagement announced.

Charlie Chaplin was present. So was Grace Moore, the Metropolitan prima donna who had arrived from New York that morning. Miss Moore had her first glimpse of Hollywood society and it had its first glimpse of her

off the stage. In a gown of very pale green, belted with silver, Miss Moore was so lovely that she was the center of much enthusiastic comment and praise.

William Haines and Marie Dressler and Roger Davis. In black lace, with a necklace of square cut diamonds, Miss Dressler looked very distinguished.

John Farrow and Miss Lila Lee. Lila was in black net, embroidered with baskets in rose and gold. The dress was tightly belted at the waist, cut low and square and had a full skirt which touched the floor.

CONSTANCE BENNETT looked stunning in a very tight black gown, with no back and a long, trailing skirt, which suited her own natural grace.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. In chiffon and lace of a pale beige that flowed softly to the floor, Miss Daniels looked unusually beautiful.

(Continued on page 126)

Top of page: the main dining room of the Hollywood Embassy Club, as it was decorated for Miss Griffith's dinner party.

A Great Big Hand

Chicago, Illinois.—

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is a wow and a knockout and I want to hand you a great big bouquet and a couple of triple cheers for giving the fans such a good magazine at such a low price! I guess it's just what we've all been waiting for, because the regular movie mags are so like one another, but this one, ah, this one's different, all right! You all deserve a big hand for trying out the idea and then putting it over with such a bang!

Jeanne Esterman,
2123 Crystal Street.

Used by English Class

Ann Arbor, Mich.—

Congratulations on THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE! It sure is popular in our town and school.

Your magazine cannot be called a school reference book, but it was used in our English class. Perhaps you question this statement and ask, what for? In Number 4 of THE NEW MOVIE there is a highly interesting, instructive and well-written article—"A Tourists' Guide to Hollywood." What has that got to do with school? Just this—we are studying Europe and many are working on travel projects, on both Europe and the United States and, of course, wanted to go to California and Hollywood. Our teacher told us we might buy THE NEW MOVIE and get some material on Hollywood. Right then and there your splendid magazine was introduced into our class.

Miss Alice Hemingway,
1406 Packard Street.

Wants Adela Interviewed

Fort Dodge, Iowa.—

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is perfect. May I make a request? All right, here goes. Give us an interview with Adela Rogers St. Johns—our favorite interviewer. I'm sure that such an article would be of interest to every reader of fan magazines. To me, she is just as interesting a personality as any of the movie stars. Who hasn't read her stories and viewed her photoplays, to say nothing of the numerous interviews and articles she has penned.

Hazel Dell North,
1428 S. 28th Street.

Eat, Girls, Eat

Great Falls, Mont.—

Why is it the actresses of the screen must be so slim? Unnatural slimness certainly doesn't add to a star's beauty. Half of the actresses are close to being bean poles. Eat, girls, eat, and get a little meat on you.

Arline Rider,
General Delivery.

From a Business Man

West New York, N. J.—

Yours is truly a business man's magazine. Just enough pictures balanced with just enough interesting reading matter—no wonder your magazine is so welcome to us after a hard day's work. But here is where my one and only criticism comes in. Why keep us waiting so long for this mental relaxation? As a suggestion—please, publish it more often.

John J. Miller,
1377 Boulevard East.

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

Likes Tourists' Guide

Cleveland, Ohio.—

Your Tourist Guide to Hollywood was one of the best pieces of information of its type ever printed in any movie magazine. Please print more of these guides.

Mary Heppler,
13401 Ashburton Rd.

Another Guide Admirer

Gary, Indiana.—

Let me congratulate your magazine on having such a descriptive and interesting guide as Herb

Howe. The way in which he took us on a trip in an aeroplane through Hollywood in the fourth number of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE was really a remarkable feature of your magazine. I really felt as though I were actually in Hollywood, and would not doubt if I ever were to visit Hollywood that I would recognize some of the places and "quips."

Lilyan Miskovich,
1110 Washington Street.

Does Not Like Tibbett

Harrisburg, Pa.—

I knew movies when Wallie Reid, Maurice Costello and Rudolph Valentino were favorites, but never have I seen popular sentiment take to such a repulsive face as Lawrence Tibbett. With his mouth wide, his hair wild, he surely is not an object of beauty—even though perhaps he can sing. I'd rather miss the song than have to look at that sort of lead.

K. C. Smith,
2123 Derry Street.

Makes a Better World

New Bern, N. C.—

I am at last convinced that the world is getting better. For quite a while the Great American Public has been able to take a hard earned dime and purchase their choice of the following: Two church sermons, one strawberry soda, one large size El Weedo cigar or two ripe bananas. Now you have come along and added a ten-cent movie magazine to the list.

J. Gaskill McDaniel,
Box 364.

Beats Them All

Baltimore, Md.—

After reading your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I have decided it is much better than the 25-cent and 35-cent ones I have been getting. The stories and pictures are wonderful. For the first time I can really picture Hollywood in my mind after reading Mr. Howe's "A Tourist's Guide to Hollywood." I feel as though I have been there.

Mrs. Pauline Foster,
625 McCabe Avenue.

Organizes New Movie Club

Norfolk, Nebraska.—

Three months ago twelve girls and myself got together and all pledged never to pay 25 cents for a magazine again. Every month we collect \$1.30. We then buy thirteen NEW MOVIE MAGAZINES. And we enjoy them very much.

Helen Domnise,
37 E. Madison Avenue.

From a Tully Admirer

Hoquiam, Wash.—

I tell you, I am amazed and delighted with THE NEW MOVIE—why to get all this for
(Continued on page 110)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY REVIER



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS



LAWRENCE GRAY

Photograph by Hurrell



CLAUDIA DELL

Photograph by Fred Archer



MARJORIE BEEBE

Photograph by Lansing Brown



Photograph by Preston Duncan

LOLA LANE



Photograph by Preston Duncan

MARIAN NIXON



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

**LILA
LEE**

Miss Lee has just achieved stardom again under the First National Banner. Next month, THE NEW MOVIE will present the first installment of Miss Lee's fascinating life story. Readers will find this true-life romance to be of remarkable human interest. Watch for it.



Malibu is the beach colony of moviedom. It is located 18 miles from Hollywood on the Pacific and exactly 11 miles above Santa Monica. There are 120 beach houses, mostly belonging to movie film stars and prominent players. Property is leased for ten-year periods at a rate of one dollar per front foot per month. Land cannot be purchased, since it remains the property of the Ringe estate on a deed dating back to Spanish days.



Special Photographs by Stagg

Top, a general view of Malibu Beach. At the right, Romona cottage, Dolores Del Rio's beach home (left) and Ronald Colman's house (right). Left and below, Miss Del Rio and her friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado, on the Malibu Beach.



The New Movie Takes Its Readers to Malibu



Until May 1st of this year Malibu was without telephone service, save for a single wire to the general store of Mr. and Mrs. Bills. Now Malibu has its exchange—but the improvement was made over the protests of the stars, who wanted to be without disturbing 'phone calls. At the left, the Talmadge beach house. At the extreme left of the picture is George Bancroft's Malibu residence.

At the right, Evelyn Brent's beach house. Note the glass shield and covering for those who wish to be shielded from ocean winds and sun.

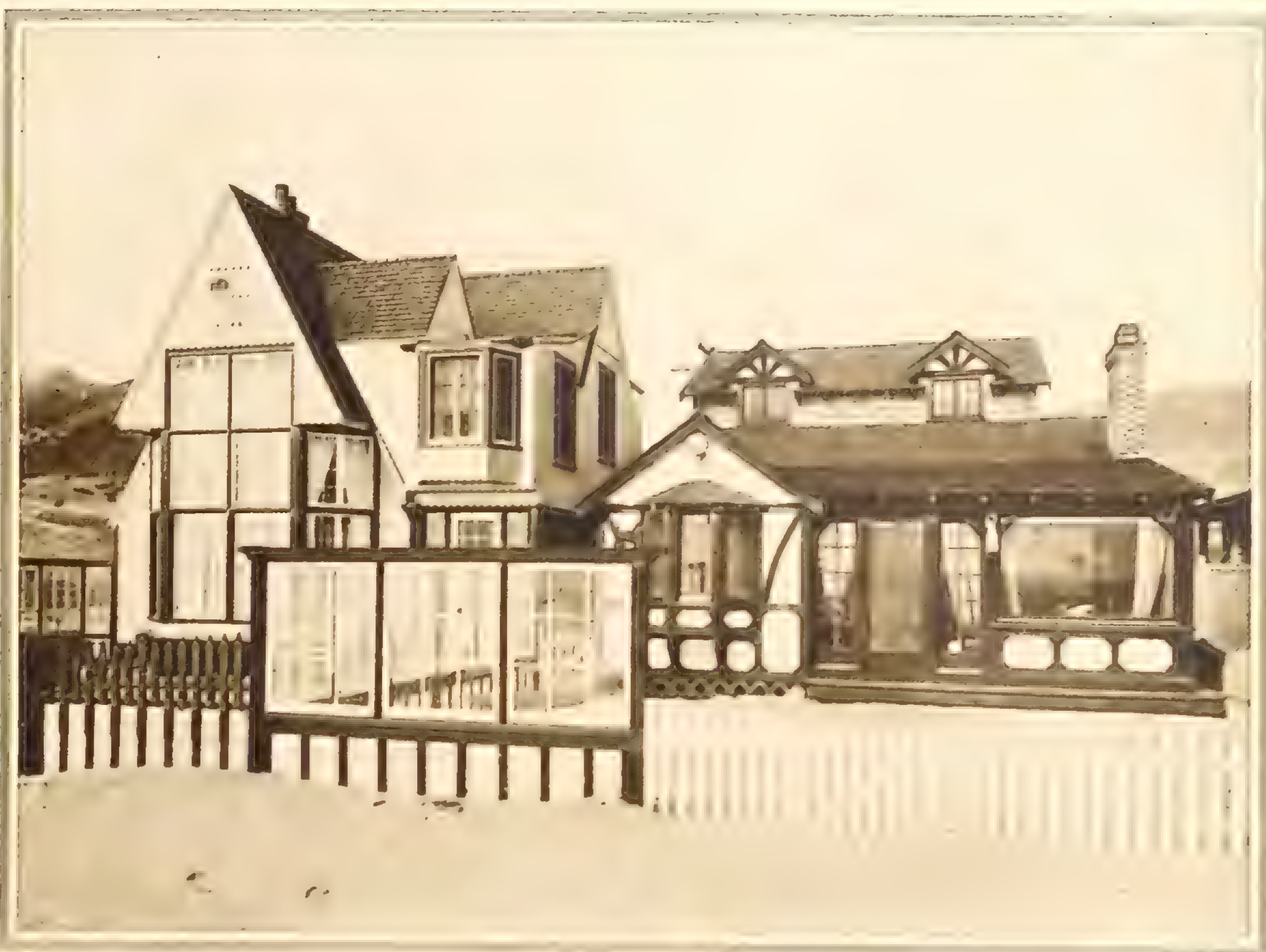


Evelyn Brent herself on the beach in front of her Malibu cottage.



Beach, the Seaside Playground of the Stars

Two representative Malibu houses are shown at the right. The two-story house at the left belongs to Tod Browning, the director. The bungalow at the right is the property of Director Bob Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmstead.



The beach home of the IT girl is shown at the left. It is Clara Bow's bungalow, no less. It was boarded up when this picture was made because Miss Bow hadn't yet opened it for the summer season.

Vivian Duncan, the Eva of the Duncan Sisters, resting on the beach in front of her house.



Malibu: Where Sun-Tan and Temperament Mingle



The suave William Powell and the dapper Ronald Colman at ease on the porch of Ronnie's Malibu Beach house. The broad sweep of the Pacific is getting their undivided attention.

Right, high on the rocks above Malibu is the house of Winifred Westover. It is the residence at the right in the picture.



At the left, Director Alan Dwan, with Mrs. Dwan, is entertaining a party of friends on the beach beside their house.

More Malibu Pictures
on Page 96



Jean Arthur came mighty near being released by Paramount. The studio folk said she was too cold and too restrained. Here Miss Arthur tells how she proved they were all wrong.

By
FRANK THOMAS

Too NICE

That's What the Studio Said About Jean Arthur Until They Attempted to Fire Her

SCENE: The palatial office of B. P. Schulberg, one of the Big Moguls of the Paramount Studio.

Cast: Mr. Schulberg, Jean Arthur, in person.

Plot: Mr. Schulberg has sent for Miss Arthur for the purpose of firing her.

Of course, he was very nice about it. Because Mr. Schulberg is a nice person and so is Miss Arthur. Nice people do even disagreeable things in nice ways. Ordinarily Mr. Schulberg would not want to fire anyone. But the reports sent to him by various producers, directors and cameramen were that Miss Arthur was undeniably nice and pretty, but that she was also cold, unemotional, didn't have any fire, was encased in much the same shell as the deck of a battleship and that she couldn't act for sour apples.

There seemed to be nothing else for Mr. Schulberg to do but tell this too-nice girl that she was through. A difficult job, but then Mr. Schulberg is really a Prime Minister and understands the handling of delicate situations.

IN his very best diplomatic corps manner he broke the bad news to Miss Arthur and waited for her to take it in a nice way. In other words to smile politely and

walk out, preparatory to packing her trunk and going places away from there.

But Miss Arthur did nothing of the kind.

Instead, she blew higher than a kite in a March wind. She behaved more like Pola Negri than any really nice girl should.

She pounded on the desk. She cried. Not nice, lady-like tears of regret, but big, excited tears of rage. The gal was mad. She informed Mr. Schulberg that they didn't know what they were talking about. She *could* act, she said, if anyone ever gave her a chance. That was all she ever had been given to do, and apparently all she ever would be given a chance to do, was to "sit around and look nice." That while she might be a little nice by nature, she wasn't as nice as all that.

Mr. Schulberg, wise hombre that he is, sat silently and watched this "nice girl" emote. Which she continued to do.

MR. SCHULBERG'S office became the setting for a first-class temperamental scene. Not the first—not by a long way—but certainly the most unexpected.

Words he had intended to speak froze on Mr. Schulberg's lips. Being a judge of acting, having developed



A number of promising screen girls were nearly sunk by the phrase "too nice." Lois Wilson, Lois Moran and Mary Brian had a tough time living it down. Jean Arthur is now battling to a finish with the devastating description.

Clara Bow and made a star of her, having brought Ruth Chatterton to film triumph, he knew something about dramatic ability, temperament and futures.

Watching Miss Arthur storm up and down his red velvet carpet, he decided that he had been grossly deceived. Somebody was woefully wrong on this Arthur girl. Cold? Lacking in fire? Too restrained? Why, they'd missed the girl completely.

Not being above changing his mind, Mr. Schulberg reversed his decision right then and there. He told Miss Arthur to go back to work. He told her to save the rest of her emotional upheaval for the camera. He told her that if she'd let herself go and show some of the fire he'd just seen on the screen, she would be more than okay.

THAT night he sent for various directors and assistants and scenarists, and explained to them that they had been either lazy or lacking in necessary technique, in their efforts to bring out the little Arthur girl. He knew she had it, because he had seen it, and he expected them to produce it on the silver sheet immediately.

Results:

Jean Arthur proceeded to steal at least a part of the show from Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid."

She shared honors creditably with Buddy Rogers in "Half Way to Heaven."

She landed a five-year Paramount contract.

An inferiority complex—born no doubt of some event in her early childhood which only a psychoanalyst could

trace now—has been almost decimated and a confidence bred of undeniable achievement is in its stead.

A crust of frigid reserve has cracked and given way to an enveloping cloak of warm response.

Another girl has succeeded in forcing herself above the mob eternally storming the gates of Hollywood, and is well on her way to success.

"What's the answer?" I asked Jean.

"I got mad," she said, simply.

Just that and nothing more. "I got mad."

It apparently took her six years to do it, but when she did get mad, wow!

JEAN and Charlie Paddock dropped into our house one afternoon for tea. Looking at me severely as she munched an apple and some soda crackers—she has a mania for apples and soda crackers and eats them all the time—she said, "If you say I am a nice girl I'll slay you, I swear I will."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it is not true, to begin with. I'm not a bit nice. I have a terrible disposition. I sulk. I get mad. And when I have a toothache—as I have right now—I'm apt to do almost anything."

"More than that, this being a nice girl has almost ruined me. Who is interested in nice young things, anyway?"

"I am," said Paddock.

"Humph" snorted Jean Arthur. "You meet a nice young thing and what do you try to do? Make her something else, right away. If you like them nice, why don't you leave them the way you find them? And don't make that face at me, either."

Nevertheless, Jean Arthur is a nice girl. But she has a temper and a saving sense of humor which keeps the temper under control most of the time. So she is not "sappy" nice. She will get by.

But she still has an inferiority complex, even if it is not as obstreperous as it was before that scene in Schulberg's office. Its present manifestation is that she wants to play character parts.

"I CAN'T compete with all these beautiful girls," she said in all seriousness. "I can't top Mary Brian and Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Bennett and girls like that. But I know I can act. I'd do any kind of a character they would allow me to play. Even an old, old woman. I think character parts are always more interesting. Maybe I'll get to do them yet." Which statement shows that Jean Arthur is still very young.

Once you have met her mother, you understand something of the definite, competent, determined air that pervades Jean.

We had stopped at her house one night to take her with us to a dinner dance. It is a simple house with several fine pieces of early American furniture and red checkered curtains which give it a homelike atmosphere.

Her mother met us at the door and sized us both up. From her face it was very difficult to determine just what her impression was. But she let us in, anyway.

"Jean isn't ready," she said. "She'll be down in a minute."

SHE put an extra log on the fire and began to talk, quietly. My first feeling (Continued on page 125)



JOHN BARRYMORE

As Moby Dick in his new talkie version of "The Sea Beast."

HOME TOWN

Staunton, Va., Recalls the Boyhood Days of its Native Son, William Haines



William Haines, at the age of four, with his sister, Lillian, now Mrs. James Stone, of New York City.

MOTHER, I'm ready for my first pair of long trousers. Can I slip downtown and get some?"

Mother acquiesced. The thirteen-year-old son went straight to the clothing store. His purchase proved to be very light in color, with a stripe of marked degree. He also bought a dark coat, a black derby and a walking cane. Dressed, as he felt, within an inch of his young life, he calmly instructed the proprietor to charge the things to his mother, then went proudly home.

Imagine the surprise and consternation of mother, "William, you can't keep those things," she remonstrated, "you can't wear them; take them back to the store."

But William didn't take them back and William wore them. And all at the tender age of thirteen!

AS a mere boy in Staunton, Virginia, William Haines certainly possessed unusual traits and characteristics. In his early 'teens, he was very tall and thin. At the age of fourteen, his teachers say, he was just as tall as he is today. He was a quiet youth when among companions of his own age, which was a seldom occurrence; for young William much preferred the acquaintanceship of persons older than himself. And, of these, he generally chose the fair sex.

William's mother was a dressmaker, and one of outstanding prominence in her home state. At one time, she employed as many as five dressmakers. And she kept abreast the last minute creations, visiting New York City two or three times a year.

WILLIAM HAINES never played baseball or football or any of the other athletic activities that most every boy indulges in early life. He did possess an eagerness and love for dancing and regularly attended dances in a pavilion at Highland Park, a sort of summer resort near his native city.

One of the boy's high school teachers says William used to come by her home and insist that she go with him to Highland Park and dance. And there were times, this teacher says, when she felt near collapse, so tired was she from indulging in dance after dance with William.

"When I was ready to go home," she said, "William would beg me to dance just one more time." The teacher was many years his senior.

And the future movie star was a rather good cook.

One of the dressmakers employed by his mother says she has "eaten many a meal prepared by William Haines."

"He could cook well," she said. "He learned the art from constant association with his mother. He used to don cap and apron and work around the kitchen table. The first thing he did when he came home from school was to beg his mother to let him have things for making candy."

And William could sew. He used to make doll clothes for his sisters. William would get pieces of cloth from his mother, and in a short time the de-



Staunton, Va., remembers William Haines as a young chap who didn't take a great interest in his studies. Billy liked dancing and practical jokes much better. Finally he ran away to find work in Hopewell, Virginia.

STORIES of the STARS

By CHARLES KENNETH BROWN
of the Staunton, Va., Leader

sired dress became a reality.

The early life of William Haines was lived in rather adverse circumstances, so far as his father and mother were concerned. At one time his father became ill and continued so for a long time, thus thrusting a further burden upon the mother and children.

"I always said William would be one of two things," a friend of the family told me, "either a great actor or a great scamp. He was eternally up to tricks of every conceivable kind, not mean tricks, but those full of real mischief and fun."

As a youngster Billy disliked very much to have his picture taken. He would always "make a face" of some kind, just as the photographer snapped the camera; or stick out his tongue, or perpetrate some freakish stunt.

IN the little city of Staunton, Virginia, nestling at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the Shenandoah Valley, William was born on January 2, 1900. His parents were George A. and Laura V. Haines; his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Haines. William's mother, before marriage was Laura Matthews, of Staunton.

William had two brothers and two sisters: George Haines, Jr., and C. Henry Haines (the baby of the family); the sisters, Lillian and Anne Foulkes, both now married. Lillian, the elder, became Mrs. James Stone, of New York City; Anne Foulkes is now Mrs. James Langhorne, of Richmond, Virginia.

Top, right, the North New Street home of Haines' parents. It was here that William was born. At the immediate right is the North Coalter Street boyhood home of William Haines. In this house Mrs. Haines conducted her dressmaking business.



The historic old Trinity Episcopal Church, in Staunton, where William Haines, at the age of eight, was baptized. Here at thirteen he was confirmed. Back in the Eighteenth Century, this beautiful edifice once held the sessions of the Virginia Legislature.



William was the eldest child. Friends of the family relate that Lillian was his chosen companion of the kids, and it was mainly for her that he made so many doll clothes. He loved to tease Lillian and always appeared to be ready to spring some new trick on her.

At the age of eight, William was baptized Charles William Haines, in historic old Trinity Episcopal Church, Staunton, by the Rev. W. Q. Hullihen. He was confirmed in the same church, at thirteen, by the late Bishop A. M. Randolph, of Virginia. Records secured from this beautiful edifice, in which were once held the sessions of the Virginia Legislature back in the days of the Eighteenth Century, show that William was baptized at Easter time, March 27, 1908, and confirmed, April 13, 1913. A. P. Bickle, of Staunton, now in the retail grocery business, is a godfather of the movie star, and an aunt, Mrs. Mary Haines Fifer, of Washington, D. C., is his godmother. The

(Continued on page 122)

Some Smart Hollywood Fashions



Above, Bernice Claire presents a chic sport suit of printed wool crepe with a blouse of eggshell satin. Miss Claire wears this suit in her First National picture, "Mlle. Modiste."



Right, Lila Lee, who is starring in First National's "Under Western Skies," offers a sport suit of French Jersey, in a soft shade of green. The socks worn under the sport shoes are bordered in the same shade of green.

The SCREEN Presents Four Ideal COSTUMES



Short evening wraps add the necessary slimness to the hips, also give an added grace to the long full evening gown. Bernice Claire, above, looks particularly lovely in the gown of aquamarine lace, with a transparent velvet coat of a deeper shade of blue.



At the left, Bernice Claire in a delectable frock of flowered chiffon with a ground of deep mauve. This is a stunning Spring and early Summer frock.



ARMIDA

Since her appearance with John Barrymore in "General Crack," Armida, Hollywood's newest Mexican importation, has attracted considerable attention. Little Senorita Armida appears to have unusual screen possibilities



Photograph by Otto Dyar

KAY FRANCIS



On this page are three glimpses of the big William Fox studios in Fort Lee, in New Jersey, just across from New York. From these studios came the early pictures that made the name of Fox well known across the country. Here worked Theda Bara in her earliest successes. Here, too, Evelyn Nesbit made her pictures. The Virginia Pierson and Valeska Suratt productions were made here also.



The Deserted City of FILMDOM

Once the Center of
Movie Making, Fort
Lee Is Now Deserted.
Its Studios, Once the
Center of the Industry,
Are Falling in Ruins

Motion picture production has moved Westward. Apparently the move is definite. Nowhere else can directors find the wide variety of scenery and the perfect atmospheric conditions necessary to the quick making of films. In the old days, Fort Lee stopped at nothing. Cowboys rode the old Palisades with fine abandon.

Special Photographs
by Arthur Pilieri



Above, the Universal studio, now used entirely as office space for the company's laboratory. It was in the old Universal studio, afterwards remodeled, that Annette Kellerman made "Neptune's Daughter" under the direction of Herbert Brenon. Barbara La Marr, Richard Barthelmess, King Baggott and dozens of other famous stars occupied its stages at various times.



Left, the wreck of the old Peerless studios, once the home of World Film pictures. Here Clara Kimball Young made her famous films. Here worked Alice Brady, Evelyn Greely, Conrad Nagel, and many other famous stars.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

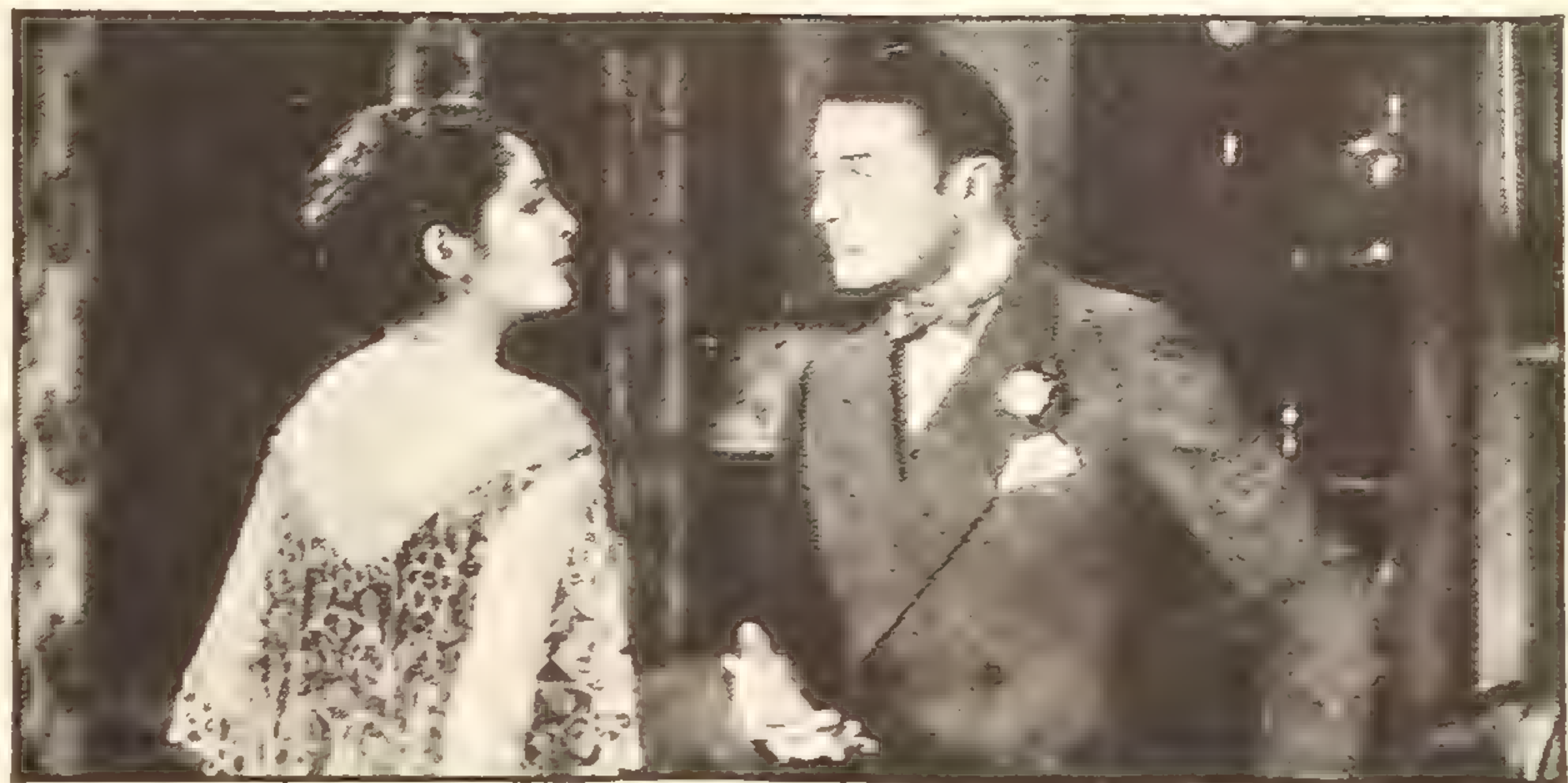
ALICE WHITE

The New FILMS in REVIEW

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—*First National*

A swell mystery yarn with nearly a perfect cast. It is a corking story of strange happenings in a lonely and deserted French inn. There's a beautiful girl who is posing as a hotel maid. There's a missing diamond necklace. There's a murder. There's a suave divorce lawyer on the trail of evidence. There's—— But the plot is too involved to tell. In the end, the murderer is left in doubt. You suspect his identity—but he goes free. Billie Dove and Clive Brook give fine performances.



UNDER A TEXAS MOON—*Warners*

A spectacular song melodrama of cattle rustling below the Rio Grande, of dashing caballeros, of beautiful señoritas, of fiestas and of cattle drives. All in the gay year of 1883. Frank Fay, who used to be a vaudeville master of ceremonies, oddly enough was chosen to play the roystering, theme-song singing Don Carlos, the philandering hero who, in turn, makes love to such beauties as Myrna Loy, Armida, Raquel Torres, Betty Boyd and Mona Maris. This might have been an opulent extravaganza of the open. It does not achieve that—and some of the fault lies in Mr. Fay's selection as the glib caballero.



HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—*Fox*

Something of a successor to "Sunnyside Up" and with those pleasant stars, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, both a little surer of themselves in song. The yarn of a newly wealthy Western family endeavoring to break into exclusive society. Farrell is the son of the Iowa family while Janet Gaynor is the shy little daughter of the haughty lorgnette household. Entertaining and cheery stuff. This has no hot interlude such as "Turn on the Heat." Lucian Littlefield and Louise Fazenda head the newly rich family, while William Collier, Senior, and Hedda Hopper are the ritzy pater and mater.



THE BAD ONE—*United Artists*

An attempt to combine the best features of "The Cock-Eyed World" and "Condemned." A brash sailor from Brooklyn (played by that expert in rough-neck gobs, Edmund Lowe) falls hard for a dancing girl in a Marseilles café. She is called "the Bad One" and, when he accidentally kills another sailor in a fight over her, he believes the worst. He goes to an island prison but the Bad One—who is really very good, despite her daring ways—helps him win freedom. Dolores Del Rio is starred as "the Bad One." Her assumed wickedness and her later goodness are equally unconvincing.



MATCH PLAY—*Educational*

This Mack Sennett two-reel talkie comedy is one of the two best short subjects of the year. The other is Christie's "Dangerous Females" with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. This was a happy comedy thought, introducing Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel and some trick golf shots into a lively farce of the greens. Their amazing game will thrill the golf fans while there is enough real comedy to get the lovers of screen laughter. Marjorie Beebe, who graces this month's rotogravure section, is prominently present. Watch for this short feature when it reaches your theater. It shows the 1930 Mack Sennett at his best.



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



SARAH AND SON—Paramount

Here's a "Madame X" with emotional variations. And it is superbly played by Ruth Chatterton, who wrung your tears so successfully in "Madame X." Most of this mother-love drama concerns Sarah Storm's search for her son. Her ne'er-do-well husband, on leaving her, gave the child to wealthy people—but their identity is unknown to her. As she struggles upward from small time vaudeville player to grand opera prima donna, Sarah's search goes on. Miss Chatterton has developed the characterization into a historic tour de force. It will get you. So, too, will Philippe de Lacy, as the boy.



LOVIN' THE LADIES—RKO

That team of screen sweethearts, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, is united again in this comedy. A blasé young man bets that any fellow can win an heiress if he makes love in the proper romantic environment. An electrician (no other than Mr. Dix) is selected to be the subject. But he captures the bettor's fiancée instead of the haughty young woman selected for the experiment. This is old fashioned stage farce, but Mr. Dix, who is an able farceur, lifts it into pleasant fun. (Mr. Dix, it seems, now is definitely committed to comedy.) Miss Wilson is the girl and Allen Kearns is the man who bets and regrets.



ONLY THE BRAVE—Paramount

This Gary Cooper Civil War adventure in Dixie starts as romantic satire and ends as sentimental romance. Disappointed in love, Gary goes within the Confederate lines as a spy, to be caught with fake battle plans. He doesn't want to return alive. He is trying desperately to be arrested when he meets Mary Brian, as charming a crinoline flapper as ever changed anyone's plans. Yes, he nearly gets executed as a spy. "Only the Brave" has some gentle thrusts at chivalry, honor and war. Gary is his gaunt, grim, aloof self, Miss Brian is lovely. This is pleasantly entertaining.



YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount

Ever since "Wings," the movie moguls have been seeking an air epic successor for young Buddy Rogers. This time Buddy plays a daring pilot in love with Mary Gordon, who appears for the moment to be a German spy. But, in the end, Mary turns out to be "the cleverest operator in the United States secret service." There are several breathless air combats with real thrills. Jack Grace, who doubled in the sky for Buddy, stars here. Buddy himself is ingratiating as the daring Lieutenant Banks, pretty Jean Arthur is a pleasant spy and Paul Lukas is adequate as the German flying ace.



HONEY—Paramount

This was once done by Ruth Chatterton on the speaking stage as "Come Out of the Kitchen." Then it was a sentimental little comedy. Now it has been jazzed into a lively comedy with songs. The penniless son and daughter of a Southern colonel lease their ancestral home to a wealthy woman and, when the servants disappear, they remain on as cook and butler, not revealing their identity, of course. This causes all sorts of comic and romantic complications. Nancy Carroll is featured and she gets excellent aid from Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green and particularly from Mitzi Green.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—*Universal*

Because the producers doubted America's ability to pronounce it, the title has changed from "La Marseillaise" to "Captain of the Guard." It is an elaborate, cumbersome and considerably dull account of the birth of the stirring French national anthem, La Marseillaise. It seems (from the film) that this came about through the love of Rouget de Lisle, captain in the king's hussars, for an innkeeper's pretty daughter who has become The Torch. Her father's murder by royal soldiers has turned her from sweetness to vengeance. The popular John Boles is de Lisle and Laura La Plante is The Torch.



MAMMY—*Warner Brothers*

Not Al Jolson's best, for this star seems to be exhausting his particular sentimental vein. This time Al is a minstrel with a heart of gold. He loves the boss's daughter from a distance but she cares for the handsome but philandering interlocutor (Lowell Sherman). A scoundrel substitutes real bullets for blanks in the revolver Al uses in a comic skit and he shoots the interlocutor. He flees the police and drifts to riding freight trains. Al sings old and new songs by Irving Berlin, featuring "Let Me Sing." The minstrel moments are better done than usual. Jolson gives a characteristic performance.



THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S— *Warner Brothers*

As puzzling a picture as ever emerged from Hollywood. John Barrymore has returned to the light farce mood of his early footlight days in this weird comedy of a befuddled and tipsy young British aristocrat who gets lost in the London fog and wanders into the wrong party, a gathering attended by a houseful of eccentric English types. There is just one exception, the pretty governess who has known the young nobleman in his dim, alcoholic past. How Barrymore persuaded his producers to make this fantastic film is beyond us.



BE YOURSELF—*United Artists*

The old talkie mistake is here: putting a comic in a highly sentimental rôle. Fannie Brice is a splendid comedienne in song and specialty. To cast her as the heroine of a love story is a Hollywood mistake. Here Miss Brice plays a cabaret entertainer who falls in love with a prize fighter and tries to steer him to the championship. In return, he loses his head over a gold digging blonde of the cabaret. Miss Brice falls down in her serious work but puts her songs across with a smash. A passable film—with some good night club and prize ring scenes. These aren't novel but they are well done.



THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND— *Universal*

Another adventure of Charlie Murray and George Sidney as those perennial bickering partners, Messrs. Kelly and Cohen. You have seen them in New York, Paris and Atlantic City, meeting all sorts of tribulations, blonde, brunette and financial. Here they try to corner the Scotch plaid market in Scotland and thereby make a fortune. They aren't working together, however, but are bucking the tight little country independently. Of course, they come to comic grief. The comedy is of the hokum variety and Murray and Sidney provide the laughs.





Colleen Moore played the city vamp who won Bobby Harron away from Mildred Harris in Fine Art's "The Bad Boy." Wilbur Higby is the irate elder in this scene.

CAN you imagine Colleen Moore swooning under the fiery embraces of John Barrymore; Norma Talmadge with her head in a camera cloth throughout the length of her appearance in a picture; Jack Gilbert playing Bill Hart's little brother; Lon Chaney being a cowboy; Janet Gaynor doing comedy in a bathing suit and Charley Farrell lugging Mary Pickford to her carriage? No, neither can I, but it's all the truth, s'help me. And furthermore they all seem very proud of these strange situations.

Some stars are wise enough to see this; Clive Brook could have been starred in his native England but feared the result, as he did not feel himself sufficiently prepared for stardom. Time has shown his idea of building a career slowly and thoroughly was right. After bits and leads he has gained popularity on as sure a footing as there is in Hollywood.

MANY stars who rose rapidly have only regret for their rapid rise. The usual state of affairs is that

the newly made star begins to skid; and then if a successful career is to be rescued from the debris, the star has to begin all over again. The second rise, or comeback, is usually permanent, after the lessons that extra and bit work can teach have been willingly learned.

This is the story of Billie Dove. She was brought to Hollywood from the Follies, was given leading rôles and starred almost at once. Three pictures, and she flopped rather badly. A couple of years of slow climbing and hard work and she gained her chance opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." It was a bitter lesson to learn; but it paid Billie to forget her pride and learn it.

Gloria Swanson in her Keystone days, when she played with Bobby Vernon. Miss Swanson, however, did not have to wait long for screen stardom.



WHEN THE STARS WERE EXTRAS

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

Betty Bronson, relatively inexperienced, was selected because she was unknown for the name rôle in "Peter Pan." It seemed for a while as if she would be a great bet as a star. A few rôles in ordinary clothes, in ordinary situations, and Betty seemed through. Now she is doing her best to build a career for herself.

Olive Borden skyrocketed to dizzy heights after insufficient extra work and bit work. She was drawing a salary of twelve hundred a week at the Fox studio at the end of a year, mainly because of her beauty. When she asked for a salary increase, the studio did not renew its contract. It was a bitter lesson for Olive. She began to take stock like a sensible girl, went back to work and laid a foundation for a career. Now she is featured by Radio Pictures.

ONE is bound to wonder when one hears stars recount their experiences as extras and bit players, how directors passed them up for so long. Alberta Vaughn, in her starring days at FBO was one day honored by the fact that Charley Farrell and Janet Gaynor worked as extras on her set. An assistant director got unbearably rude with his remarks to Charley and Janet and the other extras but, when Charley began to boil, and was getting ready to push him in the nose, Alberta scolded him and told him he must not do such a thing, as the assistant was a brother of the man who was one of the owners of the company. Can you imagine any director overlooking the wistful Janet, and bawling out the good-natured Farrell boy?

In "Rosita" with Mary Pickford, Charley had to carry

Most of the girls who played models in Leatrice Joy's "The Dressmaker From Paris" attained subsequent screen success. Top row, left to right: Olive Borden, Majel Coleman, Jocelyn Lee. Middle row: Thais Valdemar, Sally Rand, Clara Morris. Cecille Evans, Yola D'Avril, Etta Lee and Adalyn Mayer. Lower row: Sally Long, Eugenie Gilbert, Miss Joy, Cristina Montt, and Dorothy Seastrom.



Mob Scenes Have Been the Training Schools



Adolphe Menjou had a long and trying time struggling to gain screen notice. Above, Mr. Menjou in a minor rôle in "Clarence," starring the late Wallie Reid. Agnes Ayres was leading woman. That was in 1922.

Mary to her carriage in a short scene; he was so nervous that he broke into a perspiration which was so profuse that Miss Pickford noticed it and asked him if he felt all right. At a dinner party at Charley's recently, Mary reminded him of the incident jokingly.

In "The Ten Commandments" Charley was the bugler who started all the parades (and there were plenty), and in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" Charley helped hold up some of the Gothic arches in the street scenes. There were bits in "The Leather Pushers" with Reginald Denny and in "The Sea Hawk" with Milton Sills. Comedy at Sennett's was a flop because Charley could not do the "take it big" and the "double takeum" bits of comedy business indispensable to a comedy rôle. Rin-Tin-Tin got the billing and the electric lights when Charley worked in a picture with him. Madge Bellamy was doing "Sandy" at this time, and Charley got the rôle of "Timmy," which, in turn, got him a Fox contract. He was loaned by Fox to Paramount to appear in "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders."

Charley says, "I believe two years is the limit that a person should work as an extra; after that the danger is of becoming shopworn, so

that nobody wants you. One year's experience is not enough; over two is too much. I believe the most important thing to help one get ahead in pictures is the way one conducts oneself. Extra and bit work is good for the head; it won't swell after all the kicks you get as a small timer. A knowledge of human nature is another thing extra work gets for you if you are smart enough to take it. Boys who get the breaks quickly because of being good-looking and wearing snappy clothes well, usually have to begin all over again; conceit makes them flop at first."

JANET GAYNOR knocked about doing extra work, ranging from comedy bits at Roach's to Westerns at Universal, and was getting ready to starve to death when she took the test for Ann Burger in "The Johnstown Flood" at the Fox studio. "I was certainly a sight in those days at Roach's," says Janet. "They gave me bathing-suit rôles mostly, because I had no other wardrobe, I guess." She laughed. "I was no hit, because I wasn't

a beauty and I wasn't snappy looking. I just didn't fit." She mused a moment. "I think extra work and small parts taught me how important it was for me to work hard, harder than other girls that were more in demand than I was."

Colleen Moore has had a long enough and a great enough success to make her opinion on this matter of bits and extra work worth considering. Her experiences are graphic as the little star tells them.

"I started in the old Chicago Essanay Company when H. B. Walthall and Nell Craig were the stars there. I did some extra work; my first bit was as a maid walking into the room with a tray. I was so nervous,



Three years ago George Bancroft was playing minor rôles. At the right in this scene from Mildred Davis's "Too Many Crooks." Lois Wilson is listening at the door.

of the Hollywood Motion Picture Favorites

I dropped the tray; I tripped because my skirt wrapped around my legs. It was awful. When my whole family came to see the picture, my mother, grandmother, my aunt and uncle, Walter Howey, had to stay for three shows before all of them saw me. I guess they must have blinked at the wrong time. Afterwards my aunt said, 'Did you see Colleen walk across the stage? Why she's a genius.' Later I worked at the Fine Arts studio in Hollywood, when Bobby Harron was making a picture with Mildred Harris as his country sweetheart; I played the vamp and took him away from her."

Then came "The Hoosier Romance" in which she played "Little Orphan Annie" with Eugenie Besserer and Tom Santschi. Colleen worked with many stars as leading lady before she got a solid foothold for herself; Charley Ray, in "The Busher" was supported by Jack Gilbert and Colleen; and the real plum is that Colleen played leading lady for John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters," a picture made in Florida.

Colleen says, "I think my best experience was at Christie's in comedies. In comedies you do everything; leading ladies just look pretty and stand about. Bit playing teaches you drama; you only have a few feet to put your stuff over in and you have to do it quickly and well."

NORMA TALMADGE, who classes among those who have had the longest popularity in films, was a rather shy and awkward extra girl at the old Vitagraph Brooklyn studio, if we can believe those who knew her at the time. Her first bit, after some amount of extra work, was to kiss a young man with both their heads under a camera cloth; a horse was to lift the cloth with his teeth; he had the name rôle, "The Four Footed Pest." When the cloth came off, Norma's head was turned with its back to the camera.

The first really important bit for Norma was with Maurice Costello in "The Tale of Two Cities." She rode to the gallows with Sidney Carton, played by Costello, and comforted him as he died. At this time, Rex Ingram and Antonio Moreno, destined to gain distinction later, were doing their bits around the lot.

"I developed a capacity for hard work in those days; that is my secret of success, if I have any," says Norma.

Constance Talmadge, younger than Norma, did extra and bit work in her turn. She did not gain fame as quickly as Norma. It was at the old Fine Arts studio in Hollywood that Constance got her chance. Strangely enough, her appearance was not in the medium of comedy that was to be her later fame, but as the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." Perhaps you can recall the perilous and hectic drive of the young girl in the open chariot, lashing the racing steeds in a mad flight.

Lillian Gish worked with her younger sister, Dorothy, for Biograph, and later with D. W. Griffith. Previous to

Five years ago Mary Brian was trying to get a start after her debut in "Peter Pan." At the right as the ingénue interest of "The Enchanted Hill" with Jack Holt.



Lillian and Dorothy Gish had a long stage career before they went into pictures under D. W. Griffith's direction. Above, Mrs. Gish is holding Dorothy in her arms and Lillian by the hand in a road company melodrama now completely forgotten.



this screen work as extra and in bits, she had done stage work from the age of six.

In the same studio at that time, Alma Rubens was making her first steps toward fame. Bessie Love, too, was getting a footing; Bill Hart used to borrow them all for his leading ladies, one after another. Bessie Love made her first hit in "The Aryan," with Bill Hart. Bessie, too, suffered from the ill effects of early stardom. Her career slumped and it was not finally re-established in a big way until the talkies gave her a chance in "The Broadway Melody."

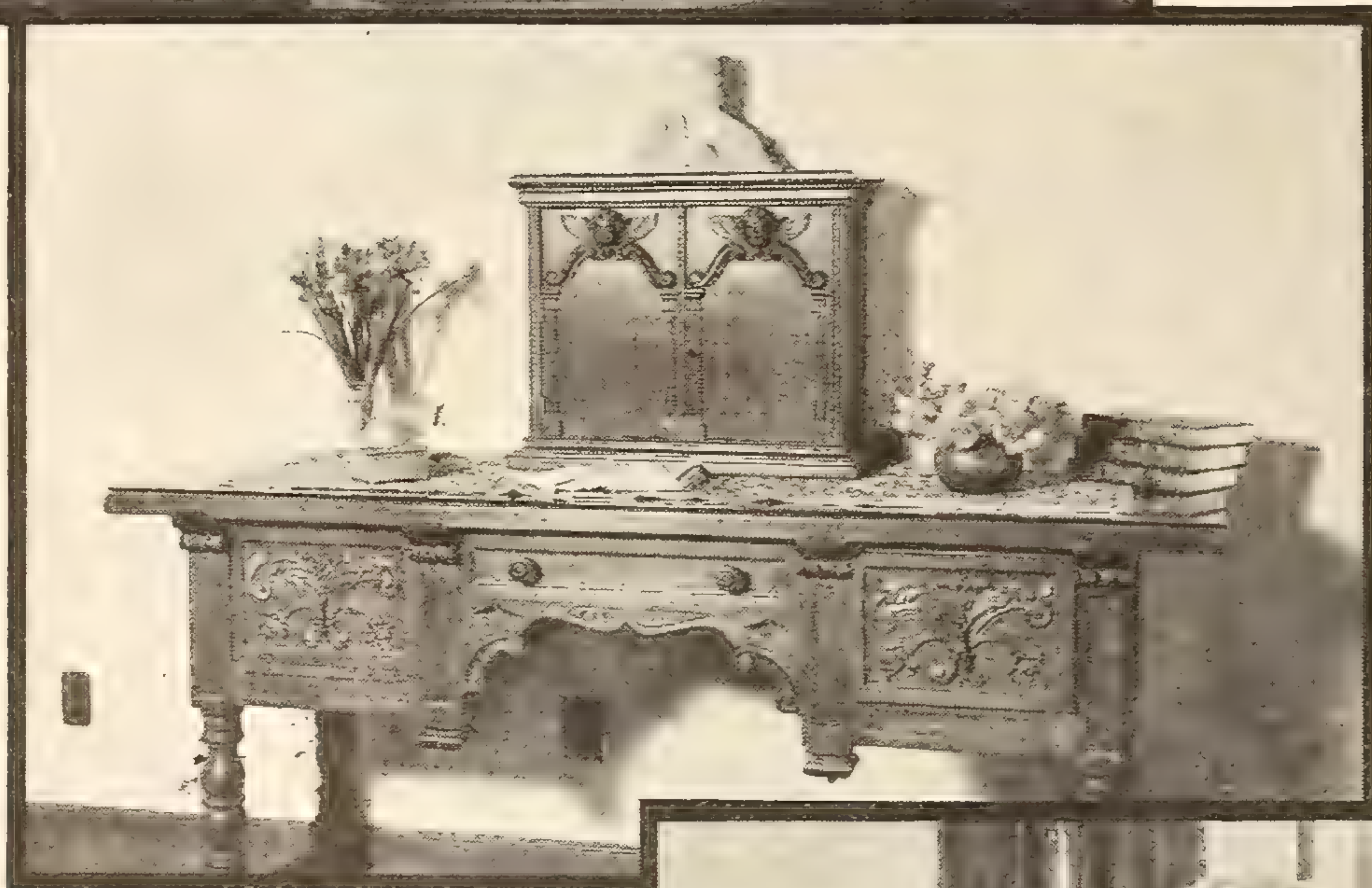
ANOTHER Hart find was John Gilbert. He had played an extra in "Hell's Hinges," and Hart selected him against the late Tom Ince's wishes to play his younger brother in "The Apostle of Vengeance." Hart and Gilbert had to work in
(Continued on page 98)



MOVIE BOUDOIRS

II. BEBE DANIELS

The French windows of Bebe Daniels' bedroom look out upon the Pacific, at Malibu Beach. Her private suite of rooms has a charming balcony, commanding a glorious and sweeping view of the ocean.



The furniture of Miss Daniels' bedroom is all beautiful hand-carved Circassian walnut of Italian period design. Besides the desk, shown at the left, there is a lowboy chest of drawers, tables and an antique wood box next to the fireplace.

At the right, the dressing table in the dressing-room adjoining. The windows of this room open upon the balcony. The mirrored bathroom, which adjoins, has a tub and floor of black and henna grained marble.



Bebe Daniels' bedroom is a singularly delightful and restful room. The walls are cream colored, the carpet is of rich garnet red velvet and the drapes are fashioned of matching red and gold brocade. Over the finely grained walnut bed is a gold-embroidered canopy, and at the foot of the bed is an ancient Italian cassone or wedding chest. A needle-point chair and green satin love seat are the only occasional pieces.



In a glass recess, made especially for them, Bebe keeps a choice collection of tiny carnelian, jade and Lalique glass ornaments. The cabinet is pictured at the left. Miss Daniels loves jade. A jade night lamp rests upon her night table, close by the bed.



She Talks in All Languages

SAN FRANCISCO had not done any more than rise from the ashes it had been reduced to by the fire of 1906 when a girl baby was born.

She was christened Barbara; her dad's name was Leonard.

Barbara had hardly learned to stay out from under the cable cars which climb San Francisco's hills when her family took her to Europe.

She came back four years ago and spoke broken English.

In the meantime she had attended schools in Switzerland, Rome, Berlin, Paris. She learned French, Italian, Spanish and German as a child. She heard but little English spoken.

After she returned the struggle was great for her to get back into the swing of her native speech.

But the trouble is all being paid for.

Hal Roach is directing a picture for M.-G.-M. called "Monsieur le Fox." It will, naturally, be made with an English version. But producers are beginning to take notice of 95,000,000 people in the Spanish-speaking countries who have suddenly become great talkie fans.

M.-G.-M. decided to make "Monsieur le Fox" in five languages. The stunt then was to find a cast.

Roach had about decided to shoot the picture with a different cast for each version when he discovered little Miss Barbara Leonard. *She spoke fluently every language he was looking for.*

The camera will be set up for a certain scene. Barbara Leonard and Gilbert Roland will do the scene in English and Spanish. Then Gilbert will walk off the set and out will come Andre Luguet, who will do it in French with her. He exits. On will come Jean de Briac,

who will do his stuff in German and Italian.

Four leading men for one part and one little girl. They should keep her busy.

The talkies have brought fame to Barbara Leonard. For she speaks five languages fluently.



Photograph by Russell Ball

RUTH ROLAND

The famous serial star is returning to the screen. Between motion pictures and real estate investments in and about Los Angeles, Ruth Roland has acquired a fortune. But she is coming back, to prove that she is just as good in the talkies as she used to be on the silent screen. The return film is "Reno," based on the story by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



Marguerite Clark, at the left, in one of her most popular comedies, "Bab's Matinée Idol." The date was 1917. In The New Movie last month you were told of Marguerite Clark as she is today, retired from pictures and stage—and happy. Miss Clark's Bab comedies were highly popular. Among other things, they introduced Dick Barthelmess to film prominence.

Back in 1917 Mary Pickford made "The Little Princess" for Artcraft. It was decidedly popular. America, in those days, was satisfied to have its national sweetheart in curls and pouts. Today, apparently, it wants a sophisticated talkie Mary. In this scene is Zazu Pitts in one of her first prominent rôles.



Alice Joyce is just as lovely today as she was in 1917 when she made "The Fettered Woman" for Triangle. Doubtless you saw Miss Joyce in the recent John McCormack and George Arliss successes. In both films she gave splendid performances. Her screen work thirteen years ago was just as satisfying.

MORE SILENT MEMORIES



Many motion picture fans think that Basil Rathbone is a celluloid newcomer. He isn't. Back in 1925 he was playing opposite Mae Murray in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Masked Bride." And doing very well, too. Note him above with Miss Murray. At the left: Elsie Ferguson, who was at the height of screen popularity in 1917, scored one of her successes in "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." In the scene at the left Elliott Dexter is playing opposite Miss Ferguson.

J. Stuart Blackton, one of the pioneer movie directors, but now a business man in Los Angeles, made "The Judgment House" in 1917 for Paramount. In the scene from "The Judgment House" at the right Wilfred Lucas, a Griffith veteran, and Violet Heming are seen in the leading rôles.



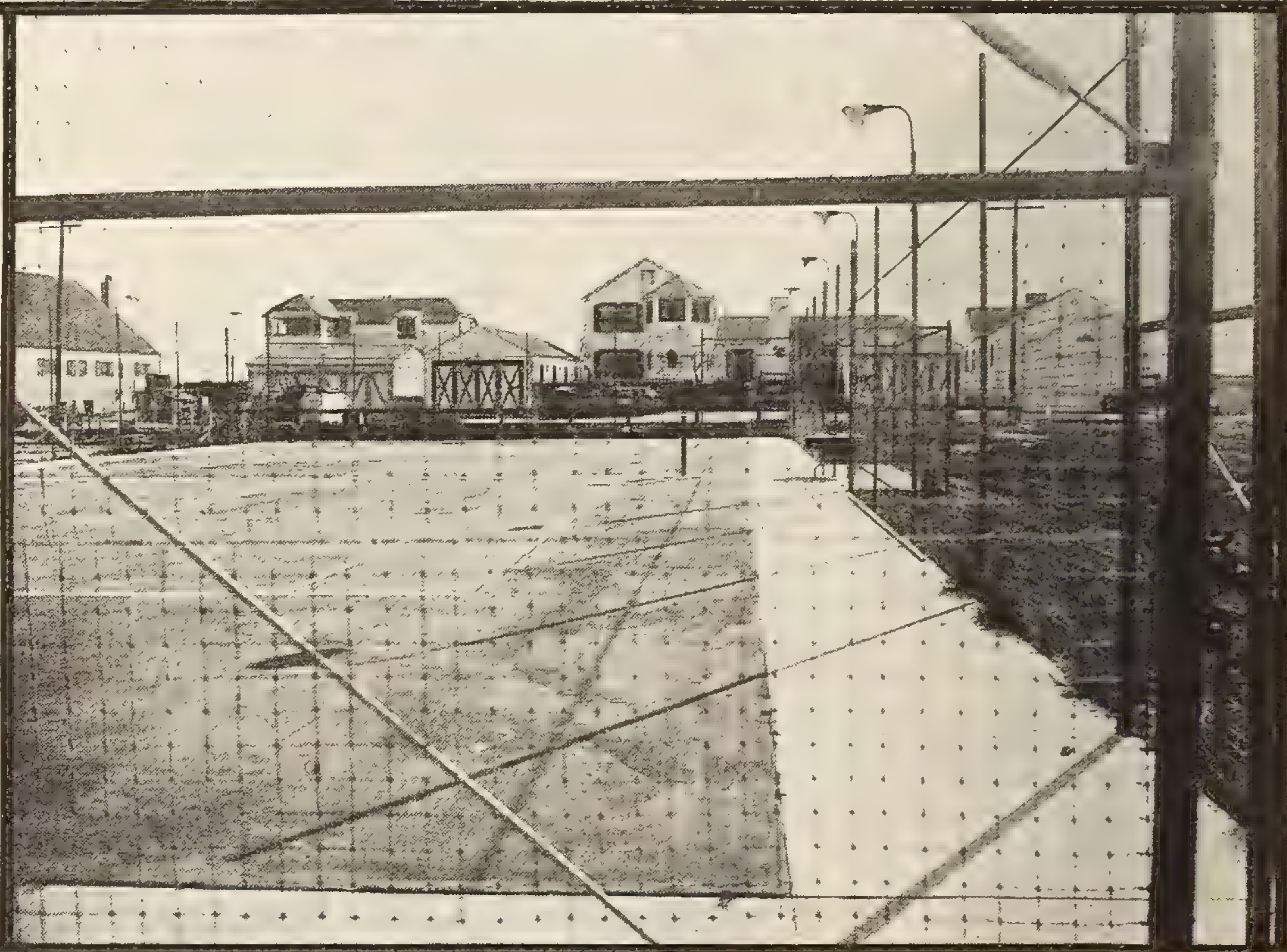
MALIBU BEACH

(Continued from
page 70)



The orchidaceous Corinne Griffith dwells at Malibu in the plain but comfortable house shown at the left. At the moment this picture was made the house had not been completed inside.

On another page of this issue you read of B. P. Schulberg, the movie magnate of Paramount, who almost fired Jean Arthur. At the right you see the private Malibu tennis court of Mr. Schulberg, where he plots big movie plans between trimming tennis opponents. Several of the famous stars have their private courts at Malibu, too.



The attractive little house at the left belongs to Anna Q. Nilsson, who has been off the screen for many months owing to an injury sustained when she was thrown from a horse. Here Miss Nilsson is going to do her best to win back her health this summer.



Presenting Jane Harding Bannister with her mamma, Ann Harding, the stage star who has just scored a hit in the talkies. Little Jane is fourteen months old and she is looking forward to trying the talkies herself. Papa is Harry Bannister, the actor. Fans saw Miss Harding and her husband play opposite each other in Pathe's "Her Private Affair."

When the Stars Were Extras

(Continued from page 89)



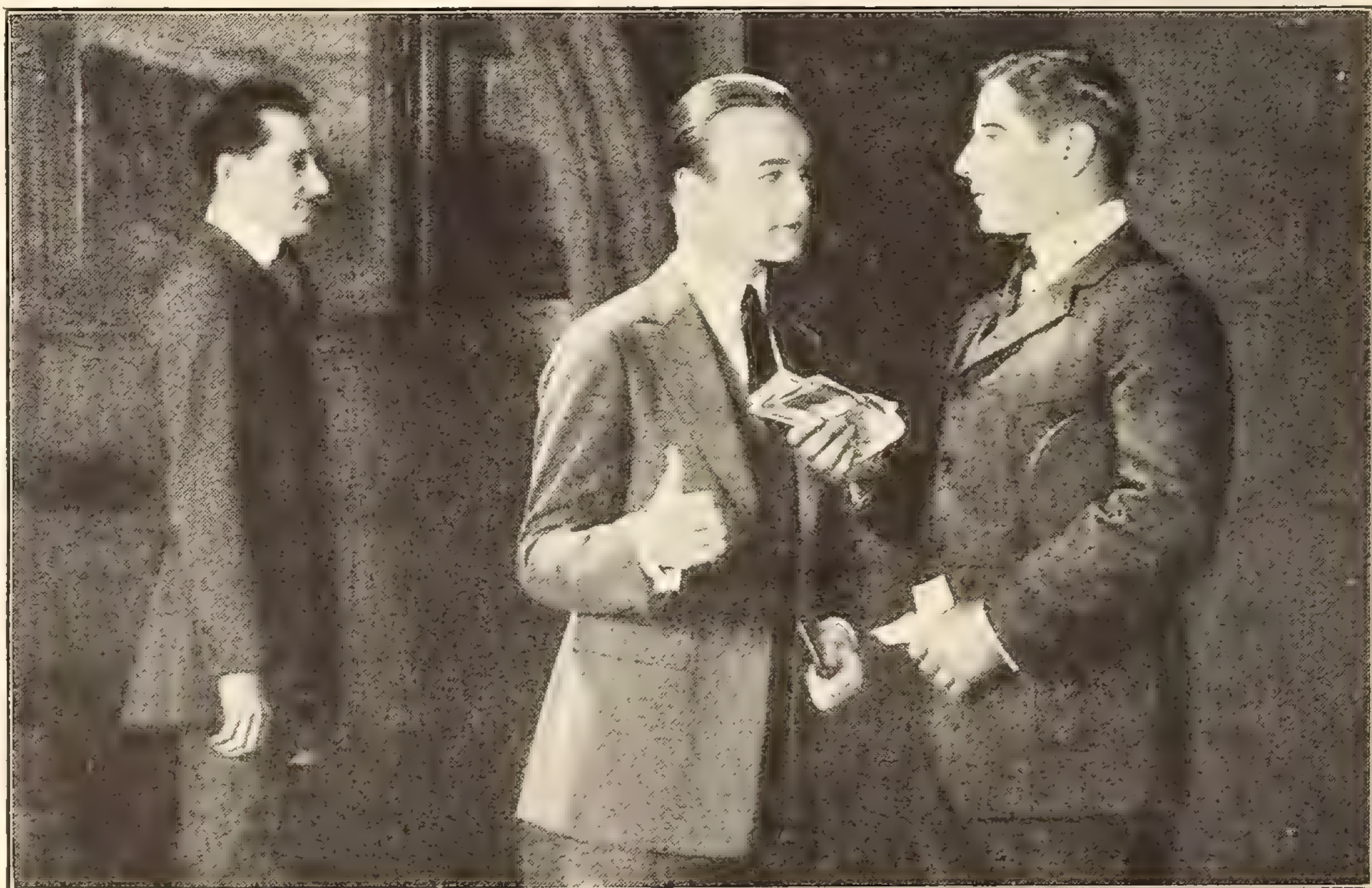
Gwen Lee was doing bits five years ago. Above, in "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson. She is the statuesque girl at the left who resembles Mae Murray. In fact, it was that resemblance that got her the job.

the cold, under a lashing artificial studio rain. Hart says, in his book on his own life, "In the story, the younger brother was a regular fire-eater, and my much maligned choice for the rôle was thin almost to the point of emaciation, and being fully conscious of his shaking-to-pieces condition he was frightened to death that he would lose the part. He was also actually shedding tears from the cold. It was really brutal. I went to him and said, 'Look here, laddy, we've got to go through with this, and we're going to do it. So just lock your teeth and let's go; and remember, you're making good and that no one is going to do anything to hurt you or take the part away from you.' We got our stuff, but it was bitter work. I still shiver when I think of it. The picture was a success; the young actor made a hit. His name was John Gilbert."

"The Cold Deck," Hart's last picture on the Triangle program, had in it Alma Rubens and Sylvia Breamer. In a tiny bit, Mildred Harris, then a child, drew \$5 a day and made her first hit.

The opening of Lon Chaney's long screen career saw him as a cowboy. A bit in "Hell Morgan's Girl" gave him his first screen credit in 1913. Chaney played for some time as one of the cowboys at Universal. He got his first bit playing opposite Bill Hart in a scene where the two played rival Western gunmen. The picture was at

William Boyd was a long time getting a real chance on the screen. In 1920 he did a bit in "The City of Masks," which starred Robert Warwick.



Lasky's, and was called "Riddle Gawne." That was in 1918. Another Lasky picture in which Chaney played was "Treasure Island." He played both Merry and Pew, merry pirate bits. Shirley Mason was the star, and played the boy hero, Jim Hawkins. Chaney played with Jack Holt and Seena Owen in "Victory" in 1919. His rôle as a cripple in "The Miracle Man" (later in 1919) gave Chaney opportunity for the first of his weird human characterizations.

Norma Shearer worked in small rôles at Eastern studios. D. W. Griffith considered her for rôles at that time—and turned her down.

Ramon Novarro appeared in small bits in which he could exhibit his skill at dancing. As a member of the Marion Morgan troupe of dancers he worked about the studios, sometimes as an extra also. Ferdinand Pinney Earle discovered Novarro and placed him in "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," but as the picture was not released, due to litigation, till long after Novarro had won his big successes it did not help him with the public. It did bring Novarro to the attention of Rex Ingram, who used him in "The Prisoner of Zenda" as Rupert. Novarro had to grow a

beard to prove to Ingram that he was old enough to play the rôle.

JOAN CRAWFORD, although coming from the stage in musical work, did not push forward to immediate and disastrous success. Her first bit was in a Jackie Coogan picture, "Old Clothes." Her later success has certainly justified the slow rise and careful training of her days as extra and bit player. Joan says, "I do not think there is any one rule for success that will apply to everyone. I think some people are capable of a more rapid success, that will be lasting, than others. For myself, I have had reason to be glad of my hard knocks, disappointments and experience as an extra and bit worker."

(Continued on page 131)



“-down the long road Quality Counts!”



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No. 111/60. The ankle sock, patterned in wide stripes, in a variety of smart colors.



What the Stars Are Doing

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
FOX STUDIO				
Will Rogers	So This Is London	John Blystone	Comedy	Irene Rich
Fifi Dorsay		Alexander Korda	Drama	J. Harold Murray
Constance Bennett	Common Clay	Victor Fleming	Drama	Lew Ayres
Ed Lowe	Good Intentions	William K. Howard	Drama	Marguerite Churchill
Victor McLaglen	On the Level	Irving Cummings	Comedy	Lilyan Tashman
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Mollie O'Day— Sally ONiell	Sisters	James Flood	Drama	
Joe Cook	Rain or Shine	Frank Capra	Circus story	Joan Peers
Dorothy Sebastian	Temptation	E. Mason Hopper	Drama	Larry Gray
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Alice White	Man Crazy	Ed Cline	Comedy Drama	
Bernice Claire	Top Speed	Mervin Le Roy	Comedy	Joe Brown
Billie Dove	Devil's Playground	William Beaudine	Mystery	Sidney Blackmer Conway Tearle
Ann Harding	Girl of the Golden West	John Francis Dillon	Romance	James Rennie
Dick Barthelmess	Dawn Patrol	Howard Hawks	Air Drama	Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
PATHE STUDIO				
Gloria Swanson	What a Widow	Allan Dwan	Farce	Lew Cody— Owen Moore
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Lupe Velez	The Storm		Drama	William Boyd
Ben Lyon	What Men Want	Ernest Laemmle	Romance	Pauline Starke
R K O STUDIO				
Bebe Daniels	Dixiana	Luther Reed	Operetta	Everett Marshall
Arthur Lake	Tommy	Melville Brown	Comedy	Sue Carol
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Charles Bickford	The Sea Bat		Drama	Raquel Torres
Kay Johnson— Reginald Denny	Madam Satan	C. B. DeMille	Musical Comedy	Lillian Roth
William Haines	Easy Going	Fred Niblo	Western	Leila Hyams
Norma Shearer	Let Us Be Gay	Robert Z. Leonard	Society Drama	Basil Rathbone
Greta Garbo	Romance	Clarence Brown	Drama	Lewis Stone
Johnny Mack Brown	Billy the Kid	King Vidor	Drama	Lucille Powers
Joan Crawford	Blushing Brides	Harry Beaumont	Melodrama	Robert Montgomery
Lon Chaney	The Unholy Three	Jack Conway	Drama	Lila Lee
Marion Davies	The Gay Nineties	Sam Wood	Musical Comedy	Lawrence Gray
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Walter Huston	Abraham Lincoln	D. W. Griffith	Drama	Kay Hammond
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Claudia Dell	Sweet Kitty Bellairs	Alfred E. Green	Operetta	June Collyer
John Barrymore	Moby Dick	Lloyd Bacon	Sea Story	Joan Bennett
Irene Delroy	See Naples and Die	Archie Mayo	Comedy	Charles King
Elsie Ferguson	Scarlet Pages	Ray Enright	Drama	John Halliday
Lotti Loder	Come Easy	Michael Curtiz	Comedy Drama	Ben Lyon
PARAMOUNT-FAMOUS-LASKY STUDIO				
Buddy Rogers	Follow Through		Musical Comedy	Nancy Carroll
Clara Bow	True to the Navy	Frank Tuttle	Romance	Fredric March

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

FROM the many letters that I receive every month, I am impressed with the fact that minor personal defects are more annoying to most women than actual physical handicaps. Young girls, especially, worry over such small blemishes as freckles, large hands, ears that refuse to lie close to the head or teeth that are out of alignment. These trifles which are usually overlooked and forgotten by their friends sometimes make sensitive girls wretchedly self-conscious.

The movie stars, too, often are annoyed by these small blows to their vanity. The late Rudolph Valentino tried every known method of make-up to conceal the fact that his ears were too large for his head and were too prominent for perfect contour. Several young actresses have resorted to plastic surgery to shorten their noses, although I doubt if the general public ever knew the difference. One star spent years trying to hide her freckles under make-up, only to discover finally that her freckles lent piquancy to her beauty. And you would be surprised at the

number of men stars who are sensitive over the fact that they lack several inches of the correct and manly six feet.

The only sensible way to regard such small defects that cannot safely be remedied is either to ignore them or make the most of them. For instance, the short girl cannot add a half inch to her height; such things are determined by heredity. By wearing dresses with long lines and by choosing hats that keep away from that flat look, she can successfully avoid a dumpy appearance. Although some men players on the stage and screen occasionally wear shoes that are built up to give them an extra inch or so, extremely high heels are not to be recommended for constant use by short women. Usually the only effect of such heels is to throw the body out of balance.

MANY women who have bow-legs write and ask my advice on corrective surgery. Girls are actually so sensitive about their legs that they are willing to have them broken and reset in order to achieve straight limbs. This operation is talked about much more frequently than it is performed—thank goodness. It is dangerous, painful and more than a little ridiculous. Bow-legs may be prevented, if you are young enough, but they cannot be cured. Mothers
(Continued on page 127)



Upper left and right: Fay Wray demonstrates the old and the new standing posture. Careless grace is now the goal in standing or sitting. It is no longer considered unlady-like to stand with hands on hips or feet slightly parted, if the posture is unstudied. At the right, the correct and conservative "mutton sleeve" era pose.



At the left, Fay Wray demonstrates the old and new in sitting poses. You can now sit as you stand, comfortably and easily. You can cross your knees with impunity, provided you appear chic and graceful. Just adjoining, Miss Wray shows how grandma was taught to sit, feet flat on floor.



THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM



THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help—which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help—the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So make sure you use Fels-Naptha for your

house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water so long.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you'll have *extra* help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

T.N.M. 5-30
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

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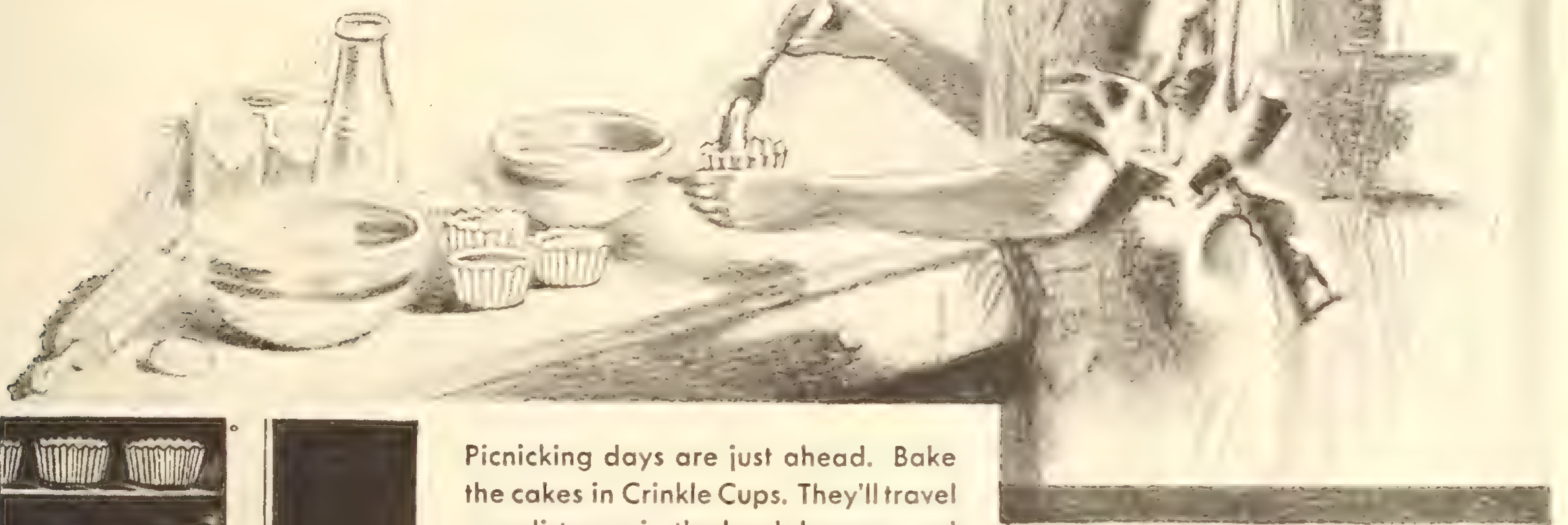
Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA
YOUNG

This background isn't studio make-believe. It's the real thing—the Patio of the Fountains at the famous Mission Inn, Riverside, California. And Miss Young, who was called one of the ten most beautiful girls on the screen by Herb Howe last month, is dressed in appropriate Spanish style.

YOU WILL ENJOY BAKING WITH THESE HANDY CUPS

No pans to grease or wash...no burned or broken cakes...The way the modern bakery turns out its perfect little cakes, muffins, pastries. Everything you bake in a Crinkle Cup comes out perfect in shape...stays fresh longer, too, if kept in the cup until served. Try baking this modern, easy, economical way.



Picnicking days are just ahead. Bake the cakes in Crinkle Cups. They'll travel any distance in the lunch hamper and come forth fresh and whole.

USE
CRINKLE CUPS
SAVE

GREASING
BURNING
STICKING
SCOURING



USE CRINKLE CUPS TO MAKE DELICIOUS LITTLE CAKES WITH THIS TESTED RECIPE FOR WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

1 cupful sweet cream	1½ cupfuls sugar
3 egg-whites	2 cupfuls pastry flour
½ teaspoonful salt	½ cupful water
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla

Whip cream until stiff; beat egg-whites stiff and mix them together lightly. Add the water and vanilla. Then add a little at a time the dry ingredients which have been sifted together twice. Bake in Crinkle Cups at 375° F. for thirty minutes.

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Address



Alice White receives a visitor during the making of her newest First National film, "Sweet Mamma." The visitor is Nellie, the trained chimpanzee, who makes movie appearances now and then. Nellie, indeed, is practically the only Hollywood player who doesn't give a hang how her voice records. Moreover, she's sitting in the director's chair, which—in moviedom—is lese majesty.

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 43)

"Listen—dost hear music in the air?"
"Onondaga!" exclaimed Mule as a certain familiar song came caterwauling over a nearby transom.

"Probably some of the team having their end of the season bust," said Johnny.

"From the way they're sounding off they can't carry their liquor any better than they can carry the ball."

"If I were you I wouldn't speak about my team mates that way," grinned Johnny.

"My *what*?" bellowed Mule.

"Now listen—" Johnny stopped short at the door to Arabella's suite. "It wouldn't have done a bit of good to talk about your playing in the Rose Bowl three years ago. Most of the crowd weren't even in California then or couldn't remember back that far if they had been. The Onondaga players are the heroes of the evening, so I just let Arabella and her gang think you played on their team."

"Why you——"

"Aw, lay off, Mule. I just did the best I could for you. Arabella's got a great little party inside and they're all hopped up about meeting you. The guest of honor is Sylvia May, the little musical comedy star who's come here for the talkies. She's supposed to have the prettiest legs in the world and she says she needs a football player in her life. Will you consent to fill in the picture?"

"Why ask?" grinned Mule.

The glittering parlor of the hotel's most elaborate suite was filled with flowers, cigarette smoke and the suave possessors of names better known than royalty. Over it all, Arabella presided, gorgeous in a flowing gown of jeweled white chiffon. At a nod from Johnny, she greeted Mule with the gracious cordiality of one greeting the old friend of an old friend. Then she nodded towards one corner of the room.

There, indolently toying with a half emptied green crystal goblet, was a glory of sunburned girlhood, dressed in a backless sea-green frock from the uneven hem of which protruded what Mule instantly recognized as the incomparable legs.

Johnny took his friend over and performed the necessary introductions.

While Mule was still gazing wonderingly at Sylvia's little bronze hand sheltered in the sinewy depths of his huge paw, Johnny murmured:

"There's Arabella signaling for me. If you don't mind I'll leave you."

"You'd better!" warned Mule.

Downstairs for dancing. Upstairs for drinks. Down to the Crystal Room again. The evening was almost over before Mule encountered Johnny again in the upstairs corridor of the hotel.

Johnny, himself staggering slightly, hailed him.

"Hey Mule, how're you making out at the party?"

"Slickerino!"

"Meet all the celebrities you wanted to?"

"Did I? It's been one starry night! Wait 'till I get back to Omaha and tell 'em about Bill Haines and how Colleen Moore's got one brown eye and one blue and the way Charlie Chaplin talks high-brow——"

(Continued on page 109)



when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after

the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



the bathway to a soft, smooth skin



Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

Joan Crawford has introduced a new fad in necklaces to Hollywood. This sports choker necklace is fashioned from the wood of a California redwood tree. The hand-carved figures, by Clifford Wight, represent a maiden sitting in meditation. On one side is a man with a sack of gold, on the other a youth with his heart in his hand. Gold or love? That's the message of the necklace.

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 107)

"And Sylvia?"

Mule pursed his lips in a long whistle. Then, when his breath was exhausted, blew an imaginary kiss into the air. "Brother, do you think it was fair to turn anything like that loose on a poor coal and ice man fresh from Omaha?"

"Well, from what I could see at my end of the table, you seemed to be giving a pretty good account of yourself."

"Just trying to uphold the honor of the old Alma Mat," grinned Mule.

"From what Arabella whispered in my ear, Sylvia's really a little gone on you," persisted Johnny.

Mule drew patterns with his left toe in the deep nap of the carpet. "She did ask me to join her gang after the dance and go to her Beverly Hills shack for a whirl at the swimming pool."

"You damned fool, why didn't you? It's not often Sylvia falls for anybody. Her first picture out here turned out a wow. She's got an awful lot of pull with the producers now. She could get you into pictures—she'd make you!"

"Make me? Yeah, I thought she had something like that on her mind. What're you bragging around here for anyway?"

"Looking for Arabella. She left the table about one o'clock and I'm getting sort of worried—"

"Passed out somewhere?"

"No, she can't do any drinking to-night either. We've got to work tomorrow."

"Say, if you two haven't done any drinking I'm going out and strike a match on Niagara Falls!"

"Only champagne, Mule."

"Only champagne! The hardships of you movie swells will have me busting into tears. Well, where do you guess your sugar mamma melted to?"

"Probably visiting around somewhere."

But a search of the various parties proved fruitless and Johnny and Mule were just retracing their steps toward the suite to see if Arabella had passed them in the elevator, when Johnny suddenly paused. From a nearby doorway sounded the silver voice, so pure, so delicate, that its reproductive qualities over the microphone had raised Arabella's salary when so many other stars had had to take cuts.

"That's the Onondaga boys' suite!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Right the first time," grinned Mule. "Your torch has gone back to the kindergarten."

But Johnny had no answering smile in reply. He opened the door to the apartment and walked in. From the corridor Mule could see Arabella perched on a table, the center of an admiring group of seven or eight Onondagians, who were listening awestruck to her description of the "dear old southern plantation" she had left to go into pictures. Seeing Johnny, she looked up with a captivating smile.

"Johnny, I want you to meet Mr. O'Brien. He's the Onondaga captain and the boys say he's sure to be All-American after the marvelous game he played today."

The Onondaga boys murmured approval of this prophecy and Mr.

(Continued on page 111)



THE FOLLOWING MONDAY



No wonder women now laugh at washday!

NO scrubbing — no boiling — *could washday be any easier?*

All you need to do is soak everything in creamy Rinso suds. "Dirt and stains float right off," says Mrs. C. F. Van Kirk, of 2020 E. Ash St., Portland, Ore. — in one of the thousands of letters we receive from Rinso users. Clothes rinse bright and gleaming — whiter than ever.

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Rinso is all you need on washday, even in

hardest water. No bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Cup for cup, it goes twice as far as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

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Guaranteed by the makers of LUX — LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Millions use Rinso for whiter washes



Another all-star battery of bridesmaids. This picture was made just before the wedding of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, and Ben Goetz. Reading from left to right: Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, the bride, Miss Mayer, her sister, Irene Mayer, maid of honor, Carmel Myers, Katherine Bennett, and May McAvoy.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

only 10 cents—and such interesting articles by excellent well-known writers! The very fact that my favorite modern author, Jim Tully, writes for you, is alone sufficient to warrant that this magazine is actually, unexaggerating, very good.

Rachael Edlunds,
1213 Wheeler Ave.

Ten Good Reasons

St. Louis, Mo.—

The following is a list of reasons why I like the New Movie Magazine:

1. It's cover, especially the one of Janet Gaynor.
2. The excellent photographs and so many of them.
3. Gossip of the Studios. Such a lot of information in so few words.
4. The articles. Decidedly different.
5. The authors. You've cornered the best, it seems.
6. The motion picture guide, which makes our decisions.
7. Stars homes, photographs and information. We like to see how they live.

8. First aids to beauty. Plenty of valuable information in this department.

9. Dollar thoughts, a chance for so many to express their ideas and win a little money too.

10. The price of New Movie.

Hazel Boardman McGovern,
2345 Michigan Avenue

A Few Cheers

McKeesport Pa.—

Hurrah for the new ten-cent-er. When its birth was first announced, I purchased a copy—mostly through curiosity. I thought I had to spend a quarter to get a good movie magazine. After reading the first issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I began to regret all the quarters I had spent for other movie books, and a feeling akin to regret that NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE had not been published years earlier surged through me.

Beatrice Buck,
1119 McCleary St.

Local Picture Critic Writes

Greenville, Miss.—

How does Herb Howe keep it up? Albert Reid's drawings are charming; hope he continues them. Jim Tully delightfully interesting. Your correspondent from Oklahoma might be informed that Thyra Samter Winslow is a well-known writer who long since established her reputation as a novelist—with people who read anything but movie magazines. The only trouble with the New Movie is that there is such a demand we don't get our copy if we don't watch out. I am the local picture critic.

O. A. Williamson,
Box 352

Wants Thirteen-Month Year

Seattle, Wash.—

Since reading the first copies of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I have become an ardent supporter of the

(Continued on page 112)

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 109)

O'Brien himself consented to give an indifferent shake to Johnny's proffered hand.

But when Johnny hinted discreetly to Arabella that it was time they were leaving, she only pouted in her best manner, "I'm sorry, Johnny, but I just can't tear myself away from these darling college boys."

"But you know we've got to be on the set at eight-thirty tomorrow."

"You can be on the set, but I won't. I've promised to go to the beach with Mr. O'Brien——"

But, with a whispered warning, Johnny deftly lifted Arabella off the table, and before she could protest, eased her from the room. At the door he turned and bowed politely. "I'm awfully sorry, gentlemen, to take Miss D'Estang away from you——"

Mr. O'Brien lurched forward. "Aw, go stick your head in a bucket of greasepaint!"

For the first time since Johnny had entered the room, Mule's features broke into a broad grin. He took a defensive position immediately behind his friend, his great muscles swelling anticipatorily. But the action he expected did not ensue. Johnny, his lips pressed into a thin line, merely hastened Arabella down the corridor.

Mule followed gingerly. Though he walked a discreet twenty paces behind, he could still hear them quarreling. Arabella screaming that she had given up her friends, her career as an individual star, *everything* for Johnny. Johnny doggedly admitting that he knew she had done a lot for him, but wouldn't she please remember where they were. That they had to be on the set at eighty-thirty in the morning. They could have it all out when they got home——

"Home!" shrilled Arabella, who had been but so lately the perfect southern lady. "We're not going home. I'm going out to Sylvia May's house and ask her to invite those nice college boys to come too, and as for you, you can——"

Just what procedure Arabella was suggesting for Johnny was drowned out by the arrival of the elevator. It touched at their floor, full of gay couples and couples whose gayety was already on the wane. Arabella flitted in, swishing her chiffon skirts defiantly. There was just time for a look, angry from Arabella, sullen and unresponsive from Johnny. Then the car shot out of sight.

The two friends stared at each other awkwardly. Then a strange glint came into Mule's steel-gray eyes. He uttered a short laugh that was more than alcoholic.

"Well," said Johnny sourly. "I don't see what you've found to laugh at."

"Forget it," cried Mule. "I'm not laughing at what has happened, but what may happen. Listen, kid, I've got the beginning of what might turn out to be one swell idea."

"Spill it," said Johnny.

"Well, I've got sort of a suspicion something ought to happen to that Onondaga bunch."

"Their mothers should have drowned 'em before they had a chance to grow up."

"In a bucket of greasepaint?" asked Mule.

(Continued on page 113)

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Film Beauties..

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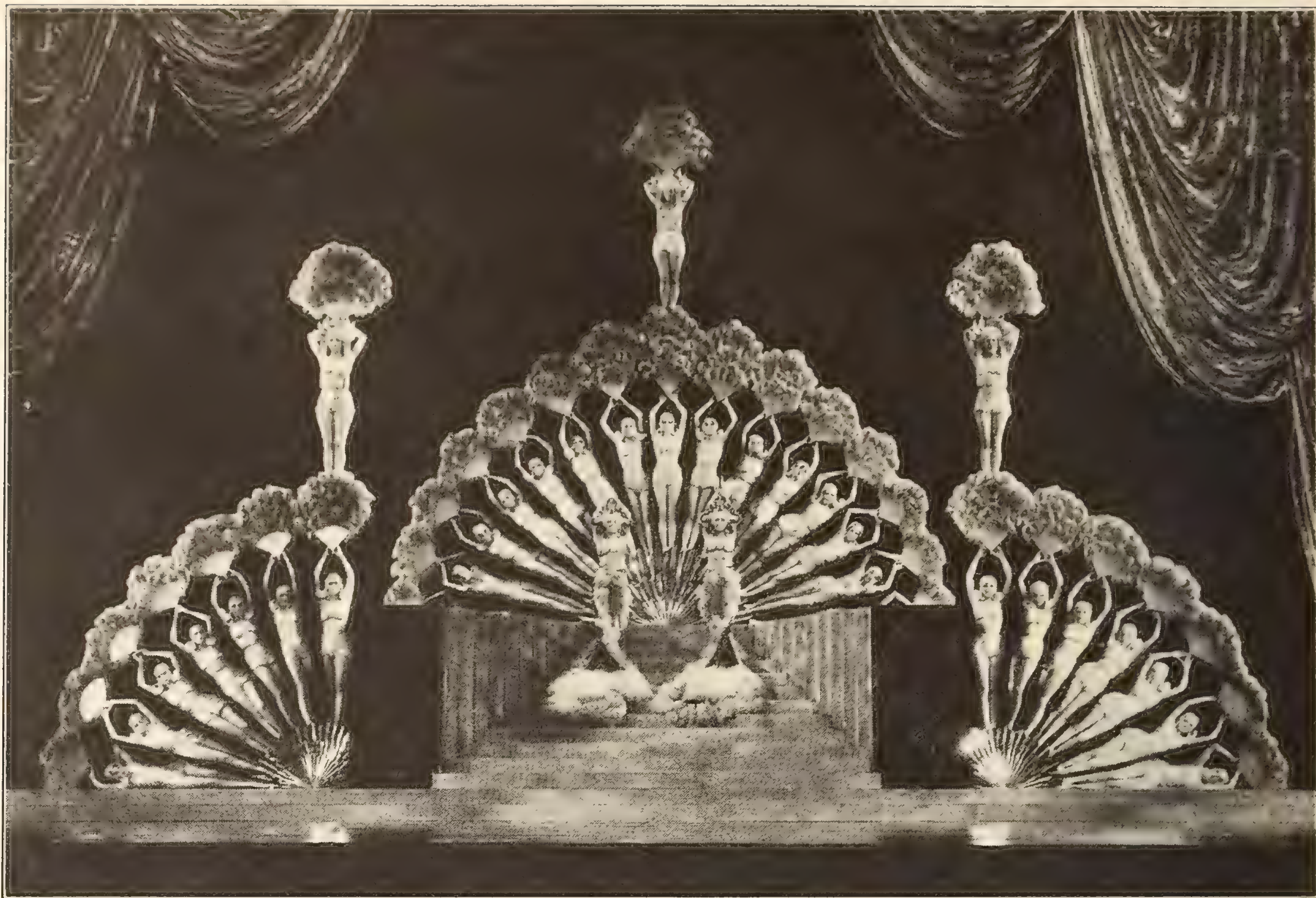


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Another of those big spectacular song-and-dance ensembles coming from Hollywood. It is "The Turn of a Fan" number from the Metro-Goldwin review, "The March of Time." In the immediate foreground (on the steps) are the Dodge Sisters.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 110)

thirteen month year, because we will get thirteen copies of your wonderful magazine instead of twelve. And this is one time thirteen will be a lucky number. The Mary Pickford interview was priceless.

Mrs. B. McMorran,
807 East 55 Street

Against the Garbo Voice

Brooklyn, N. Y.—

Greta Garbo's voice reminded me of twenty tons of coal being dumped into a cellar—too rough. From 'Anna Christie' on, to me, she will be known as the GRATE Garbo.

Joe Eisinger,
2998 West 29 St.

For the Garbo Voice

Atlanta, Ga.—

Greta Garbo's voice in "Anna Christie" gave me a very agreeable surprise. Her Swedish accent is not so pronounced as I had believed it would be, but is apparent only enough to add much more charm to her deep, rich voice and her strange mysterious personality.

W. M. Jackson,
277 Little St. S. E.

Admires Home Town Stories

Oak Park, Illinois—

Your plan of writing the history of stars, from their childhood and life in the old home town to their experiences in Hollywood is indeed a splendid scheme and most interesting.

H. G. Ellsworth,
240 So. Maple Ave.

From a Modern Girl

Texarkana, Arkansas—

I'm like most girls of today. I like motion pictures and I like the magazines about them. But formerly I had to buy two or three different magazines to obtain all of the information about the lives of the actors and the pictures that I wanted to know, but now I can get all I want to know in one magazine, and that magazine is the NEW MOVIE. Gentlemen, you have a reader for life!

Virginia M. Whalen,
2122 Hickory Street

Doesn't Like Chevalier

Grand Junction, Colo.—

Why do you hear so much raving over Maurice Chevalier? I fail to see the attraction. He is not even good-looking

and as for his singing voice Lupino Lane left him in his dust. The Love Parade would have been a complete flop if it hadn't been bolstered up by the antics of Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth.

Pearl O'Moore,
864 Colorado Avenue

From a Sick-a-bed

St. Catherines, Ont. Canada—

Someone just gave me a copy of the New Movie Magazine and believe me its a peach, so much about all our favorites for only 10 cents. Movie books are the only means we sick-a-beds have of knowing what is going on in the movie world—so you can imagine what a boon a 10-cent magazine means to us who aren't overly blessed with money.

Emily Purton,
Sanatorium

More Stanlaws' Covers Coming

Rumford, Maine—

Your covers are beautiful. Here's hoping you have many more Penryhn Stanlaws. Would like to see one of Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Talmadge and Clara Bow.

R. W. Russell,
6 Prospect Ave.

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 111)

Johnny looked at him sharply. "What are you trying to do, get me mad?"

"Bright boy! Now look here, Johnny! You've given me the grandest blow-out I've even had, but there's still one thing lacking."

"What's that?"

"How did our jamborees at college usually wind up?"

"Going home—unless we happened to get in a fight."

"Bright boy! Say, remember that night in Benton Harbor after we'd lost out in the Big Ten Championship?"

"I'll bet there's one keeper of a Polish speakeasy won't ever forget it," grinned Johnny.

"Say if that Bozo had wrapped that chair around the front of your face instead of the back of your neck, you wouldn't be out here making pictures—"

"Forget pictures!" said Johnny.

"That's it! Don't you see now why Heaven sent Onondaga to these parts? How would it seem, Johnny—you and me fighting together again—and against Onondaga?"

"They've got it coming to them," mused Johnny.

"Primed for an ambush!" agreed Mule. "Can I have Mr. O'Brien?"

"Better leave him to me," growled Johnny, as he started up the corridor.

But when they had reached the door of the Onondaga suite, Mule stopped him.

"You just wait here a moment. 'Movie Star Busts Up Biltmore Hotel' wouldn't look so pretty in the papers."

"To hell with the papers." Johnny put his hand on the door knob.

"No, you don't!" cried Mule thrusting him aside. "I'm not going to be responsible for ruining the career of the only movie star Madison has ever produced. I'm going in first and turn out the lights. No one can recognize even a movie star in the dark."

The Onondaga boys had gone into a huddle to consider the possibility of crashing Arabella's Beverly Hills estate the next day, when Mule's long and powerful arm reached through the door and felt for the switch. Followed darkness. Followed a crunching impact against the chin of the unfortunate Mr. O'Brien. Then the sound-proof door closed with an irrevocable bang.

When the house detectives finally arrived, Johnny and Mule had already departed *via* the enclosed fire escape, and in the shadowy recesses of the Rolls town car were moving swiftly down the Biltmore's private driveway.

"Well," asked Johnny, "what did you think of it?"

"Slickerino," pronounced Mule, who was quite obviously missing a tooth. "But I thought we left a couple of 'em still conscious."

"That's right," sighed Johnny. "We could have done better with a little more light."

"Still," said Mule, "considering the handicaps it was what I should call an enjoyable occasion."

"You're a grand guy, Mule!"

"You're no wash-out yourself, Johnny. And now would it be lese majesty if I pulled out one of these dinky seats and rested my feet there-on?"

"I was thinking of doing the same
(Continued on page 115)



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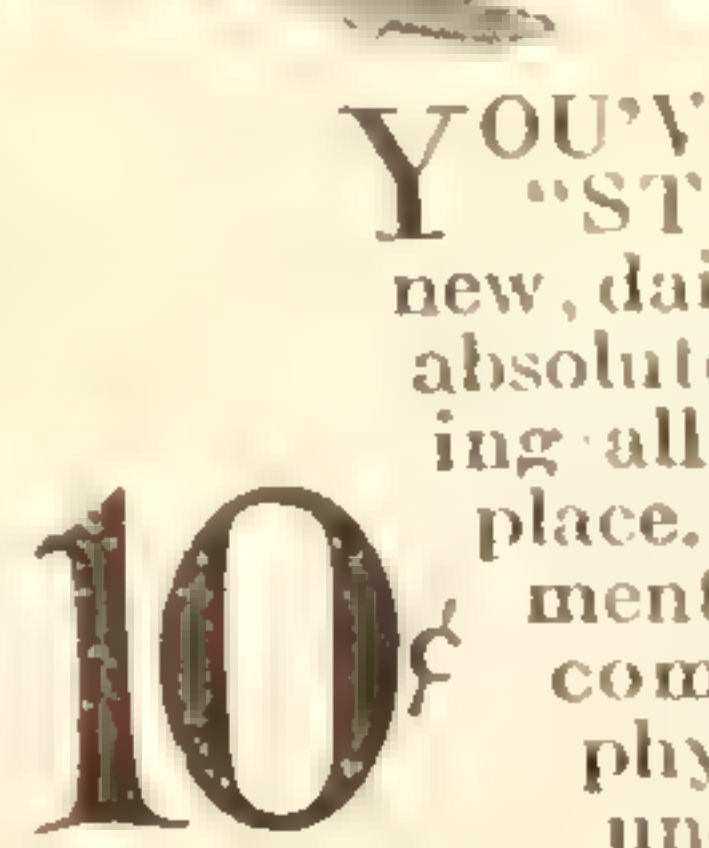
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5 & 10¢ STORES



Photograph by Stagg

THE NEW MOVIE had its own photographer at the wedding of Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. This was snapped five minutes after the ceremony.

The Case for Jack Gilbert

(Continued from page 26)

bored or when life seems a monotone in gray, they like to go to Jack's house on the hill, because it won't be gray there for sure. It may be black or scarlet or white, but it won't be gray.

One reason that people don't always get Jack is that he talks a lot and, like all emotional talkers, is often carried away with himself, or his subject.

Ramon Novarro, who is quiet and reserved to the *nth* degree, told me that one day Jack came into his suite at the Marguery in New York, and that he had never been so fascinated or so amazed at anyone in his life.

"The way he can talk," said Ramon. "The words. And imagine getting so excited and feeling so deeply about everything. It was very thrilling."

His despair and his delight, his exuberance and his depression, are actually too intense. He suffers from them, from their violent changes and reactions. But perhaps that's what makes him able to stir audiences.

I HAVE had people tell me that Jack reminds them in many ways of Enrico Caruso. It doesn't sound illogical.

If you like calm people, who are always the same, you wouldn't care much for Jack Gilbert. If you like color and change, you would.

Naturally, a person like that is capable of ardent likes and dislikes.

Well, he didn't like Jim Tully.

That, however, doesn't argue him abnormal. There are others. I myself like Jim immensely. I like him and I admire his astounding ability with a typewriter. He is a super-sensitive and sentimental Irishman, whom life treated very badly in his early years. He developed a terrific hatred for life and a real inferiority complex. He took them out in fighting back, and naturally in fighting life his attacks were often directed against those human beings who represented something which he resented at that time. In his last great

(Continued on page 116)

Be Sure to read

Adela Rogers St. Johns

in THE NEW MOVIE every month

One Starry Night

(Continued from page 113)

thing myself," laughed Johnny.

So, with their feet reposing on the imported velvet upholstery, the two friends surveyed each other even as Ulysses and Agamemnon might have done after the sack of Troy.

"Like old times," hazarded Johnny, "You and me riding back to the campus after one of our old pee-rades."

"Then we had to pay ten cents to ride in a street car and tonight we're being chauffeured in a Rolls."

"What's the difference? It's us being us that counts."

"You're right, Johnny. It seems to me on occasions like this I always slept the last few miles home."

"I'll beat you to it," said Johnny.

So as the competent chauffeur threaded his way through the narrow downtown streets, bowled along broad Wilshire and finally cork-screwed his way up the perilous road that led to Johnny's mountainside villa, the two friends slept, oblivious and content.

When the car finally stopped at the porte cochere they woke, refreshed and sober. As they stepped out, Mule paused and drew in great drafts of the keen night air.

"Mind if I look around a bit?"

"Of course not. You see right over there behind the shrubbery is the Italian garden. The fountain is a genuine importation—cost thirty thousand, but it's the only one like it in California. On the second level is my swimming pool and tennis court. We'll have a whirl at both in the morning. And way down below—that red-tiled building—is my stable. I'm going in for polo in the spring."

"It's beautiful," said Mule sincerely, "It's marvelous. But it's not good enough for you, Johnny."

"Or for you either, Mule. It's damned foolishness to think of you going back to coal and ice in Omaha. Between Sylvia and Arabella and me, we'll get you into pictures. If you don't like acting, there's the business end. Plenty of money in that, too."

"Oh, lay off, Johnny! I'd look swell in pictures, I would. All I've done my first night is to get you into a fight and assist in a bust up between you and this here Arabella."

"Oh, don't worry about Arabella," said Johnny easily. "She'll call up in the morning and, after I've had her on the line for about half an hour, I'll consent to forgive her."

"Then what happened tonight won't make any difference?"

"Not a bit of it. We've had these things before—plenty of 'em. No—it won't make the least bit of difference."

"Well I'm glad to hear that," said Mule with unaffected relief. "It's done me a lot of good to find you so happy and set out here. You see—well, one of the reasons I came was to tell you I'm the fellow Mary Winton's going to marry in the Spring."

"Mule!—You don't mean it?—you and Mary!"

"Sure, now you see, don't you, why I ducked out on that Sylvia Mama? Why Johnny, what's the matter? You aren't sore are you? I thought that with Arabella and everything—"

"Sore, of course, I'm not sore. You and Mary—it's the greatest thing I ever heard of in all my life! I want the whole story from you in the morning. Here comes Kito now to take you to your room."

"G'night, Johnny. Great to have seen you."

"Great to have seen you, Mule."

Kito led Mule through the carved, arched doorway, but Johnny remained behind. For a moment he steadied himself against the marble balustrade of his terrace, looking down on his possessions. Below him lay his landscaped gardens, his tennis courts, his swimming pool and polo stables. Beyond that the "million dollar view"—dark slope of hill, dipping down to a twinkling plain of lights that stretched interminably to the sea. Beyond that the misty vastness of the Pacific itself. Beyond that—nothing!

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

By Herb Howe

Tells you all the intimate, inside facts of moviedom



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Much fine fiction entertainment is in store for our readers.



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE



Guess who this is? Ramon Novarro, no less. Playing the original clown, with a breaking heart, too. In other words, Mr. Novarro does Pagliacci in an opera sequence of his new picture, "The Singer of Seville."

The Case for Jack Gilbert

(Continued from page 114)

book, "Shadows of Men," the wisdom of maturity shows through, the wisdom which tells you that sort of thing is a waste of energy and may be tinged with injustice, and his work has gained so that he may be justly called Jack London's successor in American literature.

He had, some time ago, said things about Mr. Gilbert which Mr. Gilbert resented as too personal.

Silly, of course. We all told Jack it was silly. There is nothing to do with a thing like that except ignore it. Ignoring things is a great weapon and a great defense.

But not one likely to be in the equipment of a firebrand like Jack Gilbert.

And anyway, those things do hurt.

So one night when Mr. Gilbert and his wife dropped into the Brown Derby for a little supper and found Mr. Tully drinking a cup of coffee, Jack lost his head and his temper and called Mr.

Tully to account. It's been done before.

Now, Jim Tully looks like an army tank going into action. Personally, I would as soon think of attacking a gorilla. Moreover, those who saw Mr. Tully during his career in the prize ring claim for him some measure of skill in the manly art of scrambling ears. But Jack had the courage of his convictions and a fair amount of boxing skill. The bout was brief, chiefly because Mr. Tully, seeing the light of battle in Jack's eyes, started slinging punches before Jack had finished delivering his ultimatum.

That, upon my word, is all there was to the famous battle of Hollywood. Both the boys have been sorry since. Jim Tully almost wept about the thing. Jack knows now that the time of duelling is over, though I am sure he wishes it wasn't. They have shaken hands and called it a day.

There has been also, it seems to me, a woeful and slightly childish tendency upon the part of some to confuse Mr. Gilbert in person with the parts he has to portray on the screen. Jack hasn't much more to do with the parts he plays than a doctor with the cases he tends. If a doctor happens to perform a successful operation on an appendix, he is very apt to find before long that he is a specialist in appendix removal.

JACK happened to make a big hit in a part where he played the impassioned lover in a story by Elinor Glyn. He needed the job and he thought he was fortunate to get it. Like many an Elinor Glyn story before it—or IT if you prefer—there were some love scenes. In fact "His Hour" was spent almost entirely in impassioned love scenes.

Now, as mentioned before, Jack was an actor—and a good one. Moreover, if you think for a moment, you will become convinced that almost every man knows the general gestures and ordinary mechanics of love scenes as impassioned as those were. They are the same in nearly every language and have been indulged in by the vast majority of males.

And, unless husbands tell less than the truth, most of it up to the time they met their present wives was all just acting anyhow.

So! Jack called upon his histrionic ability and his past experience—probably little different from that of any other young gent in his late twenties—and did it very well. Unfortunately, like the appendicitis operation, it was successful and Jack became a specialist—and has remained a specialist much against his will for some time.

The things Jack really loves to do are the swashbuckling parts—I will bet a million that if he could buy "The Three Musketeers" right now from Fairbanks he would rather play D'Artagnan than anything else in the world.

The advent of Garbo and their co-starring parts, cinched him into what have been called "great lover" parts. Just why, I don't know. Perhaps I have been fortunate, but I didn't see anything so different about Jack's love-making to the variety that many of the women I know have encountered, both in love affairs and in marriage. Perhaps Jack's technique was better, but you must remember that he had rehearsals.

And to assume that Mr. John Gilbert goes around making impassioned love to every woman he meets is silly. Jack admires beautiful women. I have yet to find a man who doesn't. He likes interesting women. But to call Jack a sheik or anything like that, off the screen, or to intimate that he has ever wished to be a sheik, displays abysmal ignorance of the man. The funny part of it is that the man in Hollywood who might qualify for the rôle a lot of people want to wish on Jack Gilbert is a gray-haired director whose face hasn't been seen on the screen for years.

Jack has had love affairs. Most men have. Jack's have been spotlighted. Look over the men you know and see if most of them haven't roamed about at one time or another. Jack is an attractive man. Women like him. But he doesn't notice it any more than any other male of the species.

About three years ago—during the time that Jack was devoted to Greta

Garbo, and again that doesn't seem unusual since millions of people react to her screen presence with ardor—I had a long talk with Jack. He was blue and a trifle discouraged. He spoke rather beautifully of what a happy marriage must mean to a man, a marriage in which two people were mentally mated. There was something very gentle and a little lonely about his talk that day and I wondered if the strange and wonderful Garbo was giving him a bad time. A man doesn't, in the majority of cases, choose the woman with whom he falls in love. Life would indeed be much simpler if he could.

That yearning which had been his for some time is the answer to Jack's swift courtship and sudden marriage to Ina Claire. He told me soon after they were married that he had found the nicest grown-up person he had ever known and that he intended to keep her if he could.

But marriages founded upon three week's acquaintance need considerable adjustment. The getting acquainted, which usually occupies a period before the actual ceremony, must take place afterwards. Both Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were mature people, pretty well set in their ways of life, both used to being the center of the establishment. Perhaps both had been a trifle spoiled.

It doesn't seem amazing, therefore, if they took a bit of time to work things out. Surely, it was their business if they wished to live in separate houses for a time. Fannie Hurst and her husband have done that successfully for years.

AT this writing Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert have been living together in Jack's house, although Ina Claire is now in New York. They were together at the Lowell-Sherman wedding and at Pickfair the other evening and seemed happy and devoted. When his wife started for New York, Jack saw her off. I still believe that marriage will survive—which is all any marriage ever does.

The much discussed episode in Europe seems to me natural enough. I mean, even happy married folks do have a spat now and then. Maybe you've seen them yourself. They don't mean much—unless you happen to be so famous that an ordinary lover's quarrel is headline news. I expect a lot of people are glad they can disagree at a party without finding it broadcast over two continents.

At times, Jack has earned a lot of money. His salary is enormous. He took the same bump in the stock market a lot of people did. In this country, the fortune he has amassed isn't anything remarkable. I know quite ordinary people who bought frontage on Hollywood Boulevard who made more just by letting it sit there. And I am still not able to believe that the possession of money renders one immune to every other ill.

It seems to me that Jack Gilbert at this moment is in the spot of the man who was asked, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" Whether he says yes or no, he's still wrong.

But I also believe that he'll weather this, with the help of a few loyal friends and a very large loyal public. While he doesn't talk about it, I know from his friends and his business associates that he intends to make the supreme effort of his life in his next pictures. They ought to be good. And if they are—that's all that matters.

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Is that Jack or Lionel Barrymore at the left? No, you're wrong. It's Eddie Nugent doing an impersonation. At the right, Eddie as himself.

They Do Their Bit

(Continued from page 49)

screen, or an eagle screaming, or a donkey braying, or a bee buzzing, or a giraffe—what do you call the sort of noise a giraffe makes?—squealing, perhaps, the chances are a good many to one that you're imagining things.

Because horses and roosters and frogs and crickets and other animals and fowls and insects used in motion pictures cannot be depended upon to do their vocal stuff at the right moment and with the proper amount of dramatic emphasis, their "voices" are often doubled. And that's just where the count fits into the talking picture.

USING only his vocal chords, he can produce any sound, from the song of a lovesick mosquito to the rumble of an earthquake. The sea waves you heard in "Condemned," the hurricane, the swamp noises, the frogs, goats, parrots, monkeys and the rest of the sounds—can all be checked up to Count Cutelli. He also sang the dog's serenade in Maurice Chevalier's "The Love Parade."

He has just been signed to double the "voices" of animated cartoon characters. He also is a soloist on the Italian zither, but this is one noise which, so far, no director has permitted him to produce on a set.

Gaetano Mazzaglia, to use his family name, is a real Italian count whose ancestors began serving the Italian crown seven hundred years ago.

JOYZELLE, French-Spanish daughter of a Louisiana plantation owner, has specialized in dancing-acting rôles. Joyzelle Joynier—she never uses her full name—was nine before she saw a train. At thirteen she was living at Pensacola and thrilling audiences with 100-foot dives. She learned to dance to the tune of her father's violin on

the plantation. She has never had a dancing lesson.

Jack Ryan has specialized in "cop" parts. He estimates that he has played at least 1500 police officer rôles during his screen career, which dates from the time he was discharged from the Fourth Division, 127th Aero Squadron, at the close of the war. Previous to the war he spent fourteen years on the New York police force. Fred Kelsey is another noted screen policeman.

ALLEN D. SEWELL has arrested enough screen crooks to fill twenty-five state penitentiaries. Punishment of law-breakers, fictional or otherwise, comes naturally to Sewell who is a direct descendant of Samuel Sewell, stern first chief justice of Massachusetts.

Risking his life to provide thrills for jaded motion picture theater goers is J. Gordon Carveth's specialty. He has done his share of airplane, automobile and motorcycle stunts, but possibly the most thrilling scene he played before a camera occurred when he and Ray "Red" Thompson attempted to take a boat down the upper rapids of the Abercrombie Canyon on the Copper River in Alaska during the filming of "The Trail of '98." Thompson lost his life and Carveth was swept overboard but lived to tell the tale.

In "Very Confidential" he paddled a canoe on Lake Arrowhead directly across the path of a speedboat traveling 40 miles an hour. He is the only man who has paddled a canoe down the Feather River Rapids and lived to mention it. He has done it twice and is willing to do it again—for \$1,000.

The ranks of these particular specialists in Hollywood comprise a select few.

Mrs. Louis Emmons has been playing old hags and witches, and nothing else,

Want to know how the Movie Stars give parties? Want to give a party in real Hollywood fashion? Read

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

in THE NEW MOVIE every month.

on the screen since 1910. One of her most recent rôles was that of an old gypsy hag in John Barrymore's "General Crack." She is a graduate of the College of Notre Dame in San Jose, California, and of Mills College, Oakland. Her mother's brother J. Neely Johnson, was one of California's first governors.

ONE of Hollywood's outstanding specialists, and finest characters, is "Pardner" Jones, who admits only upon close questioning that back in Arizona years and years ago he was christened Edgar. Pardner is recognized generally as the best marksman in the business with a .44 Winchester.

This mild, steady nerved son of the plains is the one rifleman whom stars and extras alike will permit to plunk holes through their hats and buttons from their vests before the camera. Pardner gave up his cattle ranch in the Salt River Valley of Arizona fourteen years ago to enter pictures. He did the "close" shooting attributed to Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall in "The Covered Wagon."

One of the highest ranking specialists is Mrs. Hilda Grenier, technical adviser on matters pertaining to European royalty. Her intimate knowledge of court life, and of what queens talk about while they're powdering their noses, was gained through five years of close personal attendance upon the present Queen of England. She also spent five years with the late Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest sister of the Kaiser.

One Hollywood specialist has gone on strike. He is Frank Dunn, stage actor who has sickened of playing nothing but butler rôles during his five years in the film city. "No more butler parts for me," he says. "I've announced, 'Madam dinner is served,' for the last time." Edgar Norton is another and even better known butler specialist.

RESEMBLANCE to George V. of England naturally has thrown George Herbert Van Dyke into the position of one of the screen's most prominent diplomats. No really distinguished gathering of screen statesmen is complete without Van Dyke.

Listed in the Standard Casting Directory is Dick McQueen, hustling young 19-year-old talking parrot, who also sings grand opera. His advertisement states he has been fourteen years before the public.

Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen bought Dick when he was a few months old. His vocabulary includes 400 words, all of which can be used in polite society. According to Mrs. McQueen, Dick, who has never been ill in his life, probably will live to the ripe old age of 165 years.

BECAUSE of his extensive French wardrobe, his French speech and mannerisms, and the most beautiful set of whiskers this side of Paris, no French scene is complete without August Tollaie. This little ex-college professor plays nothing but excitable Frenchmen. And although it has nothing whatever to do with the story it should be recorded here that he gives those whiskers a milk bath every Sunday morning.

Ben Hall has found few rivals in his successful quest for sympathetic young boob parts.

Emory D. Emory and Chester Morton are the human skeletons.

William Parmalee is always called upon when a "bearded woman" is needed in a picture.

Jack Hoeffler specializes as a boomerang thrower, while Henry Lacey is paged whenever a boleadora thrower is wanted.

John Impolito and Sam Angus are among Hollywood's leading gondoliers.

Steve Clentos specializes as a knife
(Continued on page 120)



TIME TO GO- but still time to use MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose; your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a dainty habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spreading a little Mum on the sanitary napkin makes one serenely safe from offense. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.



Even baseball practise is conducted in a big way in Hollywood. Here you have Buster Keaton taking up spring training on the lawn of his Beverly Hills estate. Yes, Buster is a violent baseball fan.

They Do Their Bit

(Continued from page 119)



WHAT PRICE «COMPACT!»

Here are the most amazing values imaginable. Thousands of women, during the last fifteen years, have learned to appreciate the superfine qualities of "Ash's" and "Deere" brand cosmetics.

Just think, women who formerly paid as high as two dollars for a lipstick and even four and five dollars for a compact, now find pleasure and economy in using the clever "Ash's" lipsticks and the equally clever and attractive Red and Green enamel powder and rouge compacts.



You too, may learn that it is utterly unnecessary to pay high prices in order to get fine cosmetics. Walk into any chain store and look for the famous Red and Green cases. There are lipsticks, cake powder compacts, sifter compacts for your own loose powder, and eyebrow pencils. Every one is absolutely pure in content and you will surely delight in the modern colors and beautiful finish of the cases.

Just to be positive that you are getting "Ash's" and "Deere" brand cosmetics, always look for the little buff-colored guarantee slip to be found in every compact, and the word "Ash's" stamped on every lipstick.

REICH-ASH products, in almost every conceivable type and in all price ranges are

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thrower and, although he has buried shivering blades into panels alongside of the heads and arms of shivering stars for years, he hasn't scratched one yet.

Jacques Ray is Hollywood's best fire eater, while Jack Knapp specializes in bow-legged cowboy parts.

Mrs. Ely Swickard gets occasional studio employment because of her ability as a spinner and weaver.

CHARLEY MEAKIN is the screen's most prominent bartender. Five feet ten, weighing 200 pounds, slightly bald and blessed with that look of understanding so necessary to a bartender's success, Meakin has been swabbing bars before the camera for many years. He has tried again and again to lead a better life on the screen but the directors would never permit it.

Recently he was called to fill a bar-

tending job in a picture directed by the European, Dr. Berthold Viertel.

Only as a matter of routine he was sent to Dr. Viertel for inspection before signing a contract.

"Fine," approved the director. "Exactly the man for that banker rôle. But where can we get a good type for the bartender?"

Al Copeland has never yet failed to make good his guarantee to set up and put into running order on any studio lot a complete circus in less than 48 hours' time. He erected a five-ring circus for Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves," complete from peanuts to elephants. He has supplied forty-one circuses to studios in the last ten years. Formerly general manager for Ringling Brothers, he has his own circus which he sends out each Spring from its winter quarters in Hollywood. He has a staff and company of 300 persons.



International News Photos

Probably the only existing photograph of John Boles with his wife. It was made when Mr. Boles came to New York recently with his wife, to attend the premiere of his picture, "Captain of the Guard."

We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 55)

interviewers who come to see her *chéri*. The door man at the apartment house where Fifi lives says he is all wore out from opening and shutting the front door.

But there are a million men in Southern California willing to take his job.

LUPE VELEZ: In order to save our car fare, while we are down in Mexico, we'll look around and see who else is here. Ah, LUPE VELEZ herself! Well, say, that's luck; it just knocks me for a loopy.

She was born in San Luis Potosi, which is just a couple of jumps from Mexico City, and the date was July 18, 1904, and the name they sprinkled on her was Guadeloupe Velez Villalobos.

Her mother's name was Velez, but when Lupe came to Hollywood she left off the Guade and the o out of the Loupe, and that's how it all happened.

Her father was a colonel in the Mexican army and before Lupe had been taken off the bottle he had been through thirteen revolutions.

One evening her father came home all tuckered out. "You poor darling," said his wife, smoothing his worried brow. "You look so tired. What's the matter?"

"I'm plumb wore out," he answered. "I've been through four revolutions today and I expected only three."

Leaving Mexico between revolutions, Lupe came to Hollywood.

Lupe was a dancer a while and then drifted into pictures, and now the poor little girl from San Luis Potosi has two cars and a Spanish home in Beverly Hills.

No, boys, she is not married, but don't leave home yet. Don't be hasty. There's Dead-shot Gary Cooper. It looks serious between them. Gary, as all good fans know, is very fond of owls; he shoots them and stuffs them himself—and the first present that went into Lupe's new house was a stuffed owl.

If you wish to take the chance, go ahead . . . but remember we warned you. Be sure to have proper identification papers on the body.

CONRAD NAGEL: It's been a long time since Iowa has been heard from, so let me look around for a minute . . . ah! who's that?—CONRAD NAGEL himself—the Pride of Keokuk.

Conrad arrived in Keokuk on the 16th day of March, 1897, both parents being home at the time. But Conrad cost practically nothing, as his Pa was a doctor.

Conrad lived quietly in Keokuk, visiting with his mother and going out only when she went out.

He went to school in Keokuk, finally got his High School diploma and started out to bring the world to its knees, and finally the Pride of Keokuk had to take a job laying bricks. He continued to lay bricks and orate, the latter being something that was growing on him in spite of the best medical attention they could get. Sometimes when he was laying bricks he would pause with a brick in each hand and recite "Over the Hills to the Poor House." No one ever laughed at him. If anybody had, he would have been a fool.

At last he saved up some money and packing the family suitcase he went to Des Moines to college. He was the best college orator on the campus, so don't ever make fun of college orators again, either.

After that he went out with a Chautauqua bureau and traveled over Iowa reciting pieces. People paid money to hear him. It shows what living in Iowa will do to you.

From being a Chautauqua reciter, he gave a jump and landed in vaudeville, and then the first thing Iowa knew he was on Broadway in a regular stage play.

Now comes the sad part, girls. Ruth Helms beat you to it. They live at 715 North Palm Drive, Hollywood, and are as happy as half a dozen turtle doves.

His hobby is yachting and he's never happier than when walking up and down the deck of his yacht with a pair of binoculars over his shoulders. It just shows what a good bricklayer can accomplish.

Now stand up, Conrad Nagel, and defend yourself.

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Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 75)



"Aunt" Lila Tucker, nurse of William Haines, the movie star. Aunt Lila became a servant in the family of Haines' grandparents and continued in their service for two generations.

church school records show William was a regular attendant in early life.

William's father and grandfather were cigar manufacturers, having their factory on the second floor of a store building in West Beverley Street, Staunton. Quite a reputation was made by these men as makers of excellent brands of cigars. And William, just a kid, used to work at times in the factory.

The boy spent a great deal of time with his grandparents, whose home he passed going to and from school. They were quite fond of him as a kid, but as he grew older, family records indicate that the grandfather lost patience with the future movie star.

"He'll never amount to anything," the grandfather would say. "He never thinks of anything but silk pajamas, silk underwear and good clothes. And the way he decorates his room! Pictures of all kinds, and everything fancy!"

ONE of Haines' most enthusiastic admirers in his home town is "Aunt" Lila Tucker, a true type of Southern darkey, born in Nelson County, Virginia, but a Haines family servant for years. "Aunt" Lila nursed William when he was a baby. Lila worked, she says, twenty years for William's grandparents on North New Street. Later she left the old folks and moved to William's home, just one block north of the old Haines' home-place.

It was while she was here that William was born. Some time later, the parents moved to the home-place, where they occupied the second floor. Here for only a short time, William's parents moved to North Coalter Street, where the mother engaged in the dressmaking business, and where William spent most of his early boyhood. From here, the parents moved to Richmond, Virginia.

"William warn't so good as a baby," the old Negro says. "As he grewed older I offun says dat boy war going to be a great actor some day."

William went to the public schools and the R. E. Lee High School of Staunton. While the records are not complete, it is believed that he completed the seven elementary grammar grades and two years of high school work. His record while in the first year High School, however, is intact. This, with reminiscences of his teachers, vouches for the fact that William was never a student. In the grammar grades, it appears that he was regularly promoted from grade to grade, never making brilliant marks in his studies.

Interesting facts about William Haines may be learned from his former High School teachers.

"He was a nice, lovely boy," his English and history teacher relates. "While he never failed to show respect for his teachers, he appeared to have no ambition to excel in his studies."

THIS instructor tells the story of Haines' first public declamation. He was a member of the school literary society but, whenever assigned a part on the program he would always beg off with the plea that it was simply impossible for him to speak in public.

"In the first place, I couldn't learn it, and in the second place, I know I would forget it when I got before the audience," was the plea. Nevertheless, his teacher persisted, finally persuading him to memorize "England and Her Policies of Taxation."

"He did learn it," this teacher relates, "and he spoke it with credit. Much time did we spend together in preparing for this first accomplishment in his literary career."

Haines' Latin and Algebra teacher despaired of him many times. He was a mediocre student, she says, always with a sad, wistful expression on his face, particularly at recitation time in Latin.

Practically every person who knew the youthful William Haines says his love and devotion to his mother were outstanding. You couldn't be with him without realizing that his mother was first and last in his mind. This devotion was manifested by him to all members of his family, and is certainly evident now, as he has his mother,

father and brothers with him at Los Angeles. And he has given an aunt, and other members of his family, trips to Hollywood.

Proving his love for his mother, an uncle says that as a lad of five or six years of age, when his mother went down town, William would "come as far as the porch steps and holler his head off." The further she got away from home, "the louder William would holler."

THE boy never loafed in the summer-time but was always making money in some way. His great urge, it seems, was to be able to help his mother and father. One summer he painted iron bedsteads at Staunton Military Academy, the closest he ever got to this school. His North Coalter Street home was within a few yards of the Academy and, at close range, he watched the cadets in all their activities.

Evidently feeling that he had no future in Staunton, Haines, together with several other boys, ran away from home and landed at Hopewell, Virginia, a thriving, bustling city that sprang up during the World War. The worried parents of the runaway boys got together and sent the local chief of police to Hopewell to bring them back. When they were located and William was about to be forcibly returned, his boss asked the chief to get in touch with Haines' parents. He wanted William to remain. So William stayed on at Hopewell, being visited a short time later by his mother. Peace was made and the family later moved to Richmond to be near him.

In the spring of 1919 William came back to Hopewell and Staunton on a short visit. Later he went to Richmond with his family. Here he secured a position as floorwalker in a department store.

WILLIAM did not like his Richmond job. He went on to New York City, where he secured a position in Wall Street with the Straus Bond Company. He was with this bond company when approached on the street by a movie scout and asked if he would try his luck in films. This he did, the trial being given by the old Goldwyn Company.

About 1926 Haines returned to Staunton for a visit. On this trip, however, William did visit relatives and friends. One of them on North Coalter Street tells the following story of his visit.

At the moment the Staunton matron was entertaining the local Catholic priest.

"I saw this young man all dressed up, derby, white gloves, spats and cane," she said. "He fooled me for the moment, but I instantly recognized his mother; it flashed across my mind that it was no one but little Billie Haines. He threw his arms around me and kissed me just as he used to do. He was the same old Billie."

In the course of conversation with the priest that afternoon, William said to him: "Do you know, sir, I have never forgotten the bread and butter I used to get at this house."

Staunton looks upon William Haines as an unspoiled native son.

NEXT MONTH:

The Home Town Story of
RICHARD DIX

Lucille, Joan and Mrs. Doug

(Continued from page 52)

rushed along at so swift a pace—she is still in her early twenties—that those deeper feelings which are predicated upon thought have not yet come her way, to any extent.

The first of them was her love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Young Doug, as he is affectionately known in Hollywood.

Up to the time that they met, Joan had been a wild young thing—wild chiefly because she was young and because, I am sure, she was lonely.

Many stories have been written about the loneliness of New York, the terrible homesickness of girls who go there to conquer the greatest of America's cities. Some day one will be written about the loneliness that can be in Hollywood. Especially for young girls who come West without any connections, without any friends. For Hollywood is a place made up of many small cliques and while it is essentially warm-hearted, it is also careless, and often too busy to notice newcomers. Doors aren't actually closed against the stranger within our gates. But they just never think to open them.

ALSO Joan labored under the handicap of being a very dangerous-looking young person. In fact, she looked seductive and naughty and as though wrecking homes might be her favorite indoor sport. As far as I know she never did wreck any homes, and her character doesn't correspond with her appearance. But in the beginning she was naturally judged by her appearance and the women didn't rush out to take her to their bosoms as they might have done had she looked like Mary Brian or Janet Gaynor. You know how women are.

So Joan, who was young and eager for life and not at all anxious to spend her time sitting alone in a hotel room, fell back upon men for companionship and upon night clubs and cafés for her social pleasures.

During those first years you nearly always saw Joan, strikingly beautiful, stunningly and somewhat bizarrely gowned, if you happened into the Biltmore on a Saturday night, or the Ambassador on Friday, or the Montmartre on Wednesday.

Sometimes the heir to the Cudahy millions was her escort. Sometimes her leading man, sometimes several handsome college boys. But I remember staring at her one night across the dance floor of the Biltmore and thinking that she didn't look as though she was very happy, or as though she was having such a riotously good time.

SEEING her thus, her hair newly dyed red for purposes of the camera, her young face set and her eyes cold, dressed in black with big, black picture hats, it is no wonder that people spoke of Joan Crawford as "wild." Then, too, she had been a chorus girl, and that told against her, broadminded as we are in Hollywood.

Then she met and fell in love with Doug. And there happened to her what has happened to women since the beginning of time. Love didn't change

(Continued on Page 124)



Herb Howe, as "The Hollywood Boulevardier," continues to be a leading favorite with readers of The New Movie Magazine. The next best thing to living in Hollywood yourself . . . follow his monthly budget of news.

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

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Movie.

Watch for the Buddy
Rogers photos in the next
issue. They will be the first
ever published of his beau-
tiful Hollywood home.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE



Either Sue Carol and her husband, Dick Stuart, are cutting down on garage
expenses or they are just doing this for fun.

Lucille, Joan and Mrs. Doug

(Continued from page 123)

her. It is my belief that people never
change fundamentally. The things
they do and are throughout life are
always within them, always possibili-
ties. A hill with gold beneath its sur-
face isn't a gold mine until somebody
discovers the gold and begins digging
it out. But the gold was always there.

All the sweet and womanly things,
all the true and fine things, that had
always been in Joan Crawford and
that had kept her from being anything
but youthfully wild and maybe a little
foolish, were brought to the surface by
her desire to be the woman she wanted
Douglas to have for a wife.

Having found her man, she wanted
a home, she wanted marriage, and I
think she wants children as soon as
the first flare of romance has subsided
a little. The same strength of char-
acter she had displayed in her hard-
working, consistent effort for screen
success displayed itself in her love life.
She abandoned all the make-shifts for
happiness once happiness itself was
within her grasp.

Girls everywhere have been doing the
same things for years. Doug and Joan
are like any other young couple who
are madly in love and to whom mar-
riage is new and wonderful. It is a
perfect picture of young love at its
best—a *grande passion* of youth.

JOAN is a little shy in her new rôle.
She is terribly conscious that she
hasn't been trained to be a wife or to
run a house. When she started to fur-
nish the home she and Douglas had
bought near Beverly Hills, she was so
funny and so pathetic that I shall never
forget her.

Hope Loring, one of the most famous
of Hollywood scenario writers, is her
best friend and spiritual advisor—and
a very wonderful one for any girl
to have. And she used to come run-
ning to Hope's perfectly appointed and
perfectly run English home and sit
down on the floor and howl.

"I don't know what to do with the
hall," she would say. "I don't know
what to do in my bedroom. It's ter-
rible. Oh, Hope, will you help me?
I do so want to make a nice home for
Douglas."

(She doesn't always call him Dodo,
in spite of reports.)

Everything about her has changed.
She looks young again, floweringly
young. Her eyes are wide open and look
at life with joy. Her thoughts are wrapt
up in her husband. A new dignity has
come to her and she behaves with de-
corum and a quaint little deference to
his wishes and his tastes.

Her admiration for him is boundless.

"There's nothing he can't do," she
said to me the other night. "He writes
poetry. And he can draw. And he
writes plays and articles and screen
stories. He's read everything. He's
a marvelous athlete. Really, I don't
suppose there ever was another boy like
Dodo."

It is a girl's first great love. But,
being Joan Crawford, she puts
strength and fire into it beyond the
ordinary girl's range of feeling and
thought.

I believe that given proper stories,
Joan Crawford's big days are still
ahead of her. With her, I always get
the feeling that, while Doug has re-
vealed the depths of her woman's na-
ture, there are still raw and undis-
covered talents, still mental fields,
which haven't even been touched.

Now, Joan is a fascinating, vivid
girl, made lovely by the glow of a real
love.

I shall be terribly anxious to see
what she's like ten years from now,
when she has become a woman. There
aren't many young girls one meets
nowadays who awaken that strong
curiosity, that hope that you will be
able to see them ten years from now
because they will be very much worth
while.

Too Nice

(Continued from page 72)

was that I was being looked over like nobody's business and being taken apart to see what made me tick. But it was not long before her talking had me spellbound. The early days of the West, when she lived in Montana and knew all the characters who have made that period famous. Anecdotes about cowboy adventures and gun duels and things you usually read only between the covers of a book. She had lived in every state in the Union at some time or another.

"We've always had the wanderlust," she explained.

I thought of little Jean, being taken from place to place. Always meeting strangers, new school mates. And I understood a little better that reserve which has been hers.

When Jean came down, very slim and pretty—and whatever she thinks of her looks, Howard Chandler Christy and every big artist in New York was glad to have her for his model before she came to Hollywood—we thanked Mrs. Arthur.

"It's been very interesting," I said.

"Well," said Mrs. Arthur, and for the first time since we had walked in she smiled, "I don't know what I would have done without those stories and reminiscences. Jean is always late, you know. Anywhere from five minutes to an hour. And I don't know what I would have talked about to her beaux while they waited if I had not known they were all interested in the early West."

Jean Arthur has not had an easy time of it, by any means. Many a runner would have dropped out of the race with less provocation than she has had.

THE WILLIAM FOX studio scouts signed her up in New York and sent her to Hollywood under a contract.

She was heralded as a find and given all the hopes which go with such publicity.

And then during the entire contract, she did nothing but two-reel comedies. At the end of which time, the Fox studio let her go. That was wallop number one and no small item, either. I once saw a six foot, two hundred pound, twenty-one-year-old boy break down and cry under somewhat the same circumstances. He had been talked into going to a certain college, was told that he would be a star football player, and then was given a place on the goof team. It was too much of a drop for him.

But Jean Arthur did not cave in. She went to work on some more comedies, free lancing. From these she stepped to Westerns. And got the break of her career when she was cast opposite Jack Mulhall in "The Poor Nut," a First National Picture.

When Paramount saw her in that, they signed her up. And events started which led to the scene which opened the story.

JEAN ARTHUR, at the present writing, looks to be one of the few girls in the history of Hollywood who has ever had that tag "too nice" placed upon her and gotten anywhere. Mary Brian is another who surmounted the too-nice description.

What that "nice girl" description does to the one described I do not know. But it is a fact that they said it about Lois Wilson, and for years it kept her from getting anywhere. They say it about Lois Moran and it helps even one of her unquestioned ability not at all; they said it about Florence Vidor and she left the screen—never having overcome the stigma of that "nice person."

Jean Arthur, however, is quite another story.

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Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

SHARON LYNN'S parked automobile broke away from in front of her house in Hollywood the other day, tore down a slight hill and went right through the side of a nice white apartment house and landed in the dressing room of a startled lady who had been in the process of curling her hair.

"I guess they don't build these California houses very well," said the beautiful red-head.

She and Vivian Duncan are said to be running a race to see who can get the most speed tickets in 1930.

"And the only accident I ever had," wails Sharon, "was when I'd parked my car. Isn't that silly?"

MR. AND MRS. HARRY M. WARNER—he's one of the Warner Brothers—have legally adopted the three and one half year old daughter of Lina Basquette and the late Sam Warner.

Corinne Griffith's new beach home at Malibu Beach is all finished. So is Bill Boyd's.

MOTION pictures are employed in a variety of ways in Hollywood. So that it was not much of a surprise to the gentry when a smart lawyer sprung a couple of reels of film on a

jury which was trying a case in which a sixteen-year-old boy was claiming he had been injured by an automobile. The boy said he could not run, throw, and a lot of other things. The motion picture showed that he could. The smart lawyer had hired a camera man to wait near the boy's home and catch him in these activities.

MARIE DRESSLER, Director Bob Leonard, and Sally Eilers were standing outside of one of the sound stages at M-G-M. In the distance Marie saw a man carrying an armful of roses. He dropped a couple of them and did not notice it. Marie yelled at him. He heard her but could not get what she was saying. He stood still. Marie walked towards him and yelled again. Still he did not understand. After more walking and considerably more yelling, he finally got what she meant, turned, picked up the fallen flowers, and went his way—with never a "Thank you."

Marie looked after him, turned and came back to Leonard and Sally and said, still out of breath from yelling, "Serves me right. If I minded my own business more I wouldn't be so tired at night."

Many of the stars, both male and female, attend the Hollywood American Legion fights every week.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 57)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Mrs. Barthelmess wore shining beige lace, straight from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) were present. Mrs. Niblo wore her favorite sky blue, in taffeta. Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, the latter in a marvelously cut but simple frock of white satin, with a very long skirt, set off by emeralds.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) attended. The blonde beauty of Mrs. Sills was set off by a daring frock of dark jade green chiffon, very severely cut. The color was unusual and the lines of the dress fell in straight, almost Grecian folds.

Gene Markey accompanied Irene Delroy, of New York musical comedy fame, who wore black lace and gar-

denias. Beatrice Lillie was also in black and Aileen Pringle wore a tightly fitted gown of pale pink satin, draped with heavy natural colored lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were among the guests. Mrs. Nagel, who is tall and dark, looked lovely in ivory satin. Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter, (Laura La Plante) were present, Miss La Plante's gown being of pure, dead white taffeta.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mannix, Paul Bern, William Powell, John McCormick (Mrs. McCormick who, of course, is Colleen Moore, had just left for the East), Mr. and Mrs. Ben Schulberg, Laddie Sanford, the famous polo player, and Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin.

In Next Month's New Movie

"Hollywood's Younger Set"

A Sensational Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

these days are sensibly vain about their children and, with sunbaths, cod-liver oil and correct clothing try to prevent the future embarrassment of unattractive legs.

However, if your legs aren't as straight as you might wish them, or, for that matter, if they are too fat or too thin, you have only one recourse—and that is to make them as inconspicuous as possible. The new longer skirts are a help and dark stockings and shoes should be given preference.

AS for freckles, which really aren't the curse that some women imagine them to be, there are plenty of lotions on the market that will bleach them out without injuring the skin. Freckles are as natural to some skins as a wave is to some hair. It is a mistake to try to hide them under heavy rouge and powder. They have a way of fighting down all opposition. The freckle-faced girl may bleach her freckles but she should, under all conditions, wear a rather light make-up. And instead of regarding them as a tragedy she should look upon them as rather an asset, because on most faces they are really cute.

Only very vain women are worried about the size of their hands and feet. The small hand and foot are looked upon as a little out-of-date, like the extremely small waist. Most women sensibly realize that a large, well-shaped hand, kept white and smooth and carefully manicured, is much prettier than a small and often characterless hand. As for feet, the modern girl, thanks to her selection of attractive, well-built shoes, is seldom bothered with foot troubles. If she is, she will not confess it because she realizes that it is her own fault.

WOMEN who worry over figure defects should remember that these handicaps may be almost overcome by correct exercise and proper posture. By learning to stand, walk

correctly even the woman with a mediocre figure and bad legs may give a better impression than a prettier girl. As for our faces, we can surmount our difficulties by ignoring them and by refusing to be conscious of them.

Elsa B., Wheeling, W. Va. Permanent waves do not injure the hair, if they are given by a reliable operator and by a correct method. If you are doubtful about how your hair will take the wave, why don't you ask for a test curl? Have the operator cut off a small strand of your hair and use it for the test. Many shops do this as a matter of course, especially if the hair has some peculiarity that might need special treatment. I cannot tell whether or not your hair would take a successful wave, but you can learn very easily from the test.

Mrs. H. Tucker, Sacramento, Calif. Many women, when they first go to work in an office, put on weight because they are unaccustomed to a sedentary life and because office workers, with their regular hour for luncheons, are inclined to eat a heavier meal than a housewife who usually will not stop to prepare food for herself. Why don't you try walking to work, since you are within easy distance? And limit your luncheon to a rather hearty salad and fruit.

Lois, Ann Arbor, Mich. It is quite common for movie actresses to change the color of their hair. In fact, the girls are quite frank about it. If an actress thinks that she can improve the photographic quality of her face by becoming a blonde, she will do so. For non-professionals, hair coloring is entirely a matter of taste and discretion. But if I were you, I'd leave my hair



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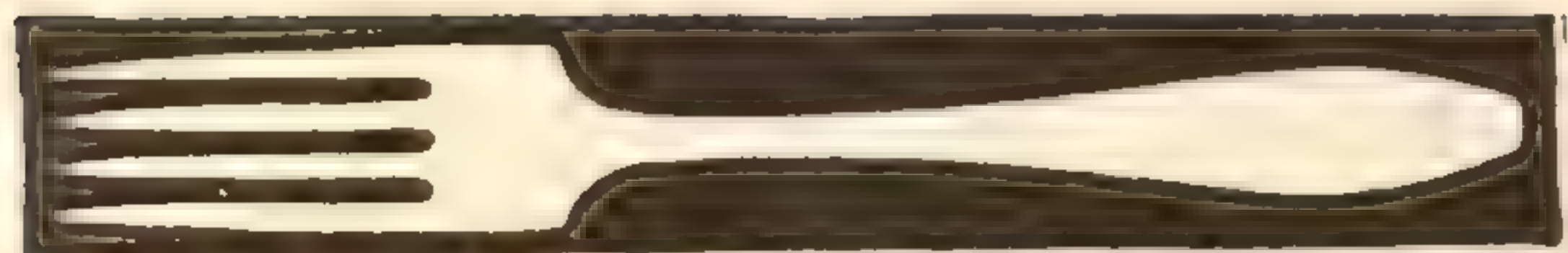
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One of the first portraits ever made of Clara Bow. When this was shot Miss Bow was playing the hoyden in Elmer Clifton's famous film epic of whaling adventure, "Down to the Sea in Ships."

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Life and Art

or postu
d sit cor-

had scared the wits out of me. I was ready to quit pictures and take up the vagabond life that is the lot of most mice. I wanted to get away from everything I knew.

"Walking across a field out near Culver City—I had taken this route home in order to be alone and see no one—I met her."

Mickey closed his eyes for a moment and I am sure he lived again that occasion.

"In a little patch of woods," he resumed, finally. Sadie Titmouse, she said her name was. Small, delicately built, and the smoothest whiskers in the world. Those eyes—soft, brown. 'Hello, mister,' she said to me as I passed the spot where she was sitting.

"I looked at her and something turned over inside me. 'Tarry a bit,' she said, 'and let us chatter. You look bothered. Tell mama.'

"She was so sincere and frank that I did. We talked until long after the moon had risen to its highest point—neither it nor the stars have ever seemed so bright to me as they were that night. I finally said that I was not going to leave her, that I would stay and marry her and live a life of freedom, there close to nature.

"But she said no. She loved me, yes; I must believe that. But she recalled to me my public, my art, my urge for the better things in life. Told me that she was but an interlude, and that I would forget her. She was wrong. I never have. I think of her at least once every six months or so, especially when I am in Culver City.

"I left her and returned to the studio—to work and gain surcease. Soon after that they gave me the opportunity to play leads, and the future looked brighter. But for her I would still be just another unknown mouse.

"Then came Minnie.

"I met her at the studio. She was an extra. We went around together at odd times for almost a year. Nothing serious, you know. Just a bit of relaxation. But more and more she became a part of my life. I talked over my pictures with her and was surprised and pleased at her sagacity. Finally, came the day which was to be the most important in my life. The studio wanted me to sign a renewal of my contract at the same salary I had been getting. But Minnie objected. Said I was foolish and did not know anything about money matters. Maybe I don't. Money has never interested me except for the things it will buy.

"The studio said I would sign at their price or not at all. Minnie said not at all it was—and there I was left without a job.

"Things looked black for a while. I could not get a job with another studio, could not finance my own productions on the scale I wanted.

"And then came the talkies, may Allah praise them. All my musical talents could be utilized with this new medium and I was saved. Yes, even in great demand.

"But had not my mother trained me, Sadie consoled me and Minnie advised me I would have gotten nowhere. Tell my public that."

Noticing a bag of golf clubs in one corner of the room I asked Mickey where he played.

"Well," he said. "I tried the Lakeside Golf Club, where so many of my fellow stars play, but soon stopped that. That fellow Tony Moreno plays there too often for me. I saw him and Frank Lloyd coming one day and

stepped off the fairway to allow them to pass through. Moreno missed an easy brassie shot and cut loose a flock of Spanish verbs, nouns and adjectives which, while I did not understand them, were very clear in their meaning. He then hurled his club straight at the tree behind which I had taken refuge. The shaft rapped around the trunk of the tree and gave me my first and only shave. Took all the whiskers off one side of my face. Fortunately, it was in between pictures and they grew out again before my next production. But I never went back to Lakeside. Too dangerous.

"Instead I bought half an acre of ground out near Westwood and had my gardener lay out a thirty-six hole course for me. Eighteen holes is all I want to play a day but I had the land so thought I might as well use it. It is the only course in the world with cheese sandwiches on every tee. I made the bottoms of the sand boxes into refrigerators."

That is another side to Mickey Mouse—the inventive. Had he not been a great screen star, he might easily have been another Edison.

One invention of Mickey's is to be seen on his golf course. The holes—cups—on the greens have no bottoms in them. This allows the ball to roll into a pipe which carries it to the next tee where it is in readiness when Mickey steps up to drive off.

"It saves stooping," said Mickey. "I hate to stoop. I was going to give the invention to Harold Lloyd, my fellow star, who also has a private golf course, although his is only nine holes in length, but someone told me that they never hole out on that course, Lloyd and his friends always conceding themselves putts under eight feet."

I looked at Mickey and marveled that one who is so great in one line of endeavor, could be so conversant with other lines. We talked. And the depths of his mind opened up to me. History, psychology, botany, astrology—all were open books to Mickey. Would that I had the space to include some of the rare gems of thought which dropped from his lips. I finally mentioned his club—the Mickey Mouse Club which is growing all over the Western states.

"Yes," he said. "I am very interested in the little folks. They will some day be the rulers of our land; one of them might even be president—who knows."

"The club has a creed, hasn't it?" I asked. "Could I have a copy of it?"

"Certainly," he said.

I reproduce it for you here.

I will be upright and fair in all my dealings with my playmates.

I will be truthful. I will obey my mother and father and will always stand ready to help people older than myself. I will obey my teacher and strive for higher marks in my school studies. And always I will respond promptly to the call of Chief Mickey Mouse and observe all the laws of the Club.

"Is that," I asked, "the thought you wish to implant in the minds of the young?"

"Yes," said Mickey. "Tell them that."

"And nothing else?"

"Well," he hesitated. "Tell 'em to eat a lot of spinach."

The interview was at an end.

And so with that message straight from Mickey, I leave you with your thoughts.

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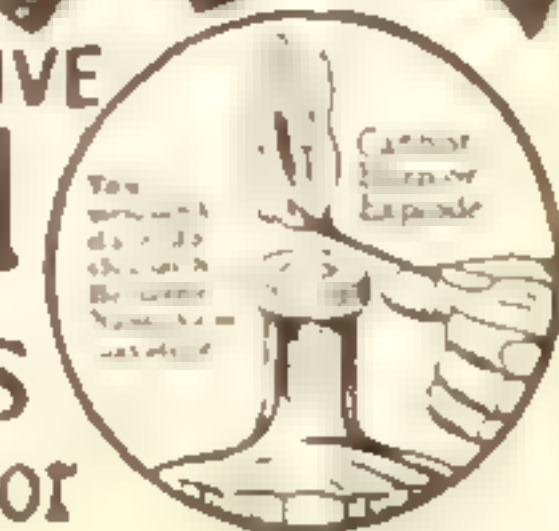
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Look for "The Unknown Chaplin" in the next issue of The New Movie Magazine.



Mary Lawlor, Metro-Goldwyn player, has started a new fad in Hollywood: the collection of auto license plates from every state and country in the world. This Ford coupe shows a plate from every state in the union. Reclining atop is Cliff Edwards, known to fame as "Ukulele Ike."

Lightner vs. Crouse

(Continued from page 39)

"After the show the manager came back and congratulated us. 'You're a very funny gal,' he said to me. You could have knocked me over with a Mack truck. I wasn't trying to be funny. I was trying to sing! I can look back now and see myself—scrawny, nervous, scared, and with feet like Sunday newspapers—and get a good laugh. But I couldn't then. Finally, though, the audiences kept right on laughing and we went into a huddle and decided I'd have to be a comic. And that's that!"

"If you'd get your foot off my neck," I said, trying to be nice about it, "maybe I could think of some more questions to ask you."

"There aren't any more to ask," she said. "I played vaudeville and then I went into musical shows and finally I went into talkies. And there I am—having a swell time."

"But don't you miss the audiences that used to laugh at you even when you weren't trying to be funny?"

"No. Because I still have them. I've heard of movie actresses who chase everybody off the set when they act. Not little Winnie. When I do a scene all the electricians and carpenters and everybody else around the place can step right up and have a look. In fact, I want them too. They usually do. That's my audience. I play to them instead of to the camera. I forget all about lenses and mikes. I just try to be my old fat self."

"And I like California, too. I like to be outdoors. All my life I wanted a mink coat. I finally got one. Then I went to New York and every time I went out I had to wear that mink

coat. I got so tired of it I could have given it away—well, almost."

"So you're our great big outdoors girl, are you?" I ventured to say. I regretted it immediately.

"Listen you!" she said, coyly. "You let me try to be funny around here." And then she put the old strangle hold on me and squeezed. With my dying breath I gasped:

"I hear you spend a great deal of time alone with your books," I said. That shot got her.

"THAT'S me all over!" she said, breaking the strangle hold so that I could listen. "Give me my books and I'm happy. That's why I was so cross when you came in. I couldn't find my books. Someone must have stolen both of them."

"That's what you get for having two," I said. It was too bad I couldn't have kept my mouth shut. Lithe as a tiger Miss Lightner swung into a scissors hold, put all of her cat-like strength into it and over I rolled, my shoulders pinned to the hard wood floor.

"You win, kid," barked Bim, her big St. Bernard dog, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation.

She rose, triumphant.

"I win," she said.

"No," I cut in, "you lose."

"How do you figure that out?" she demanded.

"Because," I said, "while we were wrestling I got my interview."

I dived for the door.

"I love you, my big strong panther-woman," I flung over my shoulder as I disappeared.

I hope she reads this and sends me my hat and cuffs.

Read the reviews of all the new films on pages 83, 84, 85.

When the Stars Were Extras

(Continued from page 98)

William Boyd, first featured by Cecil B. De Mille and now a Pathe star, worked as an extra and bit man for some time before his break came in "The Volga Boatman." Boyd played bits in "The Ten Commandments," "Miss Brewster's Millions" and "The City of Masks," at Paramount. Years passed in this sort of work.

Boyd says, "First comes the fact that a person who has done extra work, has watched many stars work, and has been guided by many directors. From each one can be gained valuable bits of technique. But even greater than this phase of the work, is another advantage. Anyone who has done extra work has had his share of knocks, and adversity creates a wonderful fellowship with the rest of mankind. An actor who has known what it is to be hungry and to walk with the soles of his shoes worn thin, will work harder to keep the place he has won. He is less apt to get temperamental, and is usually more amenable to suggestions that will improve his work. A slow climb to popularity on the screen is likely to be more lasting for the same reason that hard won success in any field of endeavor is the most permanent."

Harold Lloyd, the biggest money maker in pictures, with never a flop to his credit, started as an extra at Universal at \$5 a day. They would not give him a break, so he had to get into the studio by putting on makeup and going in with the bunch of extras. He quit in disgust when Universal lowered salaries to \$3 a day. He joined forces with Hal Roach, another actor, and the two went on to success, one as a comedian and the other as a producer.

LOUISE FAZENDA tells of her first experience when hired as one of about five hundred Indians at Universal, in a scene where the Indians were supposed to be crossing a desert, while being shot at by white men. "I walked all day," says Louise, "and when I was so worn out I could not stand it any longer, I pretended to be shot so I could lie down and get a rest. It was working great, and others were doing likewise, but the director felt the scene lacked vitality, and put an end to that by hollering, 'Not so many dying, please, not so many dying.'"

Perhaps the funniest start in bits that is credited to any great screen actor is that of Henry B. Walthall. He came to the Biograph studio to see James Kirkwood, and D. W. Griffith gave him a bit in "A Convict's Sacrifice," in which Walthall, in old clothes and armed with a shovel, dug a sewer trench.

George Bancroft played a bit as a crook in "Too Many Crooks," Mildred Davis Lloyd's picture made at Lasky's in 1927.

ADOLPHE MENJOU moved about as an extra and bit player for quite some time. He had a bit in "Pink Gods" for Paramount, and in "Clarence" with Wallace Reid. His start

came after Doug Fairbanks used him in "The Three Musketeers" as Louis XIV. Menjou's first highly conspicuous part, under Chaplin's direction, in "A Woman of Paris," came after Charlie Chaplin saw Menjou in Fairbanks' film.

Gloria Swanson played extra and bits at the old Essanay plant in Chicago, and later came to Sennett's in Keystone comedies. She played with Bobbie Vernon in comedies before she went on to Cecil De Mille. Gloria was unusual in that she was starred a year after she entered pictures, in "You Can't Believe Everything."

Mary Brian, now coming along very well at Paramount, where she has worked ever since she started in "Peter Pan" as Wendy, believes slow rises are surest. She was not put forward as Betty Bronson was, in that picture, the first for both girls; but today Mary's position is certainly better than Betty's. After "Peter Pan" she played with comedians like Beery and Hatton; she played Westerns as in "The Air Mail," with Warner Baxter and Billie Dove; and played unique rôles with Richard Dix and Jack Holt. "It was discouraging at times, but I tried to realize I was building towards something worth while," said Mary.

GARY COOPER worked as an extra; then had a bit in Tom Mix's "The Lucky Horseshoe," in which Billie Dove was leading woman. He stood in a gateway as Tom rode into a castle yard. In other pictures, Gary rode and acted as a henchman of the heavy. Then came "Wings," in which he played the ill-fated Cadet White, the first man killed. Gary says, "The most important thing is to get some sense, and not be swell-headed. I can't say I learned a lot of technique; I'm not that kind of an actor. I guess I never will be. I just try to figure what Gary Cooper would do in such a situation as the man in the picture, and then I do it."

Dick Arlen played extra for a couple of years. He was in "Green Temptation," the last picture made by William Desmond Taylor before his mysterious murder. Arlen was in nearly all of Valentino's films, "The Young Rajah," "Blood and Sand," and "The Four Horsemen." Arlen was made a star in an independent picture. He flopped and gladly set about learning acting from the various directors, stars and players he worked with. His first bits were with Ruth Roland. Then he was cast opposite Bebe Daniels in "Volcano," and after three days, was taken out. He had not yet learned to act in the real sense.

Then came his rôle in "Wings." That started him upward. Arlen says, "Extra work teaches you patience, promptness and consideration for others. If you have to wait two hours on a cold morning because a star slept late, you won't do that to extras when you become a star. You learn as an extra that you can be easily replaced; hence you fight harder to hold on to your place in pictures, once you get it."

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Their Favorite Jewels

(Continued from page 31)

"I'm not the type for jewelry," she said. "I love it, but I am so small that I think big jewels or heavy jewelry make me look funny. My clothes are usually in soft colors, and I like soft, fluffy things, so I do not wear much costume jewelry. I think every woman should figure out this jewel question for herself, and see whether they are becoming and fit with her clothes. If they don't, she shouldn't wear them.

JOAN CRAWFORD says that she wears some jewelry every hour of the day and night, and Joan admits that she is both superstitious and sentimental about her jewels.

"Since Douglas placed my wedding ring on my finger it has never been taken off," she said. "If my picture portrayal calls for an unmarried girl, I camouflage the ring with another, a bigger one with a stone in it. Next to my wedding ring and my engagement ring, I love an anklet of fine gold links with a tag, which has a love message inscribed on it from my husband. I think jewelry can be used in a most beautiful way to convey sentiment, and it is permanent. My anklet and my wedding and engagement ring mean so much to me, for they carry beautiful memories and sentiment. I also have a diamond wrist watch Dodo gave me after we were engaged which I always wear.

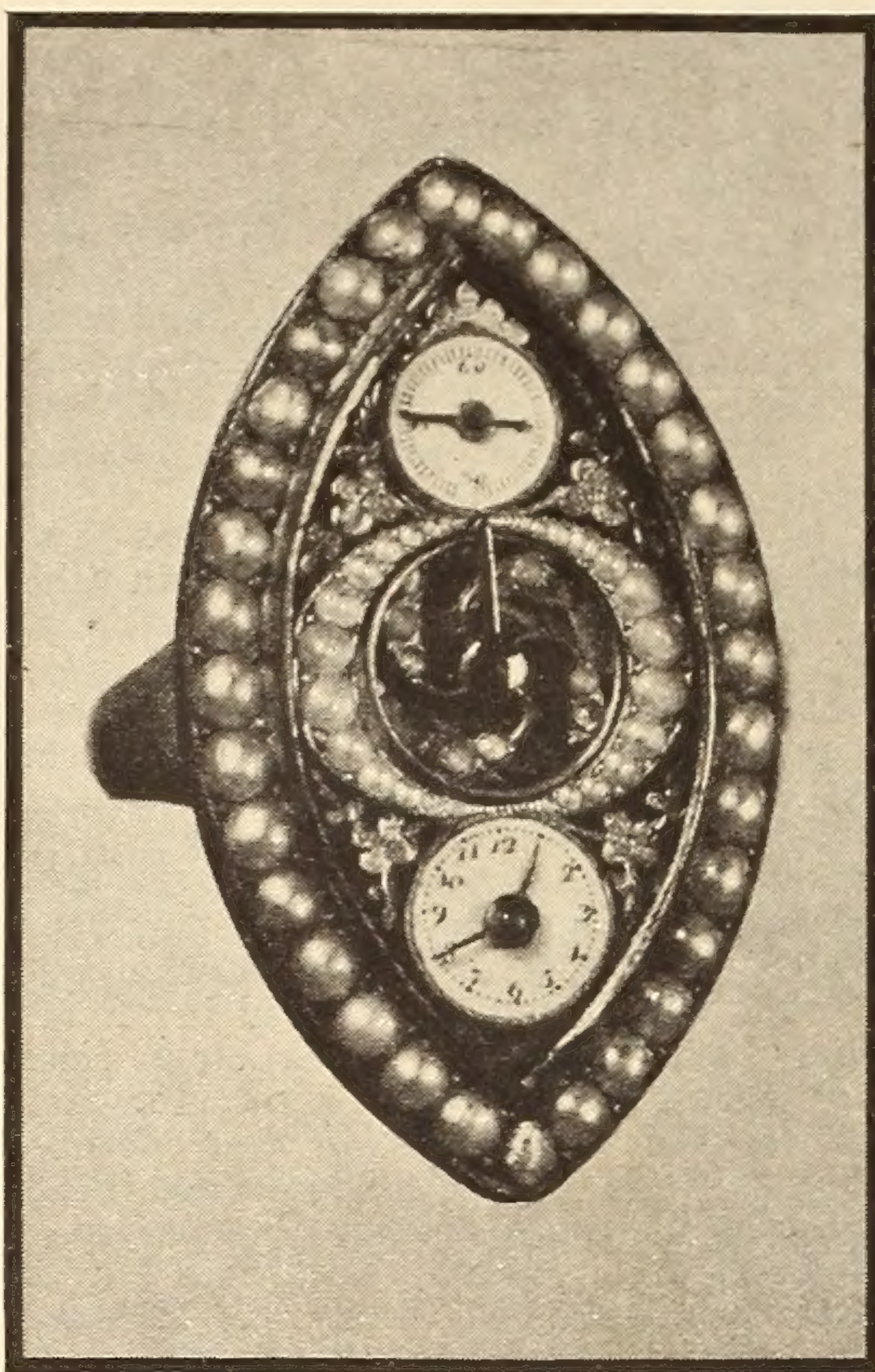
"I love jewelry for ornament. Many costumes are made by proper costume jewelry, and I like especially heavy necklaces of painted wooden beads with woolen sport clothes. They add a feminine touch. Of course, I love real jewelry, but when I didn't have it, I found I could have very effective and pretty things in imitation, such as lovely imitation pearls and small imitation diamond lavallières and pins. Often they cannot be told from the real except by experts and I think they are lovely for young girls, with their pretty soft frocks.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who is fast becoming an enormous public favorite since her work in "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King," has very little jewelry, and her favorites are brooches. She thinks they complete a costume.

"Perhaps I have never had time to develop a taste for jewels," she said. "I like brooches because they are useful. I am especially fond of one jade carved pin I have. I don't like costume jewelry, unless the costume absolutely demands it. A woman has to learn to wear jewels gracefully, just as she does clothes. I've never had the time, nor the inclination to cultivate wearing them.

ANITA PAGE is also one of the girls who likes her jewelry to have a sentiment attached. She says she is not exactly superstitious, but she owns and wears a gold chain bracelet with dangling "good luck" elephants.

"I like jewelry because it gives me a grown-up feeling, and I haven't been allowed to wear it very long. The first piece I ever owned is a ring which was given to me by my mother on my seventeenth birthday—August 4, 1927—and which had been given to my mother



Bebe Daniels' most highly prized piece of jewelry. This ring was made for Louis XIV. Coming into the possession of Lafayette, it was given as a token of friendship by the French general to Bebe's great-great-grandfather, General De Forest, of Revolutionary fame. A watch and a compass are incorporated in the ring, which has an outer surrounding of pearls.

by my grandmother on her seventeenth birthday. It is a small square of diamonds, in a very delicate old-fashioned setting. I also have a platinum bracelet and necklace, set with small diamonds, which I selected myself and which I think are lovely. I'm only attracted to jewelry of a very delicate pattern. I think young girls make a mistake to put on heavy jewelry."

Kay Francis, a newcomer who has made a hit in the sensational success "Street of Chance," in which she played opposite William Powell, owns just three pieces of jewelry, adores them, doesn't want any more, doesn't care whether things are real or imitation if she likes them—and that's that.

The three pieces, however, are of rare value and one at least might be in a museum. Kay particularly likes that, because of its history.

"It stimulates my imagination," she said.

It is a black cameo ring, over 2000 years old. Kay's great-great-aunt was traveling in Rome and visited the catacombs. Repair work was being done while she was there. She saw a hole in a wall and asked the guide if she could have some of the pieces for a relic, if she put her hand in and got some. With his consent, she did so and felt this hard stone. She was allowed to keep it and had it made into a ring. Experts have testified as to its antiquity and authenticity. The Metropolitan Museum has offered to buy it from her.

She also owns two old gold bracelets, one is worked as a belt with a buckle, the other has an onyx clasp surrounded by small pearls.

"I'm a gold person," says Kay. "It's junk jewelry, maybe, but it goes with me. I never wear platinum, silver, diamonds or pearls. I have some platinum and diamond rings, but they are in the safe-deposit box. These three pieces seem to belong with me and they go with the type of clothes which are most becoming to me."

NORMA SHEARER loves jewels and wears them whenever it is appropriate. Her finest pieces are two broad diamond bracelets, one set with emeralds, and the most unusual piece in her collection is a pair of diamond earrings.

"Of course, I love my wedding ring best," she said. "It is a small circlet of diamonds and I intend to wear it always, even if the fashion should change.

"I don't object to imitation jewelry. It would take the eye of a connoisseur to detect the difference if the paste jewelry is properly selected. It is only when people make it obvious that it loses its beauty. I think there is no reason why young girls who cannot afford priceless gems shouldn't wear tastefully selected sets of artificial stones.

"From the standpoint of proper dressing, there can be no question that costume jewelry has solved a great need. Diamonds and other stones worn with the sport costumes which are now so popular were terribly out of place and often spoiled the whole ensemble. Yet a feminine touch was still needed. Costume jewelry supplies this and should be taken advantage of by every woman who wants to be well-dressed."

Sally Blane owns an unusual and very lovely piece of jewelry. It is a tiny novelty watch set in a crystal pendant, which magnifies the dial and hands. It can be worn with any daytime costume.

FAY WRAY adores crystals, and has many sets of them.

"I love them because they pick up the color of the costume you are wearing and seem to blend more beautifully than anything else. For the woman who cannot afford fine diamonds, I think crystals are the most beautiful thing that can be worn.

Bessie Love doesn't care much about jewelry one way or the other. She has only one superstition—she has never had her wedding ring off, and like Joan Crawford hides it with a larger ring in pictures where she isn't supposed to wear it.

"I don't care much about jewelry," she said. "Small trinkets that look pretty and maybe have some sentiment are all right. But jewelry of great value is an awful responsibility, and artificial stuff tarnishes.

"I hate earrings—they annoy me—and I don't care for rings. I'm still wearing a gold wrist watch my mother gave me that has already been in and out of fashion and is coming in again. The only thing of value I own is a string of pearls and I don't wear that often. I have my husband's Scroll and Keys fraternity pin which I wear religiously, indeed, I never go out without it. Maybe that's a superstition.

HER SIN WAS
NO GREATER
THAN HIS

but

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WOMAN



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